PIRIT OF 76! HENRY FORD TALKS TO BERNARR MACFADDEN

OCT. 28,
1939

Liberty

5¢

39
Gilbert
LEVINE

NEW ROADS TO FLANDERS FIELDS
by Senator Arthur Capper

START RUPERT HUGHE GREAT BIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS E. DEWEY NOV

MOUSE SUPPORTED BY STOKOWSKI *by John Erskin*

MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS!

A record attained by no other Kentucky distiller!

GLENMORE DIST'S CO., INC., DISTILLER
№ 24 OWENSBORO, KY.
C
7TH DIST.
BOURBON WHISKEY
SER. № 1,000,000
FILLED JAN. 2 1939
D. NOT OVER 180 P.
INSPECTED
L. D. EDWARDS
STKR. - GAUGER

Early in 1939 the millionth barrel of GLENMORE distillation went to the ageing rack — establishing an all-time record for any Kentucky distillery. The significance of this millionth barrel goes far beyond the production record it established — for it is the greatest tribute ever paid by the American public to the product of one Kentucky distiller.

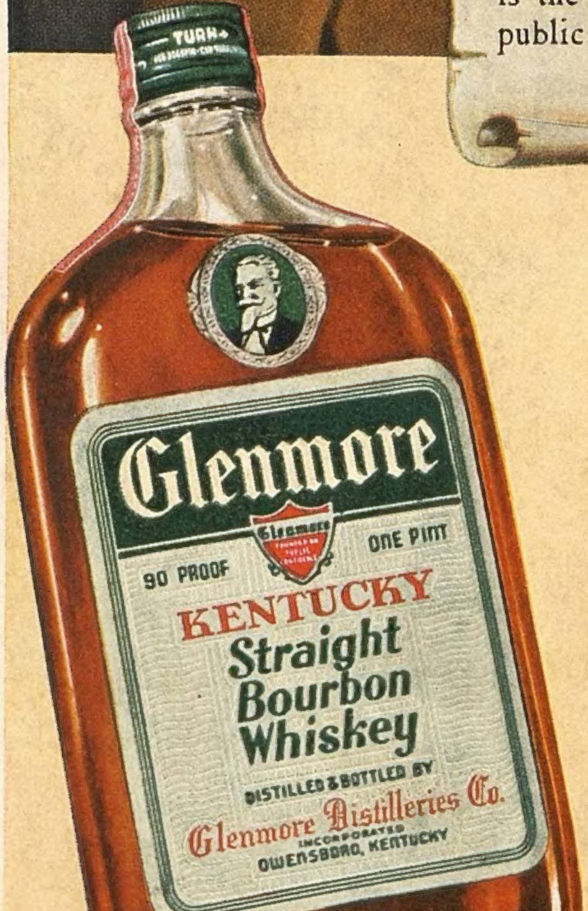
Glenmore officials witnessing millionth barrel: F. B. Thompson, *President;* H. E. Bruder, *Sup't.;* H. S. Barton, *Vice-Pres. and Distiller;* J. A. Bolger, *Gen'l. Mgr.;* L. D. Edwards, *Gov't. Inspector.*

Look for the Glenmore Colonel . . . symbol of the proudest names in Kentucky whiskies.

GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND

The Aristocrat of Bonds

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Bottled in Bond — 100 Proof


TURN
Glenmore
90 PROOF
ONE PINT
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

Gold Label — 100 Proof
Silver Label — 90 Proof

An amazing tribute to Quality

To those who know GLENMORE and its products this outstanding public approval is easily understood. For throughout the history of this institution, through two generations, there has always been the hand of one family at the helm, one precious formula used, and one single standard of high quality maintained. If you are one of those who seek to find an answer to your appreciation for fine whiskey, might we suggest that next time you try a GLENMORE product. You will better understand why this institution today stands alone in Kentucky history with a record of more than a million barrels of experience behind it.

GLENMORE'S
Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

You ought to know
TOM HARDY
A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskies — 90 Proof

GLENMORE'S
Mint Springs
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Change to **MINT SPRINGS** *and keep the change*

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey — 86.8 Proof

Glenmore

THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE

LOUISVILLE — OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

Copr. 1939, Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc.

A YEAR AGO HE WAS SET TO BE FIRED

... NOW HE'S RIGHT-HAND-MAN TO THE BOSS!

"YES sir," continued Joe, "his desk used to be right next to mine —now look where he is."

Half proudly and half enviously he and Frank watched Ed as he swung down the company steps, his arm linked in that of J.P., the head of the firm. Ed is getting $7,500 a year now, while Joe at $5,000 is a long way ahead of Frank, a newcomer.

"Boy, he must be plenty smart," said Frank.

"Plenty smart is right," said Joe. "Ed has a lot on the ball, but in spite of that he was slated to go."

"For what?" Frank wanted to know. "A guy like that . . ."

"Well, maybe you wouldn't believe it, but it was his breath . . ."

"Drank a lot, eh?"

"Not Ed. Never a drop, but most of the time he had a case of halitosis* that would knock you down."

"One of those birds, eh? Didn't he read the Listerine Antiseptic ads? Didn't anybody tip him off?"

"Sure, I tipped him off, but not before he almost got the toss. You see, Ed had to see an awful lot of people—close contact stuff. At first they never said anything about it, but later on that breath of his was getting him in bad with his customers. Finally a few of the crustier ones began to write in, complaining, and at last J.P. himself got on to it."

"You'd think J.P. would say something . . . a good man like Ed."

"I understand he did, Frank. Maybe he didn't make it plain enough. Anyhow Ed never took a tumble—and his job hanging in the balance."

"Chump!"

"You said it. But there's hundreds like him; suspecting everybody but themselves."

"Well," demanded Frank, "what happened?"

"I got Ed out one night. After a couple of drinks, to give me courage, I let him have the bad news about that breath of his. Told him he better get going on Listerine and keep it up if he wanted to stay on with the firm."

"You certainly didn't pull your punches."

"I certainly didn't. And boy, was he sore at first. And then grateful. Worked my hand up and down like it was a pump handle. Since then you never saw a guy so careful about the impression he makes on others."

Frank nodded. "The last place I worked, they were plenty fussy about that sort of thing. I think every firm should have a standing order 'Listerine Antiseptic before you call on a customer.' I guess it pays."

"And how! If you think it didn't, just look at Ed; he sure is going places."

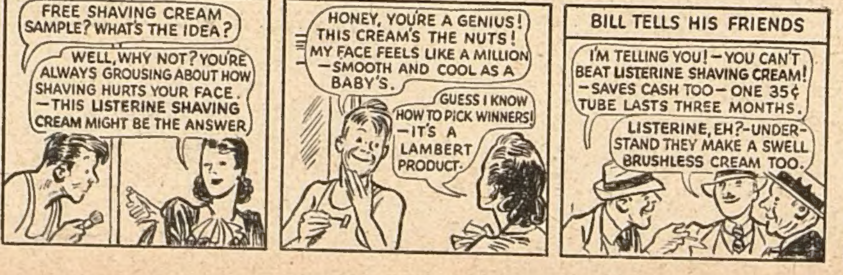
* * * *

****Nobody is immune!* Everybody probably has halitosis (bad breath) at some time or other without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition. Sometimes halitosis is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Always use Listerine before business and social engagements.**

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE YOU GO TO WORK, USE LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)

WOMEN KNOW
WHY THIS
20-SHAVE FREE OFFER
WORKS!


FREE SHAVING CREAM SAMPLE? WHAT'S THE IDEA?
WELL, WHY NOT? YOU'RE ALWAYS GROUSING ABOUT HOW SHAVING HURTS YOUR FACE. —THIS LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM MIGHT BE THE ANSWER
HONEY, YOU'RE A GENIUS! THIS CREAM'S THE NUTS! MY FACE FEELS LIKE A MILLION —SMOOTH AND COOL AS A BABY'S.
GUESS I KNOW HOW TO PICK WINNERS! —IT'S A LAMBERT PRODUCT.
BILL TELLS HIS FRIENDS
I'M TELLING YOU! —YOU CAN'T BEAT LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM! —SAVES CASH TOO— ONE 35¢ TUBE LASTS THREE MONTHS.
LISTERINE, EH?—UNDERSTAND THEY MAKE A SWELL BRUSHLESS CREAM TOO.

CLIP THIS COUPON

Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept.122, St. Louis, Mo. Please send me free and post-paid your large sample tube of ☐ Listerine Shaving Cream; ☐ Listerine Brushless Cream. (Check whichever is desired.)

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OCTOBER 28, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 43

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

INTELLIGENCE – THE GREATES

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We are living in the midst of a war-mad world. Hitler with his Napoleonic complex is leading. Mussolini at this writing appears to have a peace-loving complex. But Stalin is mysteriously active with a huge army at his command. Undoubtedly the combination of Hitler and Stalin could " wipe up " all of Europe.

Now what is our first requirement for national defense? The last word in mechanized armament would be the answer. A large air fleet with all the latest improvements. An army trained to the minute, supplied with everything required in the fighting game. A navy that excels all other nations' in speed and tonnage, that can take care of itself in every emergency.

But of almost equal importance is man power. And has our nation given any special attention to this outstanding requirement? What has England done, previous to the last year, to raise the physical status of her people? And that certainly does indicate a lack of intelligence on the part of governmental officials.

Germany, Italy, and Russia begin the training required to build man power almost at the cradle. But officially, in this country, there is absolutely no interest in building the physical status of the race. Our health officers are men skilled in medicine and surgery. They know little or nothing about developing the superb bodies so badly needed if we desire the fighting men absolutely necessary to protect us from war-mad dictators.

In all the totalitarian nations, every man goes through the training necessary to make him a good soldier, and long before this period the gymnasium and the athletic field and other body-building measures are used to develop the energy and vitality required in the building of a powerful physique. And much of these activities are promoted and supported by the government.

Yes, we will find plenty of interest in athletics among our people. We encourage them. But the percentage who are active in this field is comparatively small. Fifty thousand people may watch a football game. But twenty-two men, with the addition of substitutes, secure all the exercise and benefits. The situation ought to be reversed. The audience should do the work and the players do the observing.

Athletics are promoted in schools and colleges . . . supported mostly in colleges by the huge receipts that come from football games. But there has been no official assistance from governmental sources to call the attention of people generally to the importance of acquiring and maintaining the vitality and vigor manifested by those who are active in athletics.

We will acknowledge that the CCC camps have been the source of extraordinary benefit to the young men who have profited by the advantages they offer.

Though there is a love of athletics and physical perfection among our people, when we look for governmental efforts to promote these health-building activities, we are bitterly disappointed. They are noticeable because of their absence.

An outstanding example is the situation that arises when we send our champion athletes to the Olympic Games. Grave difficulties are often experienced in raising the money to pay the necessary expenses. Not one cent is donated by the government for this purpose. And understanding as we do that the defense of our country depends upon the building of man power that can only be acquired through athletics or other physical activities in work or play, the realization of the manner in which this important factor is ignored deserves caustic criticism.

For more than fifty years I have tried to make my fellow countrymen realize the outstanding importance of powerful physical resources. And I have been compelled to struggle through the same routine that handicaps any business man whose efforts are stimulated solely by a desire for financial gain.

To remove forever that criticism that has been flung at me on many occasions . . . that the making of money was my sole ambition . . . nearly ten years ago I turned over nearly all of my fortune to a beneficent trust. The large income from this fortune has promoted health resorts, schools, and various demonstrations for the sole purpose of publicizing the benefits that can be secured from scientific health-building.

One of the many demonstrations was mentioned recently in an editorial in which particulars were given where I combined with the American Legion in the State of Alabama for the purpose of giving the underprivileged boys of that state a chance to acquire a worth-while physical development.

As previously stated, eighteen or twenty thousand boys were exercising regularly in the airfields of the state as a result of these efforts, and the total expense of carrying on this demonstration was borne by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, although it was made with the hope that this same activity would be promoted by the national government throughout the nation.

It is the underprivileged boys that have fed our crime wave which has branded us the world's most lawless nation. Boys interested in athletics rarely commit unlawful acts.

As Floyd Starr, founder of the Starr Commonwealth of Albion, Michigan, says, " There are no bad boys. But every growing boy requires an outlet for his youthful energies. If some wholesome

NEED OF THE DEMOCRACIES

means for this purpose are not supplied, habits that tend toward criminality become a temptation difficult to resist."

The former leader of the National Youth Administration, Mr. Charles W. Taussig, in his reply to my criticism, published recently in Liberty, gave no special reason for rejecting my offer to promote the athletic activities that were so successful in Alabama throughout the entire nation. If that plan had been carried out, a million and a half to three million underprivileged boys would have been interested in developing worth-while manhood. And the assistants in this activity could have been supplied by those who are on the dole, with little or no governmental expense incurred.

The failure to take advantage of such an opportunity to raise the physical standard among underprivileged boys, and at the same time strike an effective blow at our crime wave, will always remain a mystery to me. No satisfactory explanation can be given.

All that is needed to build man power so tragically needed at this time is an active recognition on the part of the officials of this country of the need of appropriate encouragement in every activity that is athletic in nature. Each one of our citizens who are now on the dole should at least be required to maintain a proper physical standard. This could be demanded through yearly physical examinations and appropriate instructions of the necessary activities to maintain a proper degree of physical development.

When the officials of Italy accepted my invitation to send fifty boys to America, that I might demonstrate what could be done by physical training through physical-culture methods, the results acquired by these boys were so striking I was extended the highest honors available to a foreigner.

A similar demonstration was made in Portugal, and similar honors were conferred upon me. But, as previously stated, I am still waiting for some official recognition in my own country of my work in the health-building field.

To be sure, there are hundreds of thousands, into the millions, who have read my literature and have followed the instructions with satisfying benefits, and thousands have maintained that I saved them from a premature grave. Other hundreds of thousands of young men and women have built physiques which have been a source of profit and happiness to them throughout their entire lives.

The physical examination of our young men in the last World War gave us information of their physical status that appalled the entire nation. Even this disgraceful record failed to awaken the officials of this country to the need of permanently remedying this disgraceful situation. Motion pictures were produced, at that time, that were an effective warning. Antiseptic measures were publicized which were recommended to avoid venereal disease, but even these efforts disappeared entirely shortly after the discontinuance of the World War.

President Roosevelt is to be congratulated for his efforts in bringing the venereal scourge out into the sunlight of public interest. The advantage that will accrue from this activity cannot be valued too highly, although much of this publicity at the present time is used to increase the income of medical specialists.

Man power . . . and woman power . . . more and more . . . we cannot secure too much . . . is tragically needed at this time to protect this nation in the emergencies that we may have to face. And our worst enemies are apparently planted within our midst . . . their organizations are flourishing. They have plans to take over our government—at the opportune moment.

Red-blooded Americans . . . all of us . . . should demand that degree of intelligence in our officials that will insure man power as well as armament necessary to protect us from war-glorifying maniacs. . . . We should realize that it is our imperative duty to develop our physical resources . . . make a study of the laws of life and health . . . learn the importance of eating only vital foods . . . of avoiding gormandizing and intemperance and dissipation of all kinds, regardless of their nature, and try to do everything possible to make our officials accept the responsibility of encouraging and supporting efforts of every nature, financially and otherwise, from every possible source, with a view to building up a nation of people that will have the rugged endurance and the teeming vitality necessary to defend our homeland and the governmental principles that have made us a great and powerful nation.

If the imperative necessity for adopting measures of some kind to accomplish these objectives are not recognized as a nation, we are headed for the scrap heap!

Bernarr Macfadden

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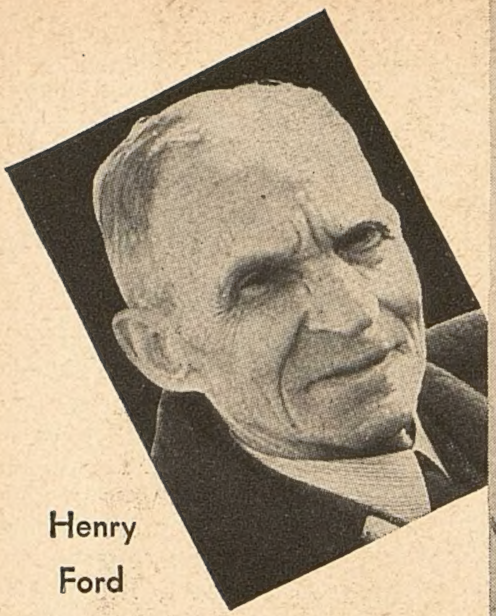
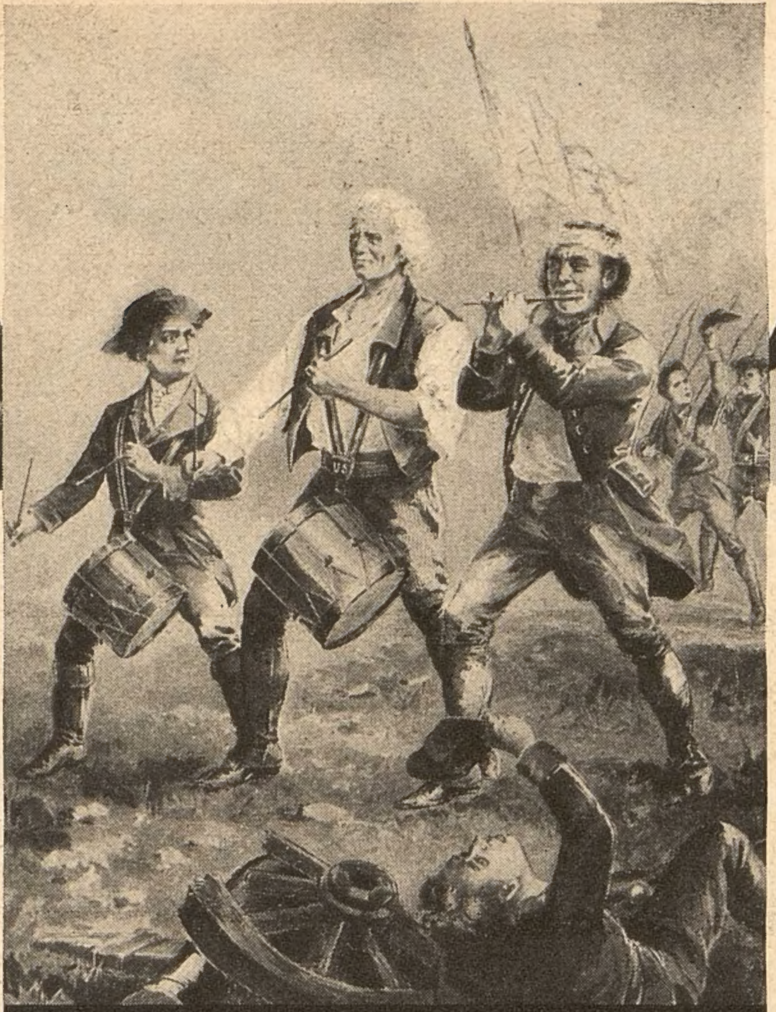


Henry Ford



Bernarr Macfadden

HENRY FORD TALKS TO BERNARR MACFADDEN

Two rugged individualists confer on health, happiness, and current events

READING TIME ● 10 MIN. 30 SEC.

THERE hangs on the wall of many of our homes the painting called The Spirit of '76. We see there three marching figures. A youth playing a fife, an older man and a boy playing drums. The boy is the symbol of the youth of America, and the two older figures a symbol of the people of this nation ever marching forward. There is a vibrant, unusual aliveness in the stride of each of these three figures; something that expresses readiness to sacrifice and die for the principles of a liberal democracy.

On the event of Henry Ford's seventy-sixth birthday, I went to Dearborn to interview him. Somehow the spirit I found in him, his forward-looking, patriotic optimism, made me think of that painting.

I had seen Mr. Ford nearly ten years ago. There was little or no change. He came into his office where I awaited him, his step quick, alert; a friendly smile on his face; gray eyes, gray hair, gray tie, gray suit . . . immaculately dressed. And the minute he entered that room his personality dominated it. I was astonished and pleased to find that the years had been so kind to him. That was indicated by a sense of poise and peace in his soul, a feeling that all is right with the world, in spite of war and threats of war; a feeling, as he said, almost at once, that "Everybody in the world is put here for some purpose. You and me, all of us, and I have faith that what has happened and what shall happen is for the best and in the long run will work out satisfactorily. In the process of evolution, if we watch changes long enough, we see progress."

I asked Mr. Ford if he was perturbed about the governmental situation. "It is entirely satisfactory to me," was his amazing reply.

"You mean to tell me you are in favor of the present administrative set-up?"

"Yes—it is showing us how soft we are, how far we as a nation have drifted from our course. We have been moving along nonchalantly for years, accepting our freedom without the faintest appreciation of its sources or of our responsibility for its maintenance. We took it for granted that all these extraordinary privileges were due to us. Now we know how easily they can be taken away, and we are waking to the necessity of guarding them. That is what the things attempted at Washington have done for us—it has awakened the people. We now realize for the first time that we must begin to do something on our own account, or we will wake up some day and find our freedom gone. People are beginning to familiarize themselves with governmental principles, they are beginning to understand that in this country the Constitution first puts the administration itself under law, to prevent that madness which a taste of power seems to breed in every one."

This is rather an astonishing viewpoint, yet sound and dependable. Unquestionably we have failed to realize fully the value of the advantages that are offered to us in this free country. When we possess a valuable property of any kind and we do not properly care for it, it usually disappears; and that will be the fate of this government unless we awaken to the necessity of protecting the governmental principles that have made us a great nation.

Mr. Ford is still buoyant and even enthusiastic over the possibilities of this nation in the immediate future; and, as he put it, is "absolutely convinced that there is nothing seriously wrong with the world excepting with those who are seeking an easy way to success rather than the harder way of forward-moving work and evolution."

As Mr. Ford came into the room he appeared to be on smooth-running wheels, his steps were so alert. I wish that all Americans could have seen the look in his eyes, his radiant smile, his absolute sincerity when he said, "I am fifty per cent—no, five hundred per cent [and then he smiled over the figures] happier now than I was ten years ago. I was never happier nor more at peace in my mind than I am now, and there are many good reasons for it."

"What are some of those reasons?" I asked.

Mr. Ford speaks very readily of his ideas, not so readily of himself. But it came out piecemeal during the interview that he has never used tobacco and that stimulants of every nature are taboo.

I asked him about his eating habits. " Nothing for breakfast, except sometimes a little fruit. If I have anything important to do I find it better to eat nothing."

His food hobby at the present time is soybean soup.

As an exercise, Mr. Ford says he walks a mile through the woods every day. He has a favorite short cut through his trees on the way from his home to his office and there are certain low-hanging limbs which he grabs as he would the horizontal bar, hanging his weight from his arms, chinning himself frequently four or five times. He usually finishes this walk quite briskly and vigorously . . . and sometimes runs as fast as he can for a short distance.

There was no lack of the buoyant spirit of youth, notwithstanding his age. Mr. Ford has always had a fine spirit of play.

His main philosophy of eating habits is condensed in one statement: " I only eat when I am hungry. I never eat when there is business of importance on hand to consider.

" On one occasion I had the unpleasant duty of discharging the relative of a prominent stockholder, and he wanted me to talk it over. So I invited him to come in one morning. I did not eat anything for breakfast. The man came and I let him talk until he could not wiggle a finger. I just sat still, took it easy, did not grow angry, and that practically ended the controversy. I could prevent him irritating me because I wasn't full of food. My mind was clear. The blood was in my head instead of my stomach and I had self-control."

The morning I arrived he had had a physical examination . . . a check-up at his own hospital. I asked him about his pulse and blood pressure. " My pulse is 72—my blood pressure 119," was his reply. When he cannot sleep he frequently gets up and stretches his body to get the blood from his head; loosens up his spine and then sleep quickly comes. Once a week he takes an osteopathic treatment to keep his spine supple and properly aligned. He realizes that an elastic spinal column is an important requirement in maintaining good health.

ON the morning of my interview I arrived at the station at nine o'clock. My appointment was at twelve; so I spent the three hours walking from the Michigan Central Station in Detroit to Mr. Ford's office, a distance of twelve or more miles. I had had no breakfast and it was a hot day. When I mentioned my walk to Mr. Ford he was interested, and said, " That's right! No man is ever too old to walk, for walking is the best exercise there is for young or old."

Mr. Ford has an unusual sense of humor. His smiling features, that break into laughter at the slightest cause, are inviting and cordial.

" The reason that this should be the happiest time of life," said Mr. Ford, " is that the years teach us not to worry. I think I can harmonize myself with circumstances and environment better now than when I was younger. I have learned to put myself in tune with life physically, mentally, and spiritually. Now, that is a fruit of age, but it is really the attainment of youth."

While we were talking he picked up a book of Longfellow's poems. " Here is the secret of successful living," and then he quoted:

> " Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor and to wait."

Thus this industrial magnate, this genius of the automobile industry, quietly quoted those two lines. " If you have learned to labor and to wait in life, you can come to seventy-six with a calm spirit. Oh, if we only learned that younger! Youth is too old with hurry. Burroughs said the same thing. I knew Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Edison, and Mr. Burbank, and they had all learned the secret of laboring and waiting. Burroughs said, you know, that if you just *waited* —and the man who works waits best of all—all things would come to you."

I asked him about recreation. He shot back at me, " Why, this is recreation that you and I are having right now—this talk! This is rest. It is also play and we are enjoying it. All interesting work is recreation. It is my chief recreation. We play at our work and thus it becomes enjoyable."

Referring again to governmental affairs, Mr. Ford said, " The whole world knows that America is boss, and they look to us for the final word and the final hope. If we fail the world, there is little hope left. But we are not going to fail it. We know a lot more than we knew when the World War broke out, and this time we are not going to be so ' easy.' "

In reply to my inquiry about our huge national indebtedness, he said, " Our indebtedness will fade away like a mist as soon as this country hits its production stride. What we now call a ' big business ' will be like a peanut stand when we really get down to the job of producing what our people need. You know we have never done that yet—but you can't make anybody believe that. We should be away past a national income of one hundred billions a year right now."

When I asked Mr. Ford what he would do if he suddenly became dictator of this nation, he laughed and said, " If I were a dictator I'd do just what I am doing now. I'd put as many people on the soil as I could and manufacture farming tools at such low prices that every one could find basic security on the land. I'd try to get as many city boys out into the country as I could and as many country boys into the city as possible. That would be a good exchange and both would profit.

" But private initiative will do this more quickly and successfully than government can. Government is a colossal failure in such things. Naturally. They exceed its function. Queer, how slow the people are to see the limits that nature has put on government! "

And, alluding further to his happiness, he said that what made him feel young at seventy-six was his possession of a happy home, with children and grandchildren; a loyal wife who had helped him every minute—a woman who had never wavered in her faith in him, with whom he had had glorious comradeship through more than half a century.

I also learned during the interview that he had a number of executives around him who had been with him from the beginning, mechanics now become executives, men who had gone through the pioneering stages of the industry with him. Men he can trust. Men who carry his industry now with just enough young blood, including his son Edsel, to keep up with changing thought and tastes. Men who are loyal, tried, and true . . . all, I gathered, had a great deal to do with Mr. Ford's health and happiness at seventy-six.

THEN there is Mr. Ford's religious life. There is the chapel which he had built in Greenfield in honor of his wife and mother, where he attends every morning, sitting in the gallery and listening to the school children sing their hymns and hearing a chapter of the Bible read. He believes that that should still be done in the schools of the nation.

I came away with a feeling that deep down in his heart Mr. Ford is deeply religious, not in the ecclesiastical sense but as the keynote of his nature. His theology could hardly be called orthodox. He belongs to the Episcopal Church but does not attend often; his presence always gathers a crowd around him and that embarrasses him. But often on an automobile trip he will stop on Sunday morning at some little church and worship simply and naturally. Basically and fundamentally, Henry Ford has reverence in his heart, reverence for the Bible, for the Church, for God and religion; and quietly he lives by " the ancient and beautiful things of life."

That is one of the important reasons why he has in his heart the Spirit of '76, the forward-looking, valiant, hopeful spirit of facing tomorrow with his back to the past. Even at his age Mr. Ford talks but little of the past, for he is thinking in the future. Every day of his life he is carrying on new experiments. He has hundreds of scientists at work in his hospital, in his laboratories, on his farms, experimenting with new foods, new ways of doing things, new relations with the soil and industry; building a new tractor, experimenting with new types of automobiles; always, always something for the future, something to look forward to. That is the spirit of seventy-six in Mr. Henry Ford.

THE END

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Out in front in eye appeal, roomy comfort, solid safety and long-lived economy!

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MICKEY MOUSE—*supported by* STOKOWSKI

Deems Taylor, narrator in the Stokowski-Disney film, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, with Stokowski (center) and Disney.

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

IF you want to identify the precise moment when the film was publicly accepted as the medium of a great art, recall the day and the hour when you first heard that Leopold Stokowski and Walt Disney would collaborate on an animated cartoon. That moment is important not so much because those two men joined forces but because it seemed to us natural that they should. Disney had been creating something which we thought better of than we realized until Stokowski showed us how highly he thought of it; and suddenly we knew that two major artists, two major arts, were approaching each other on equal terms.

Perhaps this collaboration will demonstrate that the art of the films is in a healthier condition today than the art of music. That is, in a more creative condition. The music which Stokowski and his orchestra recorded is already in the repertoire; Disney's task is to match it, beauty for beauty, with newly invented cartoons.

Of course Stokowski and Disney wish to keep the two arts in balance, but can that effect be reached without a composer as original and as modern as the creator of Mickey Mouse?

For an answer to this question I went to the two men themselves.

My first question to Stokowski was put out as a feeler; but it happened to fit his mood, and his answer as it unfolded from point to point indicated his ideals for moving pictures—ideals not alone for music in films but for the whole collaborative product.

I asked whether my impression was correct that the often maligned picture industry was developing now with astonishing speed into an art.

I wish I could reproduce the enthusiasm with which he fell on this idea. It is the rapid change from industry to art, he said—or, to put it better, the addition of art to what, fortunately, is a great industry—that makes pictures so exciting. The film is the one medium which has a vast audience ready in advance for its creations, not piously keeping old things alive but impatient for new, and impatient with a constantly improving taste, a connoisseurship which grows with experience. In the studios, step by step with the progress of the audience, there is a rallying of the best talents of the country, of the world; and though the business problems are and should be solved by business men, the art is more and more left to artists—and here and there the truth dawns that good art is good business.

What are the questions which the artist can best answer? Well, for one thing, every picture employs a number of arts—pantomime, speech, music, dance or motion, painting, scenery; but every picture tries to make a unified effect on the audience. Some one must decide what this effect shall be, and in what proportion the various arts shall be used, and with what emphasis. The person who decides is of course the director, and if he falls a little short, it probably is because he fails to keep his mind on the unity of effect without which the picture will, as a work of art, fall to pieces, or he becomes bewildered among the various arts or languages which together must tell one story. If the films were not rich in languages the director would have an easier time.

It was a natural temptation, when sound entered the pictures, to use the new resource even when it wasn't needed. Music is still used, at least in some pictures, with something less than convincing intelligence. It is still the habit of some directors to shoot the picture as though there were to be no music; and to turn the composer loose on it afterward, for a frantic fortnight or so, in the hope that he can embellish certain scenes. In the least lucky cases those scenes have dialogue already, and the composer's music merely duplicates the message or the mood of the words and the action. Besides, the audience likes to hear the words, and the film music is therefore dubbed down until it can scarcely be heard.

It's natural that the musicians should groan over this wasteful and mistaken employment of their art, though they understand the director's problem. Each scene of the picture must be shot several times; in the cutting room the best shots are selected and the scene reduced to the desired length; and until the cutting is done, how can the director know just what music is needed?

As a result, film music is now serving one of three purposes: it is an anesthetic to the critical sense, like the piano rhythms which help out the sleight-of-hand performer; it furnishes an emotional background, doing for the ear what scenery does for the eye; or it is a language, saying something which can be said so well no other way. In this latter case the music must be distinctly heard and attended to; but background music should distract us from the dialogue no more than scenery should, and of course music used as an anesthetic must be applied slyly, to avoid protest.

Stokowski thinks the anesthetic use of music will soon be entirely out of fashion and the use of music as language will become so important that the directors will rely as formerly on scenery for the background. Since I heard him express this opinion I have found corroboration of it in some of the new pictures, particularly in The Cat and the Canary, where the skill of Arthur Hornblow, producer, of Elliott Nugent, director, and of Ernst Toch, composer, lifts music to the importance of dramatic language expressing certain moods of mystery, dread, and confusion for which words would be inadequate.

But these encouraging successes, Stokowski insists, can occur only where the director plans the picture from the beginning in terms of all the languages he employs. So long as a director stays in the tradition of the old theater and depends upon words alone to articulate the action, music or the other arts will be for him superfluous and embarrassing.

There are as yet few directors who can think with ease in all the arts.

First in a series of unusual glimpses into the magic of Hollywood

BY JOHN ERSKINE

The film can improve no faster than the number of universal geniuses grows.

I balked a little at the "universal genius," and asked if there weren't a place for thorough craftsmen, even though they fall short of genius. Stokowski refused to give second-rate talent much hope. Progress in art, he insisted, is always the work of genius, which lesser talent can only imitate. But the geniuses will appear in response to the opportunity, and a first-rate illustration is here now, in Walt Disney.

When I asked in what respects he found Disney remarkable, he went on from the general points he had been making. Disney has, he said, the supreme qualities of a director—a natural gift for leadership, a clear idea of what he wants, a sure instinct for using all available resources to get it. He is not and doesn't pretend to be a specialist in every art employed in his films, but, knowing what he is after, he wastes no time groping. In music, for example, he criticizes what is brought to him as freely as in other aspects of his pictures, and Stokowski has found his judgment unerring.

This soundness of taste, Stokowski thinks, is possible only because Disney forms in his imagination, before he begins the picture, a large measure of that unified effect which a work of art must have. Others can supply the incidental steps or means, but he recognizes at first sight whether a suggestion will really get him further toward his goal. In other words, a Disney film owes much to intense study in advance of actual work, and the director is the person who must do this preliminary cerebration.

Walt Disney has the advantage over every other director of being his own producer, his own author, in the simplest terms his own boss. If he were not a born leader he might seize the opportunity to dictate. But if he did so, Stokowski remarked, the quality would disappear from his cartoons. In picture-making, as in concert performance or orchestral conducting, discipline is necessary; but so is impulse, spontaneity, personality. The great leader must impose the discipline, but he will also keep and increase the spontaneity of every artist under his command.

Through the long process of cartoon creating Disney keeps the freshness of the improvising mood, and he encourages it in the artists who work with him. He resembles both the solo artist and the orchestral conductor, who, while he insists on one interpretation, urges each player within those limits to express his personality. Because Disney succeeds in this double and somewhat contradictory task, his pictures delight us with the apparent surprise of happy thoughts.

The morning after the talk with Stokowski, while his words were fresh in my ears, I called on Walt Disney at his studio, and found him busy in the modest office which has become a place of pilgrimage for artists and art lovers everywhere. The little anteroom, filled with medals, diplomas, and trophies in honor of Mickey Mouse and the other immortals, expresses the sincere, boyish enthusiasm which you find in the man at the office desk who can give you a few minutes out of his terrific day without making you feel hurried, and who fastens you with an attention which at once flatters and puts you on the spot. At each question his brow puckered slightly, and I feared I was proving a bad interviewer; but his answers were so full and clear and so immediate that I plucked up courage and remembered that Mickey Mouse always wrinkles at a question.

KNOWING how precious his time must be, I plunged into my errand, explaining that I was in Hollywood to learn in what direction the films were developing as an art, and naturally I came at once to him. I said this to find out whether he thought himself essentially different from other directors, whether he considered his cartoons art and other films a commercial product.

"Art?" he said. "We are all doing the best we can, and we make use of the arts. In this studio there are many artists. Is that what you mean?"

It wasn't, but I had my answer. At no time did Walt Disney imply that he was on a higher artistic level than other producers and directors—merely that the film is too large a medium for any one man to explore, and he, like the others, had staked out a part in which he was fitted to work.

"We feel a difference between your satires and other cartoons," I said. "Do you ascribe the excellence of your films to your skill in suggesting painting in motion?"

"We don't call them satires," he corrected. "We like to think they are caricatures. And we say sculpture in motion, not painting—we work in three dimensions. But we do treat motion perhaps in a new way. We make of it a language. The moving pictures naturally can move an object around, but we try to do something more—we try to make the object express motion."

With a quick graphic sweep he indicated the lines of a drawing. At the end of his finger I could see familiar acquaintances taking shape in the air—Mickey Mouse, Pluto, Donald Duck—all in that attitude of dizzy speed one second after they have decided they'd rather be somewhere else.

"The form of objects in motion," continued Disney, "differs from the form of the same objects at rest—there's more flow, more stream backward."

To train his artists in this kind of drawing, Disney provides living models, actors and animals, for the study of motion; and few of those who have learned to draw running creatures would afterward enjoy sketching anything that stands still. Some of the Disney artists have never studied under other instruction; they have therefore escaped forever—this is my comment, not his—plaster casts, still life, naked gentlemen and ladies, obligingly petrified for many minutes at a time.

When I asked how he happened to develop this kind of art, he said he always wished to make his cartoons lifelike—had in fact been groping toward the present animations long before sound was added to the films. In the old days he tried to show theater organists how to get humorous effects in their accompaniments, and on one occasion he had an artificial cat leading the orchestra and commenting on the performance, with the aid of a ventriloquist in the wings.

He cannot see an end to experiment and expansion in his cartoons, nor in any kind of films. The art is in its beginnings. Some day living actors may be combined with the animations; but why, he asks, should we take on new possibilities before we have completely explored those already in hand?

OF course I asked where the subjects of the cartoons came from—whether they were the result of study or of inspiration, whether they carried out a philosophy of entertainment or were just lucky hits. Disney's answer threw light on his success as a leader.

"We all contribute ideas," he said, "every one in the studio. We have a system of bonuses, largely for the fun of the thing—five dollars for any usable hint, all the way to two hundred and fifty for more important things. Last month our gardener cleaned up."

"Even so," I persisted, "the cartoons have the mark of one personality, and I don't think their excellence is accounted for, not altogether, by saying the figures are drawn in motion."

"The excellence of our cartoons," he said, "comes from the skill of all who work in this studio."

"At least," I said, "you personally have a keen eye for the foibles of your fellow countrymen, or you never could have created Donald Duck. Donald is a citizen of the U. S. A. He is always optimistic at the wrong time, he touches anything he's told to keep his hands off, he loses his temper gorgeously and gets it back again without learning wisdom, and he's so sure he has a sense of humor that when he laughs he has to lie down."

Disney smiled. "Are those characteristics American? Donald Duck has been accepted as a national portrait in over thirty countries."

As I write this I wonder whether Disney said thirty or a smaller number; I could call up and verify; but my admiration for the Duck prompts me to leave well enough alone.

Walt Disney thinks there can be no competition between the usual moving pictures and his animations, for the simple reason that only a limited number of cartoons can be produced each year. For the sake of the quality he would like to produce fewer. His studio at present is too small, and the whole staff will be glad to move into the new buildings now going up at Burbank. There will be more research laboratories and an increase in the number of workers from the present twelve hundred to an approximate fifteen hundred. But the result of this expansion, Walt Disney hopes, will be fewer and better cartoons. He can now make two full-length features a year, but he would rather make three in two years. He now produces eighteen short cartoons a year; he intends to cut the number down to twelve.

ABOUT the use of music with cartoons I said nothing till the end of our talk. I knew in a general way the nature of the experiment he and Stokowski were making. Disney sent a sound crew to Philadelphia for six or eight weeks and made records of a full program by the famous orchestra, Stokowski conducting. To this sound track the Disney studio was to add appropriate comment in animated films—a series of glorified dramatic program notes. The difficulty of the undertaking is obvious. Though some numbers on the program seemed more or less suitable for pictures—susceptible, that is, to the kind of comment a painting or drawing can make—others belonged, I should have said, exclusively in music's abstract world, which is difficult to translate into another language than music.

The recorded program to which Disney's drawings were to be added was this:

Bach, Toccata and Fugue; Beethoven, Pastoral Symphony; Schubert, Ave Maria; Tchaikovsky, Nutcracker Suite; Dukas, Sorcerer's Apprentice; Moussorgsky, Night on Bare Mountain; Stravinski, Rite of Spring; Ponchielli, Dance of the Hours; Debussy, Claire de Lune.

In spite of Stokowski's enthusiasm and Disney's confidence-inspiring personality, I was not sure this music could be improved or made more interesting by an accompaniment of moving pictures. I took it for granted that Disney's animations would be an accompaniment or subsidiary explanation of what Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra played. I broached the subject of music rather cautiously.

"I'd like to show you the studio," Disney said—"how we make the cartoons, what we are doing with these music films. You'll learn more that way than from anything I could tell you."

One of his young men guided me through the process. I saw how the first sketch of a cartoon is drawn: a series of pictures like a newspaper strip, with captions; then I saw the system by which the artists, the "in-betweeners," fill in the drawings between the climaxes originally sketched. The sound, already recorded, is indicated on a chart by a waving line, against which the individual drawings are accurately spaced, so that music and picture will synchronize.

When the "in-betweener" has completed his sketches in outline, the series of drawings are photographed in a stretch of trial film and run off with the music, for criticism and suggestion. There are a number of little rooms which the force call "sweatboxes" where fragments of cartoons are constantly studied. In one of these infinitesimal auditoriums I saw, and heard, the Sorcerer's Apprentice complete, the film sketched in outline, without color as yet, but the music sonorous and perfect. I saw and heard also fragments of Pinocchio, the feature from which much is rightly expected, and in the drafting rooms I was shown the plans for illustrating the other Stokowski recordings besides the Apprentice.

It was clear at once that Disney intends to provide the music in each case with a highly dramatic picture. The actors in each drama are appropriate to the music; in no case is what we see less noble than what we hear. If I had feared that the music and the drawings might not blend, I was wasting my time. Perhaps I shall never again hear the music without recalling the Disney pictures, so inevitably do they belong together.

But the pictures are not, as I had expected, glorified program notes. Once the arts are brought together, the music becomes a program note to the picture. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the delighted public which sees and hears these magnificent collaborations will hardly notice the music. They will enjoy a certain rhythmic elation without asking what produces it, and their attention will be on the drama unfolded to their eyes.

WHETHER it is possible to bring music and pictures into an equal partnership, I don't know—and I hardly care. The Stokowski-Disney collaboration has shown us—will soon show us—what is possible by way of new beauty when the various arts are employed by masters to serve a common end. If to find such music as Stokowski recorded we must go back to old composers, or among the living at least to the elder generation, the opportunity is none the less clear for the youngsters—assuming that their talent is more than youth.

And if the Disney contribution runs away with the show, it only confirms the one truth about which all Hollywood agrees: that the play's the thing, and a picture is as good as its story.

THE END

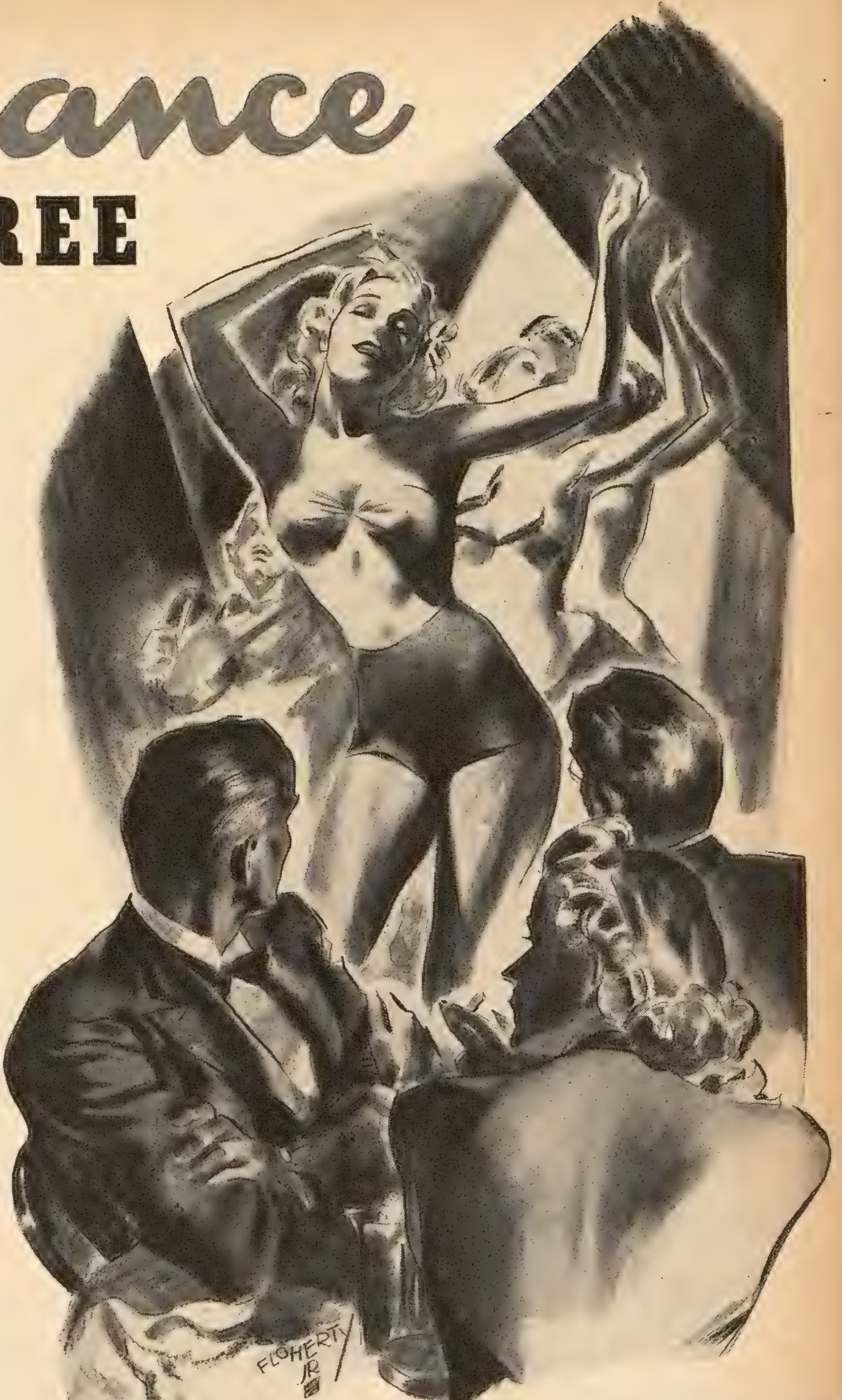
Romance FOR THREE

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

A double-barreled love story—When a man needs a woman's help you can never tell just what will happen

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOHERTY, JR.

READING TIME ● 14 MIN. 32 SEC.



"I'll get her away from this," he said sturdily. "As soon as I get a job."

WELL, she wasn't in love with her boss. And that was news, she thought. Man bites dog, secretary does not love big business man. It was news, all right.

She sat just outside his office, a watchdog to guard him from intrusion. The buzzer beside her desk sounded. She gave her bright hair a pat, straightened her skirt. She went in.

She sat down on the chair next to his. Her pencil was poised over her notebook. "Yes, sir," she said.

"It isn't to take a letter, Millie," he said. "You like me, don't you? You want to help me if you can?"

His face was flushed. He'd been drinking. It was only three in the afternoon and usually he did not drink during the day, but today he'd had lunch with those mining men from the West. Tough babies, they were! Millie knew. They'd given her an eye whenever she'd ushered them into J. W.'s office.

Once, one of them, Jackson Meade, had said, "When are you coming West, sister? Always got an opening for a pretty girl like you—especially when she's a good secretary."

"Speak to J. W. about it," she'd said, and Jackson Meade had left her with a rueful shake of his head.

Probably back at home these men were all right, but when they came to New York they thought they were on a picnic—and no Sunday-school picnic, either. They wanted J. W. to go on their picnic with them.

"Is it those men from the West?" Millie asked.

"What!" he exclaimed, looking puzzled. He was a compact-looking man in his forties. He kept fit through squash and golf. But his hair was a little gray—just a dusting of gray beside the temples—and he wore a gray suit that was very becoming. His wife had left him for Reno—and another man. J. W. was too intent upon himself and his ambitions. It was the old story of a wife left too much to herself.

"I thought maybe you wanted my help in avoiding them," Millie explained. "They hound you, don't they? But I thought you wanted to land their order first."

"I've landed it," he said. "You're clever, Millie. That's why I need your help. It's about Jack."

Jack was his son. Jack had graduated from engineering college in the spring, but he hadn't as yet found a job. This hadn't worried his father as much as it had Jack. "What's the difference!" J. W. had said. He'd always given Jack everything he wanted except his own time and attention. Which Jack needed more than anything else.

"What about Jack?" Millie asked.

"He's always been buried in his books. But now he's waked up and he's listening to the birdies sing. He's fallen for a little tramp. A girl in a night club. I wanted you to get Jack interested in you, and in that way we'll get rid of this other girl."

Millie gasped. It was preposterous.

He was smiling the smile that had helped make him president of the Amalgamated Machinery Company at forty.

For years Millie had watched him work. She knew him, she supposed, better than any other person knew him. His faults and his virtues. And now he was trying his wiles upon her, just as he would use them upon a prospective buyer. She smiled secretly.

"I don't think this is a job I'd like or could do, J. W.," she said.

"Why not?" he asked. "You're prettier than she is. I've seen her. She's brass. You're—well, a finer metal, anyway. She's dumb, except that she knows how to use every bit of her S. A. You're clever."

"But I'm too old!" Millie cried. "Jack would consider me an—an old maid."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six, and Jack is twenty-two."

"You don't look more than twenty-two."

"The whole idea is distasteful, J. W. I've no right to interfere in Jack's affairs."

"You might at least meet them, size up the situation, advise me. I need a woman's help. You know I have no one—except you."

She knew it was a sentimental appeal. But, even so, it had its effect upon her. "Well—" she temporized.

"Jack's at my apartment typing some treatise," he said briskly. "Get him on the telephone, will you? We'll arrange a dinner party."

MILLIE MacINTOSH had been to J. W.'s apartment before. She'd been there a number of times on business; but she'd never been there to a formal dinner party.

She knew she looked all right for this dinner so hastily arranged. Millie had been born and brought up on Eighth Avenue, and had gradually worked her way east until now she had a tiny apartment of her own on Madison Avenue. It was only five blocks from Eighth Avenue to Madison; but a whole world lay between—a whole lifetime.

Millie thought of her mother, ill and querulous; of her father, who'd gone to sea and never returned. Well, she'd stuck by until—until the end. Then she'd spread her wings and flown.

She had good taste in clothes, although heaven knows where it had come from. She had good taste in people and manners, too, although her circle of friends had been limited. And somehow none of the men she had met had sufficiently attracted her. One or two, she knew, had looked upon her with desire, but she had remained aloof. Her job—her job and J. W.—had absorbed her. She was caught in a web from which there was no escape unless she deliberately broke the strands that held her.

Tonight she wore her black lace dinner dress and silver slippers. The string of gardenias which—amazingly!—J. W. had sent her trailed from her shoulder almost to her waist. Her short dark fur coat wasn't exactly right, but it would do. Her hair, which was neither red nor blonde but a blending of the two, was smooth and adroitly coifed.

GOOD evening, Tompkins," she said to the butler who took her coat. She knew him. In fact she had engaged Tompkins and his wife to look after J. W.'s apartment.

"Good evening, Miss MacIntosh," he said. There was open admiration in his eyes. He had never seen her dressed like this. Millie smiled at him gratefully.

J. W. was alone in the library. He wore an informal double-breasted dinner jacket. He rose and pulled a chair to the open fire for her.

"Splendid, Millie!" he said. "If Jack doesn't fall for you, I will."

But there was mockery in his voice, and Millie flushed. "It's your idea, J. W.," she said. "Whatever happens, the consequences are on your head. Where are the others?"

"Jack's gone to fetch his little lovebird," J. W. answered.

Tompkins ushered them into the room a minute later, and Jack looked proud and confident. Evidently he thought the dinner party meant that his father was ready to accept his girl. Jack wasn't like his father. He wasn't hard and compact and shrewd. He looked like a student. His red hair was a little disheveled and his eyes gazed out from behind his spectacles as if the world still astonished him. As well it might.

The girl wore a simple blue silk dress, with a blue ribbon in her blue-black hair, which fell to her shoulders, curling slightly there. Millie felt a pang when she saw how young she was. And so afraid. Also, so anxious to please. Only her name was unfortunate. It seemed to be Toots. At least that's what Jack called her. Miss Toots Riley.

The butler suavely circulated with cocktails and anchovy and caviar on bits of toast.

Toots refused a cocktail.

"Maybe you'd prefer sherry, my dear," said J. W. "But I thought all night-club girls drank."

"It goes to my head," Toots said, and giggled.

"But I thought at the night club you had to sit with the customers and let them buy you drinks."

"They give us ginger ale or tea," said Toots. "The guy—I mean the customer—doesn't know the difference. And what you don't know don't hurt you."

"Very true," said J. W. "Very laudable."

Jack's cheeks burned red. "Toots only works there because she has to," he said, angrily defensive. "It's hard to get a job nowadays. Nobody knows that better than I do."

"I hope you don't decide to join Toots in a dancing act," J. W. remarked lightly.

At the moment Millie hated him. It wasn't worthy of him, implacable as he was, to bait them this way.

She did not know as yet what she was going to do. She did know that it was entirely impossible for her to do what J. W. wanted her to do.

They went in to dinner. Millie saw it was going to be elaborate. There was a variety of forks and knives beside each plate. Millie also saw that Toots was confused by the variety. "You just begin at the outside and with each succeeding course work your way through, Miss Riley," she said. "I had to learn, too."

J. W. looked at her and smiled. "Very kind of you, Millie," he said.

Afterward they went to the night club where Toots danced. It was very Broadway. As J. W., Jack, and Millie sat at a table, Toots retired. Presently she came out, one of a dozen girls who pranced around the floor almost naked. J. W.'s expression was frozen and Jack's eyes had lost their shining look.

"I'll soon get her away from this," he said sturdily. "As soon as I get a job."

"It isn't so bad," said Millie. "She's so unconscious of it. There's nothing shocking in a naked child."

Jack looked at her gratefully, but J. W. rose. "I think we've had enough," he said.

"I have to stay to take her home," said Jack.

"To protect her from the vultures, I suppose," said his father.

Jack half rose. "Dad, I've had enough of that," he said.

Millie said, "Vultures feed best on intolerance, J. W."

J. W. drove her home. He was furious. He was too furious to say anything.

But at her door he said, *"Et tu, Brute!"*

"What did you expect?" Millie asked. "They're young. They're in love. They're terribly decent and aboveboard about it. No one should interfere."

He left her without a good night.

MILLIE had lunch with Toots the next day. She had arranged that shortly after dinner when the two of them were alone together for a few minutes.

They had luncheon in a quiet

(*Continued on page 16*)

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BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

(Continued from page 14)

little restaurant in Lexington Avenue at half past twelve. Toots looked sleepy.

"What time do you get away from the club?" Millie asked.

"Three. Sometimes later."

"Do you like it there?"

"I never minded it until—until Jack came along. Now sometimes there's a look in his eyes that makes me wonder—"

"Will you give up the club if—when you and Jack are married?"

"I'll do anything he wants," Toots said.

"Do you really love him, Toots?"

"Oh—yes!" said Toots, with a long-drawn breath. "I never met any one like Jack before. I mean, a gentleman like him. He makes every other man seem like a bum or a tough guy. Jack treats me like I was as good as him. He always has. And some day I'm going to be as good as him. It ain't—I mean it isn't only that I love him. It's like he's a friend too. We know his father don't approve of me. We don't expect anything from him. We've talked things over and decided we can get along on very little. I'm a pretty good cook, Miss MacIntosh. I know how to make a little money go a long way."

"Where did you learn to do that, Toots?"

"Well, you see, my father is Irish, but my mother was French. She taught me how to do something with an onion and a little spice that makes a stew of cheap meat taste like something from the Ritz. I sound kind of silly, don't I?"

"Not in the least silly," said Millie.

"I know I've got an awful lot to learn about—about talking and how to act nice, but I know how to run a house on next to nothing."

"Where were you born, Toots?"

Toots hesitated. Then she said, "On Ninth Avenue."

Millie smiled. "Just a block away."

"What do you mean, Miss MacIntosh?"

"Call me Millie. I mean I was born on Eighth Avenue, and lived there until I was able to spread my wings and get away. Now you're ready to spread your wings and get away too. Your method is different from mine. Maybe, as long as you're in love, it's a better way."

The girl looked puzzled, but Millie did not explain. Instead she ate her chicken salad and thought intensely.

"Can Jack do stenography and typing?" she asked at last.

"Yes," Toots said. "When he graduated from college and couldn't get a job, he took a course in secretarial work because he thought it might come in useful."

"Is he any good at it?"

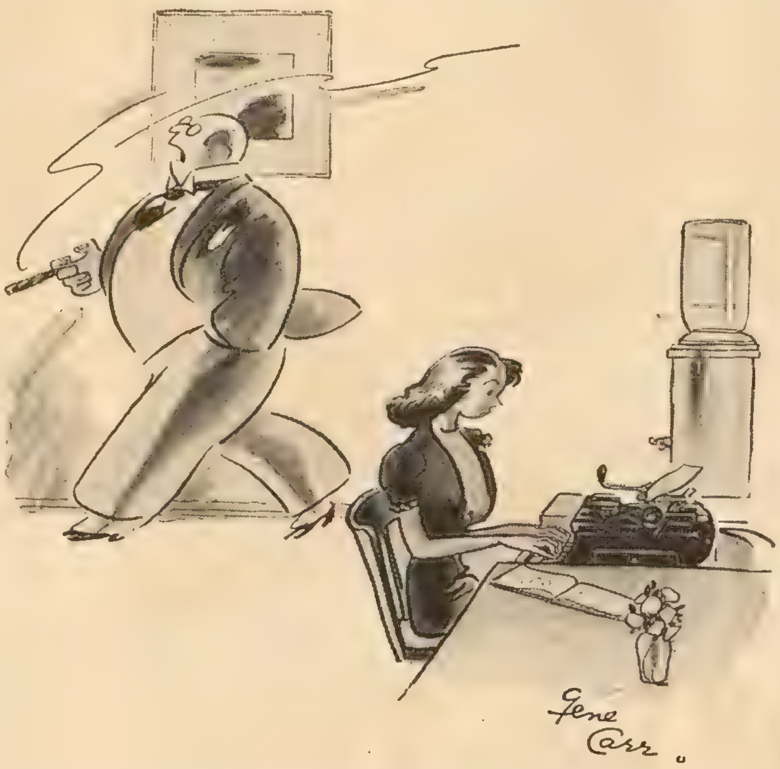
"Of course he is!" said Toots indignantly, and then she laughed.

"But I would say that anyway."

"Would you go West with him, Toots?"

"I'd go to the end of the world with him! All the way. Any time."

"That's the right answer, my dear." Millie felt very old, very wise. "I think you and Jack should be married as soon as possible. Otherwise you may never be married. You don't think anything could come between you and your love, but—but sometimes obstacles can be arranged if the person who objects is strong enough, powerful enough. I have a plan in mind, but I don't know yet whether it can be arranged. It takes a bit of skulduggery"—Millie realized with a sudden qualm it was a word, it was one of a thousand things, she had learned from J. W. "You and Jack had better meet me at half past five this afternoon. Let's meet here for a cocktail, shall we? Oh, I forgot! You don't drink cocktails."



"I want to be sure Mrs. Binks reads this, so don't fail to address it to Mr. Binks and mark it 'Personal.'"

"I'd drink a cocktail with you," said Toots. "I didn't take one last night because I was scared of Mr. Wilcoxson. I thought maybe he'd make me take too many, to make me talk silly."

"You're not only a pretty child," said Millie; "you're a wise one." And she smiled and patted Toots' hand.

"Do you think I can make myself good enough for Jack?" Toots asked. "If I study, if I work awfully hard?"

"I'm sure of it," said Millie.

BACK at the office, Millie called the Western mining man, Jackson Meade, at his hotel.

"This is Millie MacIntosh," she said; "J. W.'s secretary. Is that job at your plant still open?"

She heard him chuckle. "Had a change of heart, eh? Yes, it is."

"I don't want it for myself, Mr. Meade. I want it for a young man."

"Sa-ay—" he began.

"It's J. W.'s son," she explained hastily. "He's an engineer, but he's willing to start as a secretary. He's had the training."

"Well, anything to oblige J. W. We owe him a lot," said Jackson Meade doubtfully.

"I'll send Jack Wilcoxson to see you in the morning," said Millie.

A WEEK later Millie sat at her desk outside J. W.'s office when the buzzer sounded. An eventful week. Jack had landed the job out West. Secretarial work at first; a chance to do engineering later. Jack and Toots had been married at the City Hall. Radiant, they had departed. Millie, with tears in her eyes and a choked feeling in her throat, had waved them off. She didn't know how much J. W. knew of her part in the affair, but she was ready to tell him now.

Millie gave her bright hair a pat, straightened her skirt, and went into J. W.'s office.

"Close the door, please," he said.

So he knew. Well, she was prepared. She closed the door and calmly walked to his desk; sat down beside him, her notebook open, her pencil poised.

But then she said, "Before we go ahead, J. W., I want to tell you I'm resigning. I'm leaving a week from today. Under the circumstances, I thought you wouldn't want any longer notice. You know, don't you?"

"Of course I know you got Jack that job. Jackson Meade came up to my apartment to see me about it."

This was a surprise to Millie. "Why didn't you kill the idea?"

"I know when I'm licked. When some one you trust betrays you, you feel sort of licked."

Millie was terribly afraid she'd cry. "J. W.," she said quickly, "to me, Toots seemed like myself—so ready for happiness, for love, so eager to spread her wings—and I didn't want to see her defeated by you, J. W. Nor Jack either. I'm glad I helped them. I'll never regret it. But I realize I've been disloyal to you. That's why I'm resigning."

"You think I'm hard and selfish, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. I do!" she said. "I know you are. I know you better than anybody else in the world knows you."

"Will you marry me, then?" he asked.

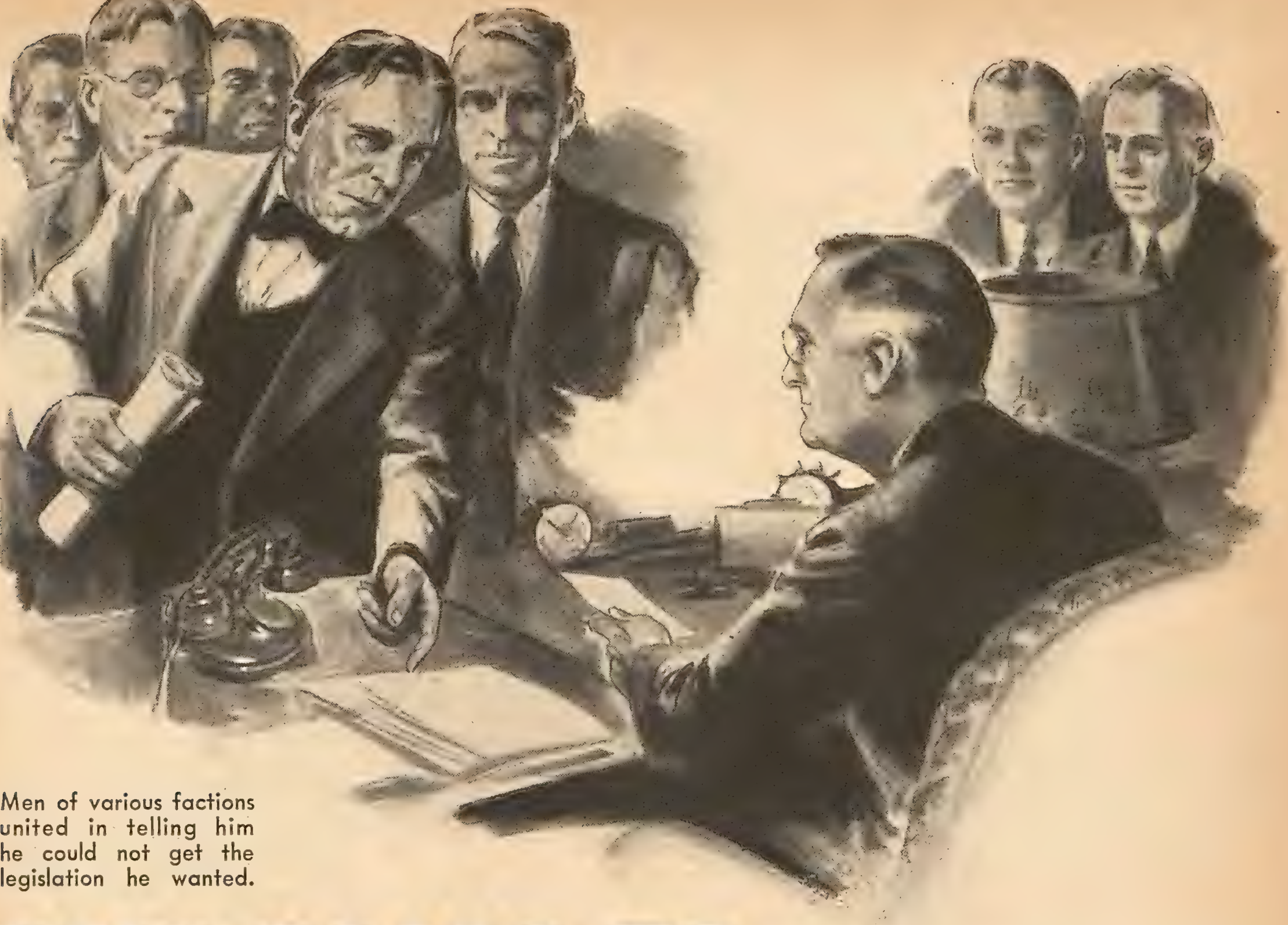
Once more he was preposterous. Once more she gasped.

"Don't be a fool!" he said harshly. "Don't you know I admire you—I adore you!—for what you've done?"

She half rose from the chair. He rose too.

He had her in his arms, close against his hard, compact body. His lips pressed almost angrily against hers. She hated him. She had never been so happy in her life.

THE END



Men of various factions united in telling him he could not get the legislation he wanted.

NEW ROADS TO FLANDERS FIELDS

A leading isolationist, from the heart of America, eloquently states his side of the arms embargo case

BY ARTHUR CAPPER

U. S. Senator from Kansas and Member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

TO those of us who want to insulate the United States against the menace of war, July 17, 1939, is likely to stand out as a red-letter day on the calendar of the future.

It was on the evening of that day that a group of men representing various factions in the Senate went to the White House to consult with the President on the possibility of securing passage of certain legislation which he wanted—legislation that might mean the casting of the die of peace or war.

Those attending the meeting did not accept the President's mandate as to what should be done. Men of various factions, even of his own New Deal, united in telling him he could not get the legislation he wanted. Forced to bow to defeat, the Chief Executive warned his visitors that the responsibility for this action rested upon Congress.

"And that," Senator Borah retorted, "is exactly where it belongs."

The meeting was historic because there it was indicated that Congress would put the President in his place, denying him the authority to do something he very much desired, and, what is more important, that Congress would prevent the taking down of a barrier to war which it had previously erected.

There has been a great deal of misunderstanding of the legislation which the President wanted — the passage of an act introduced by Representative Bloom and titled by him the Neutrality Act of 1939. This title was a flagrant deception. The bill's purpose was to allow us to participate in any war which should come along. Its proper title would have been the Intervention Act of 1939.

We already had a statute on the books which was in reality a neutrality measure. It provided that, in case of war, we should not sell arms and ammunition to either of the participating parties. That law actually was a neutrality measure.

The Bloom bill sought to repeal that law. With its repeal this country would have authority to sell at will to whomever it chose, responsibility for choosing our customers resting with the President. In case of war in Europe, which everybody had in mind and which has since materialized, it meant that we could sell to England and France, which would command the sea lanes, and not to Germany and her allies, whose ships would be bottled up.

With the passage of that bill we would have taken sides in the threatened war. We would have intervened in advance. As I read it, the Bloom-Hull-Roosevelt resolution is a pledge to Britain and France that first our munition plants, then our moneybags, and finally millions of our sons will be sent overseas to participate in whatever kind of war the diplomats of Europe decide will best serve the purpose of their respective peoples. To dub it a neutrality act is deceit and hypocrisy.

The Bloom resolution leaves it with the President, in case of war, to decide which are the good nations and which the bad, which he will support and which he will oppose. It places the choice of peace or war in the hands of one man seeking untrammeled power, quick to offhand action, sometimes unsound and dangerous. It gives him an authority which, I am sure, the people, if they understood, would never grant him.

THIS legislation was deferred, with the understanding that it would reappear at the next session, and the Congress, called in September because of the war in Europe, is now debating whether or not this President should be given power to thrust in advance our collective head beneath the tent of European war.

I am opposed to the repeal of our present neutrality law because I believe that such action is a long first step toward war. If we sell munitions to France and England, we have taken sides, have arrayed ourselves with them. The oldest of ruses to get the sucker into the game is to let him win a few bets. These would come in early profits from munitions. We might begin by selling for cash, but granting credits would be a logical next step. Loans would logically follow. It would be hard for us to abstain from the protection of our merchandise or our investments. We would be propagandized, shamed for not having the courage to fight for our principles, called upon to help at times when it would seem that our friends were on the edge of the precipice. And sooner or later we would be drawn in just as we were before. The safest insurance against a march into the inferno is a refusal to take the first step.

I presume to speak with relation to peace and war for the heart of America. I am in touch with and in harmony with the simon-pure Americans of the great Midwest. I am very sure that almost to a man they believe in our staying at home and attending to our own business. That is the desire of the heart of America. There is no difference of opinion about it.

These people do not believe that it is our job to determine the boundary lines of other nations nor to police the world. They do not believe that we should give any President the authority to play the diplomatic game of bluff and bluster against nations that do not conform to his standards. They do not believe in sending American troops overseas nor in taking steps that lead in that direction.

They believe that the idea of some Americans that we have a rendezvous with destiny is merely a delusion of grandeur. It is not our job to run the world.

The only fighting they would do is in the defense of the Western Hemisphere, which in itself is a sufficient responsibility.

The Bloom Intervention Act of 1939 was in every respect a Roosevelt measure. It was but another move on the part of the President to get more authority in his own hands. He believes—and I who say this have supported many of his measures—that it is the destiny of the United States to shape the course of events in the New World, in Europe, in Asia (Africa has not as yet come into its aura), and that, fortunately, at the supreme moment it has been given the one man consummately equipped to handle so important a task. He is endowed with a supreme self-confidence, an ingrained feeling that he has never made a mistake, will never make a mistake, is equal to any emergency. This leads him to a readiness to act, often without consulting anybody, on matters of prime importance.

The President does not believe that we should remain neutral. He would have us take our morning exercise by slapping the faces of dictators.

Secretary Hull aids and abets him. They would have us fortify Guam, in the midst of Japan's mandated islands, as an invitation to trouble. The President sends a message to Congress urging that aggressive nations be curbed. The Senate Military Committee gained from the President the idea that we should support England and France, that our frontier is on the Rhine.

WHAT can be more illogical than meddling freely in Europe and Asia, yet bristling belligerently in defense of the Monroe Doctrine over here? We will tolerate no intrusion of Eastern Hemisphere nations in the Western Hemisphere, but the other way around it is different.

It is all balderdash. We cannot refuse the neighbor's children the privilege of playing in our yard, and at the same time send our youngsters into theirs, not merely to play but to make the rules for the games.

There are 4,000,000 aliens in this country. Sometimes they organize societies and glorify non-American governments. Sometimes they advocate changes in this government. They have not earned the right to do these things. I hold that the immigrant who advocates a change of government in the United States before his citizenship papers have been issued should be promptly deported. I look with suspicion even upon his son who seeks to tell the descendants of the racial and instinctive democrats how to govern themselves.

The role of neutral is a difficult one. Its chief enemy is the unhappy incident that is likely to occur in any moment of stress. A frightful atrocity may be perpetrated on some American citizen or American official. The blood in every American's veins is likely to boil with indignation. It is natural that he should cry for satisfaction and revenge.

But the offense may have been committed on the responsibility of a single individual, or of a small group, or of men out of hand. I do not believe that the act of the quite mad student Princip at Sarajevo twenty-five years ago was sufficient justification for starting the World War. Similarly, I do not believe that any other such incident occurring anywhere else in the world should be allowed to sweep a nation into a mad conflagration that may cost the lives of millions and result in hardships to be borne by generations. Powerful as is this nation, there are other ways in which satisfaction may be obtained.

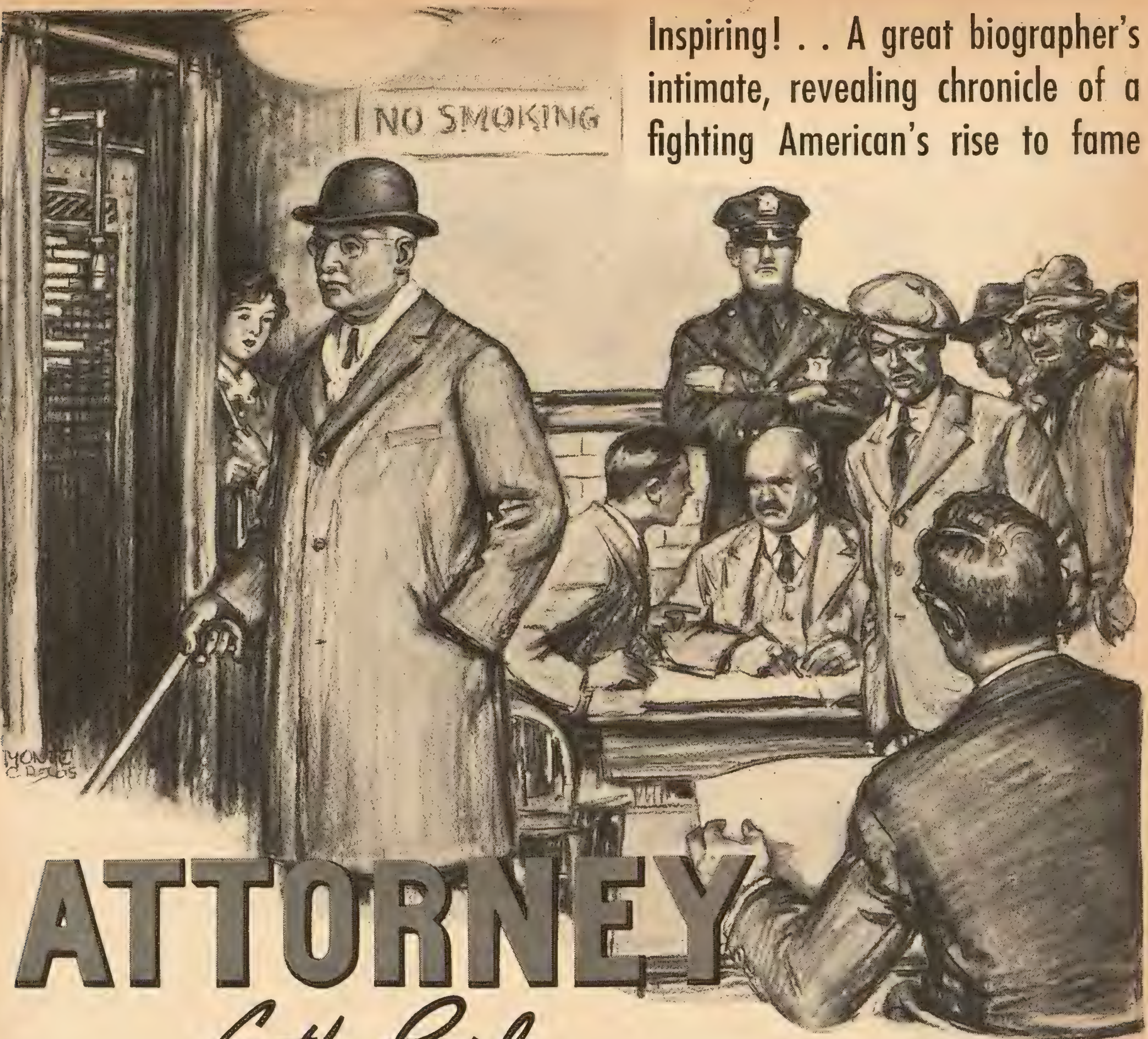
I am sometimes asked more difficult questions than this with relation to the emergencies to be met that peace may be maintained. I am asked what I would do when passenger ships are sunk and hundreds of Americans drowned. My answer is that I would try to keep Americans out of such dangers, but, once the calamity has happened, I would find a method of redress other than the mass massacre of war.

I AM asked the more difficult question of what I would do if Japan, for example, should demand that the United States abandon its concessions in China and get out. I might have some trouble bringing myself to appreciate the Japanese viewpoint. But it may well be her sincere conviction that she has as much right to make such a demand in Asia as we would have if she occupied similar concessions on the American continent. Actually, I would retire from China before I would go to war with Japan.

I have had staged for me an even more forbidding alternative than the evacuation of China. I have been asked if I would still stick to my isolationist views in the ultimate emergency—if I would stand by and watch Britain go down. While I pray God that this necessity may never present itself, my answer is that we have at this time no business assuming an obligation to save Britain if she gets in trouble. We should not go across our broad oceans and make war, regardless of the plight of nations toward which we feel instinctive friendship. War is a mad, frightful, deplorable, inexcusable thing in the avoidance of which we require a Spartan schooling. We should stick to our determination that we will wage it only when we and our associated nations on this hemisphere are attacked. That is our mission. We should discipline ourselves to be faithful to it. We should develop the poise and fortitude to stick to it.

THE END

Inspiring! . . A great biographer's intimate, revealing chronicle of a fighting American's rise to fame



ATTORNEY *for the People*

THE LIFE STORY OF THOMAS E. DEWEY

BY RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Born in Owosso, Michigan, in 1902, Thomas Edmund Dewey, on his father's side, sprang from old American stock, the same that produced Admiral George Dewey of Manila Bay fame. His mother was of English and Irish ancestry.

Thomas worked hard and played hard. He sang in the choir, sold magazines, and at sixteen took a job in a drugstore. When he entered the University of Michigan at seventeen, he had saved $800 toward his expenses.

He kept up his singing while at college and also in New York where he went to study law at Columbia. Through his music he met Frances Eileen Hutt, a gifted young mezzo-soprano, and in 1928, when he was earning $3,000 a year in a large law firm, he married her.

In December, 1930, one of his firm's clients was sued, as he says, "by a lady who changed the course of my life."

PART TWO—INTO THE ARENA

THIS unknown woman's suit was legally "worthless" but it had to be met. She demanded $20,000 from the Empire Trust Company. It fell to Dewey to prepare the case for trial, and he forced the Chase National Bank and the Adams Express Company to come into it as defendants. But the Empire Trust Company was the firm's most important client and Dewey decided to call in outside trial counsel. He strongly recommended one of New York's most successful trial lawyers, George Z. Medalie, who had been an Assistant District Attorney of New York County when Dewey was an eight-year-old boy.

The whole fabric of free government was involved. Floaters canceled the votes of decent men. There seemed to be no hope of release or reformation.

When Dewey telephoned to him for an interview, Medalie set ten the next day as the hour for it. The interview ended at two the following morning. Medalie was so impressed by young Dewey's thorough preparation of the case that he consented to try it.

On the last day of the trial before the jury, Medalie was called to the telephone. William D. Mitchell, Attorney General of the United States, offered him the vastly important post of United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. The annual salary was $10,000; but Medalie's private practice was bringing him fully $150,000 a year. Still, he accepted the task. It is a lawyer's form of patriotic self-sacrifice.

He offered Dewey himself the post of chief of the criminal division. But Dewey had never yet touched a criminal case. He declined to leave the field of civil law.

Determined to secure him anyway, Medalie, on March 15, 1931, offered him the post of Chief Assistant United States Attorney. Dewey accepted. His salary would be $7,500, considerably less than he had been making in his private practice.

Not yet twenty-nine, he was now administrative head of the largest prosecuting office in the federal government, with sixty lawyers under him.

For two and a half years Dewey toiled as Chief Assistant United States Attorney, and acquired an amazing knowledge of every phase of the national government. He came into office at the very climax of the vast tidal wave of lawlessness and organized crime that overswept the nation.

The Attorney General is Uncle Sam's lawyer, and his work is divided into ninety-four judicial districts, over each of which a United States Attorney presides with his own staff of Assistant United States Attorneys.

OF all ninety-four districts, that of Southern New York is by far most important. In many ways it does a bigger, more complex business than the Attorney General's office in Washington, D. C.

Though Medalie was the controlling soul of the office, the infinite details of its administration fell on his adjutant Dewey. He had also to discuss with his chief and supervise the legal aspects of all the cases that poured into the office.

He came to know the personnel and the problems of every department of the national administration.

And suddenly he was plunged into the very depths of the nation's criminal activity.

Two years later he described that phase of his work in a speech he made at Baltimore to a convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police:

"I was working side by side for months at a time with the trained, skillfully directed men of the many federal investigating services, including the Treasury Intelligence Unit, the Postal Inspection Service, the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, the Secret Service, the customs agents, the Narcotics Bureau, and others. I also worked with a staff of New York police detectives."

This was only the criminal side of his task. On the civil side he was in direct contact with the Departments of State, Treasury, War, Navy, Justice, Post Office, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, and various independent departments—not to mention private citizens, corporations, municipal and state authorities.

Among hundreds of cases involving international affairs were those of several German shipping companies which claimed exemption from tonnage taxes under an old treaty with Prussia. These claims compelled a thorough study of old and new treaties of commerce and navigation. One of the great oil companies claimed a deduction of taxes because the Communists under Béla Kun had destroyed their property in Hungary. In a famous suit involving the ban on hoarding of gold, Dewey had to study the whole history of financial legislation in this country from its beginning. For years an international racket had flourished in the form of the so-called "re-entry ring," which smuggled aliens into the country by liberal bribery at the expense of the aliens. Dewey broke the racket. Numberless legal conflicts involved taxes, finances, railroads, shipping, insurance, pure foods and drugs, interstate commerce in all its phases. And yet there are those who say that he does not know anything about national or international affairs!

On a fishing trip this past summer off the coast of Bar Harbor, Maine.

He startled everybody who came in touch with him by his uncanny skill in gaining information, by his greed for toil, by his courage, his self-effacement, his skill not only in selecting men but also in gaining their personal devotion and stirring them to prodigies of zeal.

He gathered about him a cohort of young lawyers who have either gone on fighting at his side or taken their training into other fields.

The very first case Dewey took part in caught the public attention and touched the purses of the humblest. He seized the books of a dealer in what purported to be Irish Sweepstakes. The man was forced to disgorge 2,300 books, each containing ten tickets. Their total face value was $69,000.

His second case was the New York phase of a general investigation of the American Bond and Mortgage Company.

In May, 1931, Dewey was delving into the African jungles of the numbers game. Here he ran across the first spoor of James J. Hines, then at the top of Tammany power and apparently immune to attack.

Next, Medalie tossed into Dewey's lap the case of a crooked policeman, James J. Quinlivan. Temporarily assigned to the vice squad, Officer Q. had banked $300 the first day. According to Dewey's painful compilations, on the humble salary of a policeman Quinlivan had managed to pile up a yearly income of $80,000 and had neglected to pay any income tax. The jury convicted him and he was sent off to patrol a penitentiary cell for three years.

IN June Dewey was already on the trail of one of prohibition's most eminent offspring. A bloody trail it proved to be, but for the present Dewey was concerned only in his discovery that the Bronx Beer Baron, "Dutch Schultz," *né* Arthur Flegenheimer, had deposited $856,000 in his banks, owed the United States the tax of $79,236 on it, and could not be apprehended.

In this same June while Dewey was wielding his brand-new sword so ruthlessly he revealed one of his most striking traits—the feeling that a public prosecutor of the guilty has also the duty of being a public defender of the innocent or unfortunate.

One day while in court he overheard the trial of a thirteen-year-old lad who had been seized as a peddler of narcotics because his elder brother had used him for a delivery boy. He was about to be railroaded to the penitentiary; but Dewey intervened, had his indictment changed, and turned him over to the Children's Court for protective care.

It was in August, 1931, that Dewey supervised the trial of "Legs" Diamond, of whom "Dixie" Davis says, "He organized the first modern mob in New York." Legs got a fine of $11,000 and a prison sentence of four years for operating a still.

For the unparalleled efficiency of the United States Attorney's office Dewey was given full credit in the press and by his chief, Mr. Medalie.

Many of the appointments of previous United States Attorneys had been political rewards for lawyers otherwise unlikely to succeed; but Medalie's men were brilliant and eager for public service. Their salary was at highest $4,000, but they were glad to acquire experience and knowledge under him. So far the office had not lost one important case.

The mill ground on and the grist was various as life itself.

The income tax was the weapon Dewey learned to use at this time. With it he cut into the depths of the jungles of crime and learned how criminals were protected by politicians, district attorneys, police, and judges either dishonest or so indifferent their indolence was treason.

Dewey groped deeper and deeper, learning blood-chilling facts from prosaic entries in books and from crooked books, tons of vouchers and deposit slips. Yet all he could accomplish was to expose the methods by which ill-gotten gains were piled up. He often wondered why the District Attorney of New York didn't do something about the hideous reign of crime in his bailiwick.

One of the reasons was, of course, political. The crooks were useful at election time. They contributed handsomely to campaign funds and they furnished voters who did not care where they voted or how often.

In November, 1932, Medalie's office issued 700 warrants for illegal registration and 100 United States marshals were appointed to guard the polls. Dewey, in a public statement, pointed out: "Federal statutes make it a felony to solicit or accept bribes, or to offer or give them. It is a federal crime to oppress or intimidate a voter." But this had long been known. Who cared?

EARLY in 1933 Medalie's office tried the multi-millionaire Charles E. Mitchell for criminal evasion of an income tax of $657,152. This banker was one of the most prominent financiers in the world. His prosecution came to head after a change in the national administration, was approved by Attorney General Cummings and the new President, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The prolonged and sensational trial prepared by Dewey and tried by Medalie ended in defeat. Mitchell was acquitted of criminal evasion by a sympathetic jury. But the tenacious Dewey was not finished with him.

Meanwhile, in June, 1933, the repeal of the prohibition amendment struck a devastating blow at the livelihood of countless persons whom it had enabled to build up gigantic fortunes by gigantic lawlessness, corruption, intimidation, wholesale murder. The United States Attorney's office found its own work greatly lessened, no more liquor cases to try. The honest and economical Medalie cut his staff. But there was no cutting down on efficiency.

In the fall of 1932 there was a strong movement to send Medalie to the United States Senate. He consented to run, and took leave of absence from the office, leaving Dewey as Acting United States Attorney. Outside office hours Dewey managed Medalie's campaign.

But the odds against Medalie's election on a Republican ticket in that overwhelmingly Democratic year were too great to overcome. He accepted his defeat with his usual grace. In his two years he had given up a prospective $300,000 for a salary of $20,000. So, after another year of service and on his fiftieth birthday, he resigned. He suggested to his nine judges that, pending the appointment of his successor, they should appoint Dewey, so that the work would not slacken speed. Attorney General Cummings approved and the judges unanimously elected him.

"Two days before I left office,"

EXCESS HEAT TAKES THE JOY OUT OF SMOKING. IT **DESTROYS FLAVOR, FLATTENS TASTE!**
COOLER-SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT LETS ALL THE **RICH, TASTY BODY** THROUGH **MILDLY**—EASY ON THE TONGUE—THAT'S REAL MOUTH COMFORT!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE THERE IS IN A COOLER SMOKE!

In laboratory tests in "smoking bowls," this "crimp cut" tobacco burned

86 DEGREES COOLER

than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested—coolest of all!

SCIENTISTS in a nationally known independent laboratory (pipe fans themselves) made it a full-time job to test for the *coolest-smoking* tobacco. Automatic smoking and heat-registering machines found that *Prince Albert* burned *86 degrees cooler* than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*coolest of all!*

Think what that means to *you* in pipe-joy! No more over-hot, "bitey" smokes that rasp the tongue and taste flat! Prince Albert's choice tobaccos, "crimp cut" and "no-bite" treated, smoke rich, full-bodied, *yet so mild*. For *real smoking comfort, real taste pleasure*, there's no other tobacco like Prince Albert! Get P.A. in your pipe—*today!* ("Makin's" smokers—that's a tip to *you*, too!)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS SAYS—

YES, SIR, PRINCE ALBERT'S **COOL-SMOKING CRIMP CUT** ASSURES **EXTRA-MILD, MELLOW** SMOKING!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket tin of Prince Albert

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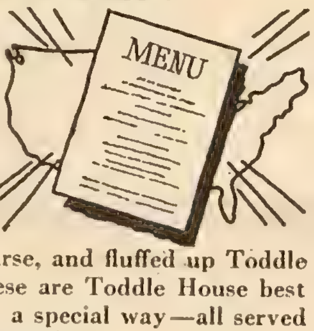
Prince Albert **THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE**

WE'VE TAKEN A POLL ON YOUR APPETITE!

Serving ten to fifteen million tempting meals a year—in 59 cities, 93 Toddle House hosts have the recipe of what tastes good to America!

WHAT DOES AMERICA LIKE TO EAT?



The Toddle House menu is practically a catalogue of the nation's favorite foods. Topping the list are juicy steaks done to a turn—waffles that melt in your mouth . . . eggs farm-fresh, of course, and fluffed up Toddle House style. All of these are Toddle House best sellers—all prepared in a special way—all served with Toddle House friendliness.

WHEN DOES AMERICA LIKE TO EAT?

At any hour of the day or night, it's *always* time for good food. Ever have a snack with us after the last movie? If you have, you'll know why no Toddle House ever closes—why right now's the best time for your first meal there.

WHERE DOES AMERICA LIKE TO EAT?

You've guessed it—at the Toddle House! Each one of these easily identified white Colonial cottages is locally owned but operated under a national standard of service. Be sure to look for the Genuine Toddle House sign—your introduction to

THE FRIENDLY DOOR TO BETTER FOOD

TODDLE HOUSE

Medalie says, " I purposely began the trial of the big racketeer Waxey Gordon, so that the new United States Attorney could not swipe the case from Tom and steal the fruit of all his long preparation.

" From the viewpoint of preparing a case, Dewey is simply superb. One of the judges told me that he had never seen a case better prepared or better tried than the Waxey Gordon prosecution."

Dewey was United States Attorney for five weeks—the youngest ever to have held that office—thirty-one.

He rushed up from the Waxey Gordon case just long enough to take the oath of his new office, and then, instead of lingering for congratulations and photographs, refused all interviews and dashed back to his post.

A FOREIGNER or a historian of dignity might imagine that there could be nothing of high significance in prosecutions involving people known to fame or infamy by such titles as Waxey Gordon, Tootsie Herbert, Lepke and Gurrah, Charlie Lucky, Bennie Spiller, Little Davie, Tommy Bull, Good-Time Charlie, not to mention Cokey Flo, Crazy Moe, and Gashouse Lil.

Yet those grotesque names concealed in their caricature and squalor some of the most vital problems that ever confronted our civic and national safety and honor.

The whole fabric of free government was involved. Some of those men, with their confederates, had assumed an absolute dictatorship over rich men and poor, over employers and laborers, over judges and officials, over the very ballot. They poisoned the wells of justice and turned the police forces into their own paid allies. The taxes they assessed mounted to fabulous heights and were imposed without recourse or appeal. Business men dared not volunteer testimony as to their own shame, dared not complain of mayhem, outrage, or wholesale robbery. Floaters canceled the votes of decent men. There seemed to be no hope of release or reformation.

The whole principle of democracy was in question. It looked as if we were a nation of cowards, of criminals, of slaves.

And then young Dewey came along. He quietly gathered about him a company of other honest young men who knew and revered the law. Then they vanished. They were miners digging, digging. Suddenly they reappeared. They seized a score of racketeers. There was a muffled explosion. A cruel racket fell in ruins. There were astounding days in court. By legal processes as relentlessly pursued as their preparation had been relentless, Dewey and his staff exposed the criminals and sent them away to helpless ignominy.

" Racketeer " took on its national significance. Like all our words, it has many usages, but it has a technical meaning that should be conserved. Since Dewey made it properly infamous, let him define it, as he did before the Crime Conference called two years later by the Governor of New York. The magnitude of the evil merits some detail of diagnosis and the Dewey surgery system:

" I think it is now generally agreed that racketeering should be defined and limited to the systematic extortion of money through intimidation by an organization conducted for that purpose. . . . Frequently a trade advantage is given to the victims in return for the extorted money. Immunity from union conditions is sometimes provided. Whatever the consideration, the racket is usually sound criminal economics . . . so skillfully directed by corrupt lawyers and criminals that it may be said to be an applied science. . . .

" Criminal investigation, prosecution, and the courts must adapt themselves to this reality, or legitimate business will be strangled. . . . The hands of the organizers and operators of a racket rarely appear. Their work is done by hirelings whose apprehension seldom serves even as an interruption of the work of the organization."

Dewey's methods of unheard-of leisureliness had sudden and quick results; and so many slow campaigns were carried on simultaneously that their explosions began to follow in the quick succession of machine-gun fire.

The first surprise of the new treatment came from the case which Medalie stepped out of and let Dewey try alone; and in toppling Waxey Gordon over Dewey marked an epoch.

Dewey has always spent far less money than many other prosecutors whose results were almost *nil.* For money he substituted labor—infinite labor—ingenuity, secrecy, and an indomitable patience that would not act until the order of battle was complete to the least detail, till the case was ready for court, ready for every device of the ingenious masters of criminal law whom the criminals engaged. Before Dewey tried a case he even made ready to try the appeals that inevitably follow conviction in our courts.

BEFORE he called Waxey Gordon to the bar, Dewey and his fellow assistants had interviewed over one thousand witnesses, had followed up no less than a hundred thousand telephone calls. Since Waxey Gordon kept his moneys in two hundred banks and used every trick of concealment, they ransacked mountains of bank accounts.

Waxey was Irving Wexler, an ex-convict who had built up an immense illicit beer industry in northern New Jersey centering about Hoboken. He had his own navy of trucks. His gross annual income was about $3,000,000.

To keep the control in his own hands, he and his satraps had stopped at nothing from murder down. His wealth grew so rapidly that he owned two hotels on Broadway. He added a night club and a trade in narcotics to his beer business; he acted as an angel in theatrical productions; kept his family in luxury in New York and sent his sons to the best schools. As Dewey said of him, "He lived on West End Avenue in a ten-room apartment with a $40,000 library of books that had never been opened."

Waxey thought he had thought of everything to keep his wealth concealed from the government. But Dewey unraveled Gordon's elaborate system of false auditing. He made use of handwriting experts. He linked small checks to large accounts. He had one of Waxey's bookkeepers jailed for contempt. He frightened Gordon's brewmaster into telling all. He traced a whole fleet of beer trucks to Gordon's ownership.

During the three months before the trial there were thirty-four homicides in and around New York. When four men were murdered, the newspapers announced that they were witnesses of Dewey's and their erasure would wreck his case. But they were not witnesses. He had, over two years, gathered the testimony of real insiders, and not one of these was suspected until they all appeared in court, to the consternation of Waxey.

When Dewey was good and ready, he indicted Gordon and two of his lieutenants for evasion of taxes on a net income in two years of $1,618,690. A second indictment charged that Gordon had netted $2,364,000.

Dewey had to make the jury see the intricate ramifications of Gordon's evil traffics. He kept before them a great chart showing graphically the telephone calls and how they linked the defendant to his chain of activities. He used this device often later.

Dewey presented such a case that the jury needed only fifty-one minutes to convict Gordon and his lieutenants on all counts. Gordon was fined $80,000 for tax evasion and given ten years in the penitentiary.

Five days after his conviction on December 1, 1933, the prohibition law that had made him and his fortune went out of existence.

At the end of the trial, Judge Frank J. Coleman said:

"It is my firm conviction that never in this court or any other has such fine work been done for the government. If ever again I hear the criticism that there are no longer enthusiastic and able young men in the government service, I shall refer the speaker to this case."

A New York editor wrote:

"We liked Dewey's fine tribute to the federal aides and agents whose long hard work brought Beer Baron Waxey Gordon to justice. In the first flush of his own victory the young prosecutor did not forget to say:

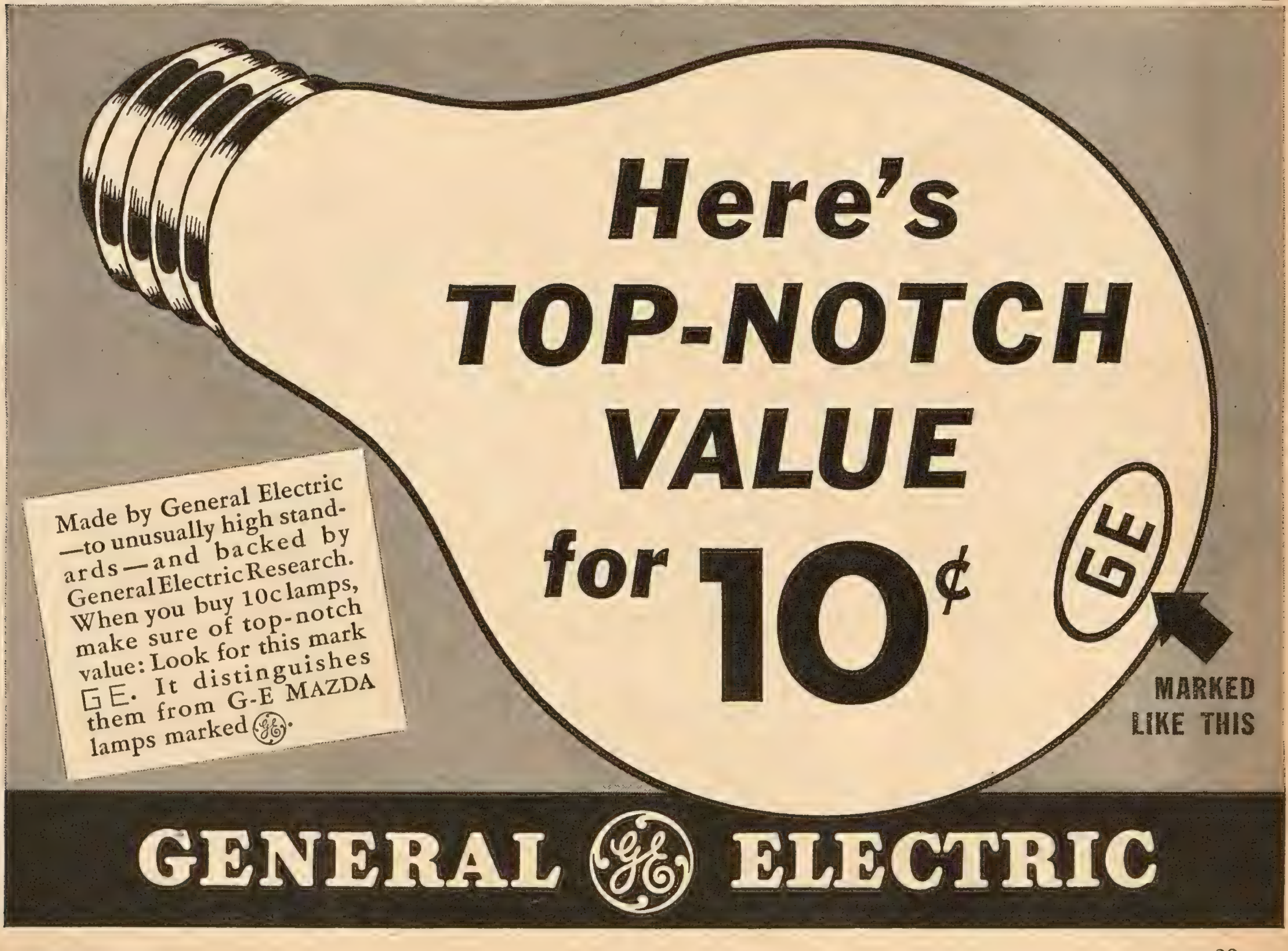
"'This case could not have been presented or won without the brilliant and faithful work, for days and nights and on Sundays during several months, of Assistant United States Attorney J. H. Terry, G. S. Tarbell, Jr., Barent Ten Eyck, Nicholas Rogers, Jacob Grumet, and the special agent in charge of the intelligence unit of the Treasury Department and his remarkable staff.'

"There are teeth in Mr. Dewey's grim warning that 'if any witness in this case is ever touched by reason of his testimony, the federal government will never stop until the responsible parties are punished to the full extent of the law.'

"The efficiency of the federal law forces gives point to Mr. Dewey's promise that 'Dutch Schultz is next.'"

At the time of Waxey Gordon's trial, Schultz was in hiding. He surrendered only after Dewey had left the office of United States Attorney. Then he won an acquittal for income-tax evasion and thought himself safe, only to find Dewey still pursuing him, but from another office. And by now President Roosevelt and the Attorney General had found a successor for the young Republican Dewey. He was replaced by Martin Conboy, who had served as special counsel to Governor Roosevelt in the Mayor Walker trial at Albany. Later Conboy gave up the federal office in time to act as the attorney on the many appeals for one of Dewey's most conspicuous victims, the prostitution racketeer Lucky Luciano.

Conboy was sworn in as United States Attorney on December 27, 1933. Photographs of the ceremony show Postmaster General Farley back of Conboy. The judge administering the oath is Justice Martin T. Manton.



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SCHICK "CAPTAIN"
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REGULAR PRICE . $12.50
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DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY—Go to any Schick dealer who displays the Schick "CAPTAIN" sign, and cash in your old razor for $2.75. He'll accept any type razor . . . safety, straight-edge or electric. That means your new Schick "CAPTAIN" costs you only $9.75 instead of regular price of $12.50.

Use the "CAPTAIN" 30 days. If it doesn't give you smoother, closer, more comfortable shaves . . . return it and get your money back in full.

Look at these exclusive features!

FASTER SHAVES—New hi-speed "frictionless" motor, 50% faster than former Schick "Standard", permits quicker shaving.

CLEANER SHAVES—Exclusive "Speed King" Schick shearing head whisks off beard clean and close.

SAFER SHAVES—You cannot cut or nick your skin with the Schick.

NO VIBRATION—Has real motor...not a vibrator.

SAVE $5.00 to $10.00 A YEAR on blades, soap, lotions, etc.! The Schick actually pays for itself in 2 years—then you shave FREE!

THIS SIGN . . . "THE CAPTAIN" . . . IDENTIFIES DEALERS AUTHORIZED TO GIVE YOU $2.75 ON THIS OFFER.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, Inc., Stamford, Conn. . . . Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor.

Back of him stands Dewey, who was soon to expose the judge and drag him from the bench he was secretly using for his own profit.

While Dewey was packing up for private practice, the New York Bar Association asked him to investigate charges of misconduct on the part of another judge, Harold L. Kunstler of the New York Municipal Court. The invitation was a high compliment but it brought no fee. Nevertheless Dewey accepted and spent six months on it, largely at his own expense. He was to find that "private practice" was an irony. The public would not let him alone.

ON the very day of leaving office as United States Attorney, and as soon as he had witnessed the swearing in of his successor, Dewey had begun the study of the charges against Judge Kunstler.

A case had already been prepared for the Bar Association, but it had not satisfied the association; nor did it satisfy Dewey. He built up his own so cautiously that once more he was accused of unnecessary delay. By March of 1934 the complaints were so loud and numerous that President Thomas D. Thacher of the Bar Association had to protect Dewey from a demand for his resignation by refusing to act on it. By the time Dewey was finally ready he had three times as extensive a case as the Bar Association had expected.

In the meanwhile he had been diverted briefly to the case against the banker Charles E. Mitchell. Having failed to convict Mitchell on criminal charges for income-tax fraud, the Internal Revenue Department had procured the appointment of Edward S. Greenbaum as an Assistant Attorney General to collect the unpaid income tax. Mr. Greenbaum pointed out that Dewey knew all about the case. So Dewey was called in as Special Assistant to the Attorney General, and the government paid him a fee of $2,000 for procuring a judgment of a million dollars against Mitchell.

Judge Kunstler had excited the suspicion of the Bar Association because of "the singularly successful record of three insurance companies in litigation before him." He had been appointed to the Municipal Court by Mayor Walker in 1928, despite the protests of the Citizens Union and the Bar Association.

He had been a close friend for twenty-five years of one Charles Leef, who was famous as a "fixer." Sometimes Leef would actually sit on the bench with the judge. At other times he would go to the bench and whisper to him. Lawyers testified that when Leef whispered they lost their cases.

When Dewey was ready for trial, he petitioned the Appellate Division on April 12, 1934, to remove Judge Kunstler, and the Court ordered him to show cause why he should not be removed. It must be embarrassing for a judge to find himself suddenly on the wrong side of the bench. To Kunstler's consternation, Dewey dumped before him a mass of evidence concerning His Honor's financial transactions. They had been very shady; and Kunstler was incidentally guilty of the minor offense of living in one district and being elected in another. Dewey forced him to admit that in three years he had banked $126,000 above his salary. The judge enacted surprise and made the stupefying statement that he kept no check stubs.

Dewey employed a ruse that he often found valuable and that was thoroughly legitimate. On technical grounds he was prevented from introducing as evidence the judge's bank-deposit slips, since there is no law against a judge's depositing money. So, during the examination, Dewey suddenly laid—not before the trial judge but before the judge on trial—Judge Kunstler's deposit slips, "as an aid to the refreshing of his memory." The sight of the documents dazed the judge and threw him into guilty confusion. Finally, disbenched and disbarred, he left town.

After Kunstler's downfall, Dewey urged reforms in the procedure for the removal of judges. He wrote to the Bar Association:

"There seems to be always a small percentage of judges whose presence on the bench brings the bench and bar into disrepute. Action against such judges is, however, rare and sporadic." He advised that the Bar Association be given power of subpoena for preliminary investigation.

At this time he met and engaged at his own expense A. J. Gutreich, whom he calls "the greatest accountant I have ever known. He did a stupendous job in the Kunstler case. He has a strange flair for scenting crookedness. He can often glance at a page of figures and spot by instinct suspicious entries."

Mr. Gutreich now occupies an important post in the District Attorney's office, where he solves mysteries by analyzing huge bales of ledgers, vouchers, receipts, deposit slips, and adds arithmetic to the tools of the detective.

WHILE clearing up the strangely different cases against the racketeer Waxey, the banker Mitchell, and the judge Kunstler, the indefatigable Dewey was developing a private practice. Criminals did not rush to him. Unlike many attorneys who had gained success as officers of the government, he did not sell his skill to the class he had prosecuted. But people in search of legal knowledge and technical ability sought his counsel, and he was soon earning an income of $50,000 a year.

He took a comfortable summer home in Tuxedo Park, with his wife and their little boy, who had been born October 2, 1932, while Dewey was doing double duty as acting United States Attorney and manager of Medalie's campaign for senator.

He has found especial release in playing tennis and occasionally cards, in sailing a boat, and in dancing. He knows the amenities, loves to laugh and to arouse laughter, is almost fanatically neat and well groomed at all times.

Meanwhile his activity at the Young Republican Club did not slacken, and he kept alive his interest in public welfare, especially in the reform of law and the removal of its ancient evils of delay and inefficiency.

In the Bar Association he was made chairman of the Committee on Criminal Courts, Law, and Procedure. His committee, on February 25, 1935, advocated far-reaching revisions of the codes so as to "permit the prosecuting attorney to comment unfavorably on the defendant's refusal to testify; create a presumption of ownership when firearms are found in an automobile; establish a central felony court; refuse bail to twice-convicted persons; forbid lawyers to work for rackets; and give a ten-man verdict authority in all trials except murder."

The Bar Association endorsed every reform Dewey recommended, but getting them adopted was something else again. Still, they gained increased recognition for his intelligence and farsighted zeal in breaking down the high walls about crime and giving the law speed, directness, and certainty.

THE District Attorney of New York County at this time was William C. Dodge. The grand jury, which was supposed to aid him in punishing criminals and repressing crime, revolted against what they called his "cold-water tactics." The foreman, Lee Thompson Smith, startled the city by this declaration:

"We have labored under the most difficult handicaps. Every conceivable obstacle has been put in our path."

The Runaway Jury would not tolerate Dodge or the substitutes he suggested. It excluded his aides from the room and would not even listen to them. It demanded a new and special prosecutor to make a real assault on the evils it espied.

The jury suggested six names to Dodge as acceptable to it. Dewey led this list. Dodge disapproved of the whole six, and offered instead Harold H. Corbin. When the jury rejected Corbin, Dodge threatened to disband it. The situation had grown so tense that on May 22, 1935, three prominent New Yorkers telegraphed to the Governor, protesting against Dodge's activities in defending his inactivities. The jury appealed to Governor Lehman to remove Dodge and assign it a special prosecutor. And former Supreme Court Justice Clarence J. Shearn, who had succeeded Thacher as president of the Bar Association of New York, strongly recommended Dewey for the post. No attention was paid to the suggestion. But the rising hurricane of protest over the corrupt condition of New York under Democratic control so distressed the Governor that he decided to intervene. He submitted the names of four lawyers

When in Baltimore, many of America's busiest, active people like to visit the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Nash. Mrs. Nash is the mother of two attractive daughters, entertains frequently, is known as a brilliant and considerate hostess

"Nowadays so many of my guests prefer Wine"

says **MRS. OGDEN NASH** *of Baltimore*

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW to Serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with desserts or with refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

One of the best liked "table" wines is golden Sauterne, light-bodied, of distinctive flavor. Offer medium-size servings with any luncheon or dinner.

A superb "sweet" wine is Port, rich red in color, with smooth, full body. Serve in cocktail-size glasses with desserts or in the afternoon or evening.

"Friends come to our house to enjoy themselves and to relax. And they find it a good idea to be moderate"

"Even when I entertain very informally I give each guest a choice of beverages," says Mrs. Ogden Nash, "for many are certain to want wine. Active people especially — so often they wish to be moderate. It's the reason I myself prefer wine."

It's a gracious custom — no wonder it is spreading like wildfire throughout America today.

Afternoons so many women guests select small glasses of golden Muscatel, to be sipped slowly. Before dinner with the appetizers, a growing number of men now prefer Sherry in a cocktail-size glass.

And at table, hostesses are complementing main course dishes with wine. They set before each guest medium size glasses of delicate Sauterne or ruby Burgundy. They find it makes for more genial, *leisurely* enjoyment.

You'll notice this yourself when you serve wine. It is not a beverage to toss down. You discover you want to sip wine slowly.

Try it at your house soon. Like Mrs. Ogden Nash, you will find more people at every party who like to make their beverage wine.

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 out of 10 hosts and hostesses are choosing wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. They are true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

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This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting

to Dodge, with a request, amounting to a warning, to appoint one of them as a special prosecutor. To remove all suspicion of partisanship, the Governor named only eminent Republicans: Charles E. Hughes, Jr., George Z. Medalie, Thomas D. Thacher, and Charles H. Tuttle.

When the four conferred together, Dewey's mentor Medalie made a suggestion which they accepted. They all declined the service and united in a recommendation that Dewey be appointed. As Medalie put it:

"We thought that his youth, instead of being an objection, was really an advantage. Besides, we old fellows had had our fling."

Dewey's name awoke enthusiasm and hope. The World-Telegram published an editorial headed: "Make It Dewey!" Civic organizations, realizing that crime was bleeding New York white, clamored for Dewey and for no one else. Governor Lehman still ignored the recommendation, for reasons he never made clear. He telegraphed each of the four lawyers that he was "surprised and disappointed by their joint statement that they are unable to accept this call for public service."

He summoned them to a parley. They were adamant for Dewey. With scant enthusiasm Governor Lehman finally yielded, protesting:

"I'll appoint Dewey, since you all insist, but I still say he is too unknown."

"Within a few weeks after you appoint him," said Medalie, "he'll be one of the best known men in the country."

Governor Lehman just laughed.

Technically, the Governor had no authority to appoint a special prosecutor, but he could remove the District Attorney on charges, and he strongly implied that if Dodge did not co-operate he would be brought to book. He added a recommendation tantamount to an order that the Special Prosecutor should be allowed to be "as independent as he wished to be."

Technically again, Dodge could have discharged Dewey soon after appointing him; but, with the public so alert and Dewey so popular, such action would have provoked a new tempest. Dewey seemed to be popular with everybody but Governor Lehman and Mr. Dodge. As time went on he grew even less popular with them.

As the head of a special trial term of the Supreme Court the Governor designated a Republican judge, Philip J. McCook.

District Attorney Dodge matched the Governor's deliberateness with his own, but finally sent for Dewey and, after a forty-five-minute interview, announced his appointment, assuring him of a free hand. Incidentally, Dodge gave him the lowest rank in his office—that of deputy assistant attorney. The notorious Dixie Davis later testified that he had asked Hines to warn Dodge against accepting Dewey at all.

It was good advice, but unavailable.

Most of the newspapers were jubilant, but one Brooklyn editor ridiculed the importance of the whole agitation and gave advice that looks quaint in retrospect:

"If Mr. Dewey has any common sense he will decline this appointment. In addition to the sacrifice of his private practice he will gain no glory, but only criticism. The fact is that the alleged vice rackets are largely the product of sensational newspapers. Everything now is described as a racket, whether it is perfectly legitimate or not. District Attorney Dodge is a gentleman and a scholar. He has been crucified by the gutter press and Fusion and Republican politicians."

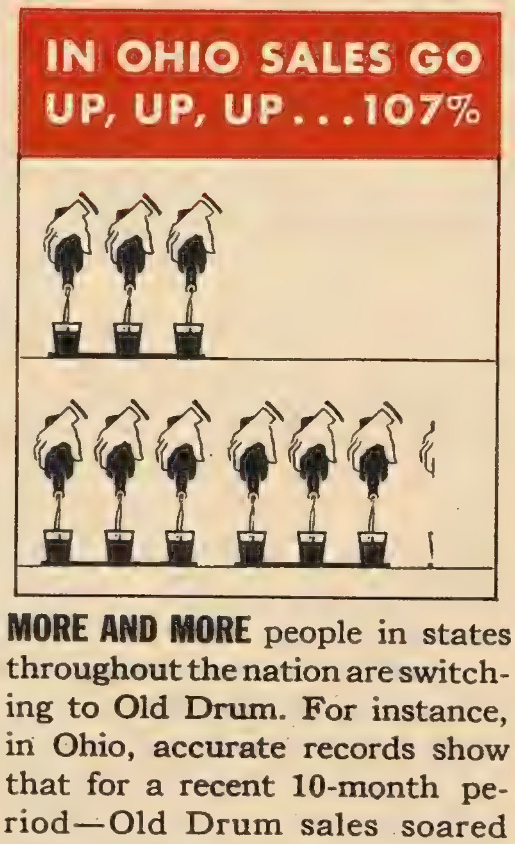
On the same day, July 1, Dewey announced his acceptance of the post, and one of the newspapers headlined him:

THE YOUNG DAVID IS SENT IN AGAINST THE GANG GOLIATH.

Nothing could have promised less success than the task imposed—one of the most difficult tasks ever handed to a lawyer.

And now—the fight begins! In spite of the machinations of Tammany, the young prosecutor ruthlessly attacks the rackets. Read next week of what went on in the famous Woolworth Building headquarters, of the sensational night round-up that finally brought Lucky Luciano, king of vice, to the bar of justice.

OLD DRUM SWEEPING NATION!


IN OHIO SALES GO UP, UP, UP . . . 107%

AS MILLIONS SAY, "IT'S TOPS IN QUALITY AT THE RIGHT PRICE!"

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OLD DRUM
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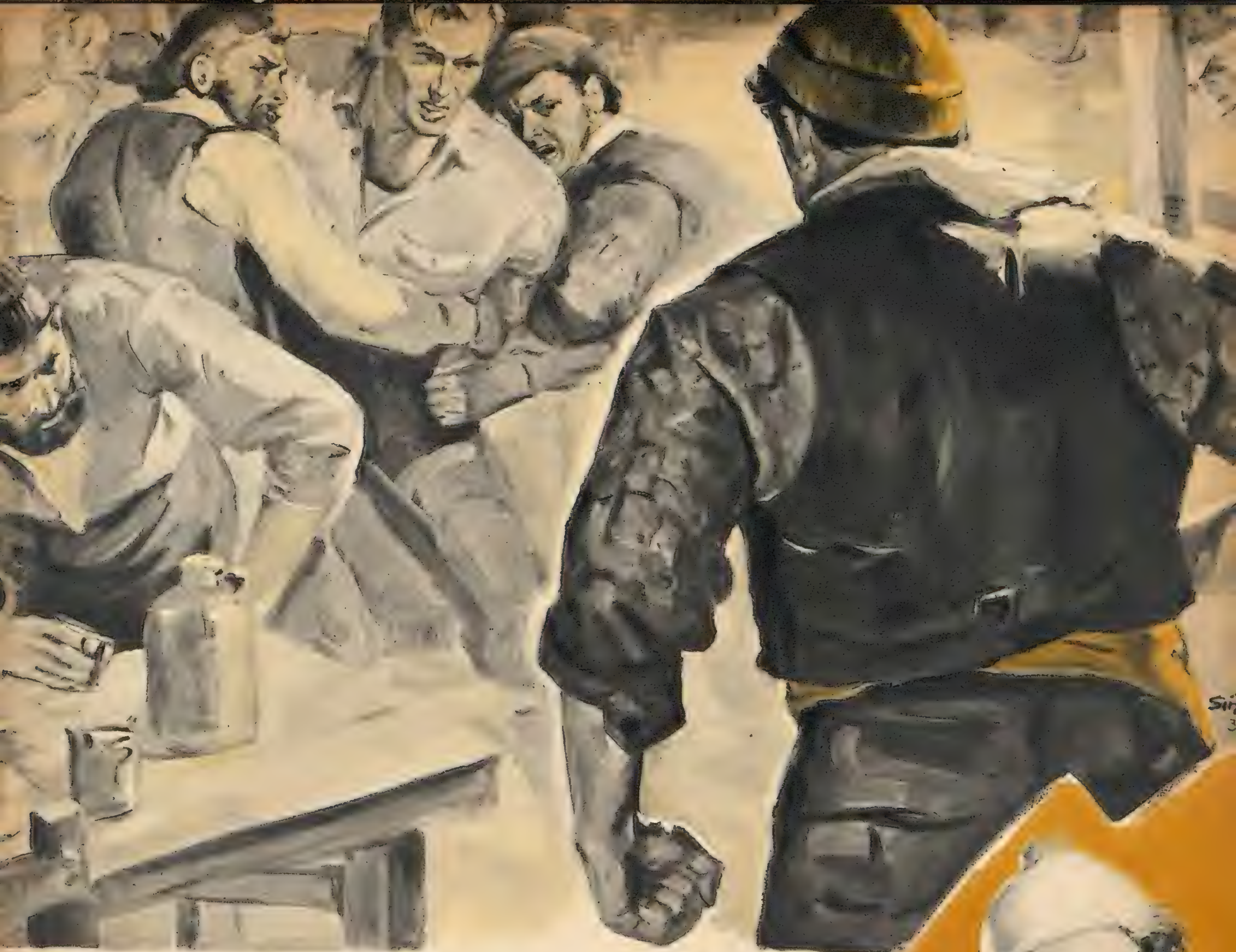
BILL (HE'S HOST HERE) SAYS: "Bob sure made a hit when he brought over that bottle of Old Drum! It's one swell blended whiskey—really *smooth* with plenty of flavor—at a price fellows like us can pay. No wonder folks everywhere are swinging to Old Drum!"

MORE AND MORE people in states throughout the nation are switching to Old Drum. For instance, in Ohio, accurate records show that for a recent 10-month period—Old Drum sales soared 107%! Join this nation-wide swing to Old Drum.

OLD DRUM
BRAND *Blended Whiskey*

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City.

OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!



Philippe and Charles Delacroix caught his arms, checked him.

Madeleine Grizar.

PERILOUS Honeymoon

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THESE were the strong ones, Raoul and Guillaume, and the tales of their strength, increasing like legends, were fabulous. Raoul, some men swore, could fell a moose with a single blow of his fist; could carry twice as much weight on his back as any other man north of Quebec. And Guillaume? Guillaume could chop down a full-grown tree in the time it took another to drop a sapling; could wrestle with any man in Canada, regardless of size, and defeat him. And those who knew them well spoke of them with pride; for they were the strong ones, these two, the mighty ones—Raoul and Guillaume. . . .

Tonight, though eighteen trappers crowded Max's trading post, young Raoul was recklessly buying whisky for them all, Indians and Frenchmen and Canadiens. He didn't care how much it cost. He wouldn't have cared if there were fifty men; not when he felt as rich as the whole Hudson's Bay Company. For Father Carteau had at last come to Big Moose Cove, and the good priest, a bit grayer and heavier than he had been last summer, had promised that in the morn-

A tale of the North and of one unlucky suitor who swore revenge on his rival

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY MALVIN SINGER

ing he would marry Raoul to Madeleine Grizar. So Raoul was overjoyed, and he wanted the world to rejoice with him.

"*Holà*, there, Philippe!" he shouted to one who stood in the shadowy corner. "Come! Fill it up, fill it up!"

The ruddy Philippe, grinning his thanks, went to the counter and held out his tin cup for more whisky. Fat Max was working hard tonight, perspiring copiously, but enjoying it. He had just opened a third jug of liquor.

Raoul Lestard, seated on the counter and swinging long booted legs, was the biggest man of them all. And the happiest. His shirt was open at his thick corded throat to reveal a giant's chest covered by a red fuzz; and the red hair on his head, which had been so long this morning that it had hidden his ears and the nape of his neck, was no longer unkempt. It had received as neat a clipping as any man could wish—and, mind you, from the scissors of Madeleine Grizar herself!

"*Voilà!*" she had laughed when she finished. "Delilah could have done no better!"

Oh, she was capable, that one. Always she amazed Raoul with the marvels she could do. Her father, who had trapped everywhere in Canada for almost forty years, liked to boast to his friends, "I have taught that girl to paddle like a man, to shoot straight into the heart of a running caribou, to set traps for the fox, to cross miles of snow under a pack as heavy as herself. And, because she is a woman, I have taught her to cook and to sew and to keep a cabin warm even when winds sharp as icicles seek out every chink in the logs!"

Certainly she would make Raoul an excellent wife. And a hundred times that day Raoul had sworn by all the patron saints he could remember that he would make Madeleine happy.

So Big Moose Cove was merry with him, and the trappers drank. Presently Charles Delacroix, he of the black beard and the tremendous bass voice, began to sing. He sang Le Voyageur du Bateau Noir, with its choruses of gallant wilderness deeds, and every one in the raftered room sang with him, beating the rhythm on counter and tables with tin whisky cups.

The song was not yet finished when Guillaume Segournay arrived at the post. As he entered, staring about in astonishment, voices faltered in their singing. Some men, putting their cups aside, glanced uneasily from Guillaume to Raoul Lestard.

Guillaume was not as tall as Raoul, and some argued he could not be as strong. But he was heavier. He had the shoulders of an ox, perhaps because he had spent his youth in hacking Vancouver timber before he came to Big Moose Cove. A squat man, solid on his legs, he was as dark as an Indian, with fierce black eyes which could become small and hard; with black hair as thick and curly and glossy as a woman's; with a stubborn jaw to his blocklike head.

Guillaume, too, loved the girl Madeleine. The trappers knew this, and so they were worried.

It was almost a week since Guillaume had traveled off into the western hills to study the ground for a new winter line. Most men in Big Moose Cove had been secretly glad that Guillaume was away when Madeleine and Raoul announced they would be married. They had hoped, moreover, that the squat man would not return until after the wedding. Yet here he stood, tonight of all nights, loosening his pack and letting it fall to the floor.

"*Nom du diable*, what is all this noise?" Guillaume demanded in his husky voice; always he sounded like a man with a bad throat. "One can hear it a mile down the river!"

At the beginning nobody replied; not even Raoul, though he slowly slid off the counter and faced Guillaume. Then Max, a little afraid of the strange stillness in his post, said as steadily as he could:

"We celebrate, Guillaume, because tomorrow Raoul is to be married to Madeleine Grizar."

Guillaume stood motionless, his eyes steady on Raoul's. Little muscles trembled into lumps around the corners of his mouth.

Raoul waved to the jug in front of Max. "You are welcome to join us, Guillaume."

"*Join* you?" Guillaume's face be-

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Be thrifty—yet look spick-and-span!
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Four Thin Gillettes cost but a dime—
They bring you comfort—save you time!

Top quality at rock-bottom price

The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Blue Blade

came livid now, and his black eyes gleamed in the lamplight like bits of onyx. "I'll rot in hell before I drink to your marriage to Madeleine! You know that!"

Raoul started across the room, fists clenched, and surely he would have flung himself at the squat man. But both Philippe and Charles Delacroix caught his arms, checked him, whispering sharply. And while they held him, Guillaume—with a hand already on the knife in his belt—slowly moved backward to the door. He did not even pick up the pack he had dropped. Until the door closed in front of him, his eyes remained on Raoul.

Even then, when he was gone, Raoul wanted to run after the man. But those in the post pushed him back against the counter, in the gentlest and friendliest of ways.

"Let him go," advised Charles Delacroix, "let him go. What harm can he do, that one?"

"I know Guillaume!" bitterly answered Raoul. "He'll run to Madeleine! He'll drive her mad with his jealousy!"

"Pah!" scoffed the black-bearded Charles. "And is her father not there if he becomes a nuisance?"

That thought appeased Raoul a little. Surely Madeleine's father, so sturdy and just, could manage Guillaume. He would permit no nonsense on a wedding eve.

Charles Delacroix insisted, "It is better this way. If Guillaume is a man, he'll be back in half an hour to congratulate you." He swung around to Max. "*Alors*, Max! Come! Fill the cups!"

BUT Guillaume did not return, and the men became worried. They no longer sang. And, since there was little pleasure in drinking like this, with grimness, nobody complained when, just before midnight, Philippe grunted it was time to go home.

Of course they shook Raoul's hand and slapped his shoulders and wished him happiness, but it was all mechanical and forced, and his answering smile was as stiff as theirs. He, too, felt worried when he started for the cabin of his Uncle Paul on the riverbank.

Once he paused in the darkness, hesitating, half inclined to go to Madeleine. But the hour was too late, he decided; he would merely make a fool of himself.

So, scowling, Raoul walked on with his head bent. The wind was at his back, bringing smells he did not notice tonight—the scent of summer flowers on the hills and of soft rich wet soil.

He could not understand men like Guillaume Segournay, men who allowed jealousy and temper to lash them to madness. Last summer, he recalled, when the talk at the trading post had turned to the strength of men, he had been pitted against Guillaume in a log-carrying contest. It had been a gay day, with a crowd watching, and men had laid wagers. And when Raoul had succeeded in carrying on his back, for a distance of a hundred meters, a log so huge that Guillaume had staggered and fallen under it after a few paces, the stocky man had become furious. He had stood and cursed the log, with sweat running down his angry face; he had kicked it as if it were a thing alive; and without even glancing at Raoul he had gone away to be alone in his defeat. Yet a week later, when he had bested Raoul in a wood-chopping test—winning by fully two seconds on an eight-inch log—he had been as jubilant as a child at Noel, laughing loudly, offering drinks to all who were there.

No, Raoul could not understand such a nature.

Moreover, he thought it strange that Guillaume—or any one else for that matter—should challenge his right to marry Madeleine. Had he not been in love with her as long as he could remember? And now that he had a winter cabin of his own, built with his own strong hands on the shores of Lac Bélise; now that his trap lines were yielding good pelts, it bewildered him to realize that Guillaume wanted to take Madeleine away from him. And that, *parbleu*, despite Madeleine's frequent impatience with Guillaume! Had the man no eyes?

Raoul shook his head. No, he could not understand such men. They came of a queer breed.

When at last he looked up, his eyes

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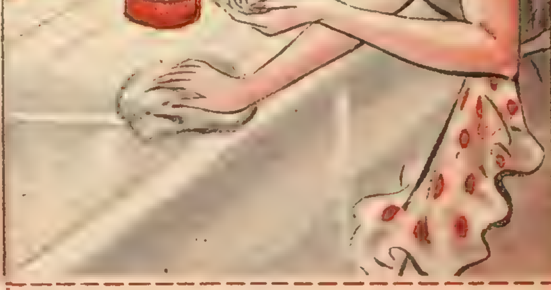

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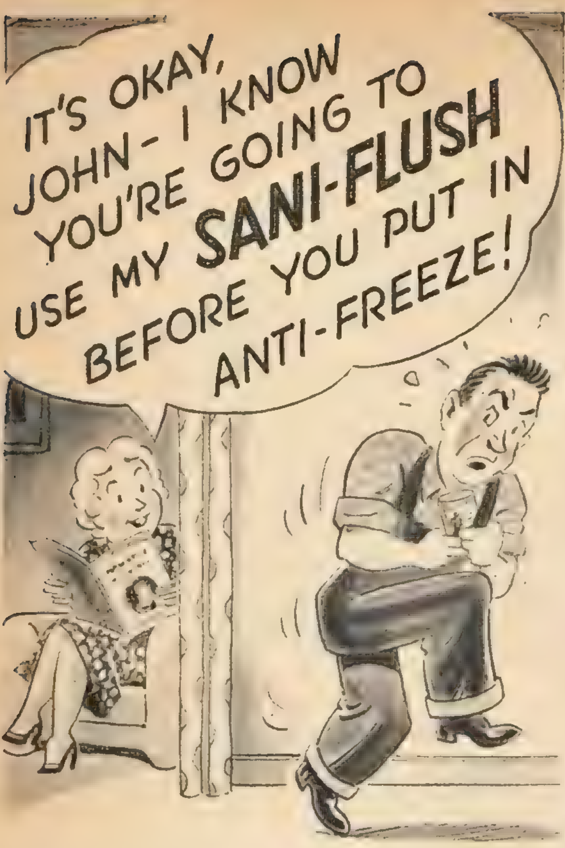
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See WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

still troubled, his uncle's cabin loomed ahead of him—a small place, dark, sheltered by a semicircle of tall spruce.

Then, abruptly, Raoul halted.

Somebody was coming toward him from under the trees. A stocky figure, his chin drawn down. The crisscross of white deerskin laces in his boots identified him as clearly as did his bulk.

Raoul waited, and his heart beat fast. At his sides his fingers curled into fists.

He snapped, "*Eh bien*, Guillaume? What is it?"

Guillaume said, "Raoul"—it was like an accusation—"you knew how I felt about Madeleine."

"I knew also how *I* felt about her!"

Guillaume stood still, and his husky voice remained low. "I have wanted her," he said, "for years."

To this Raoul did not reply at all. It was futile to point out that Madeleine, though she might have liked him well enough, had never *wanted* Guillaume. Raoul waited, silent and angry, his lips pressed together tightly.

And Guillaume said, "I will not let you have her."

"Will not *let* me! *Ma foi!* I—" Raoul stopped. He could not help staring, for the squat man had spoken with absurd confidence. He saw Guillaume smile a little, not with humor but with a kind of bitterness; a smile that twisted the lips without softening the eyes. "*Parbleu!*" he finally gasped. "Do you think I will shape my life to suit *you?* Do you think—"

Guillaume Segournay said, "If you marry her, Raoul, I swear before heaven I will kill you. I will kill you before you have her in your cabin."

PERHAPS Raoul should have beat him down to the ground. Surely he felt outraged enough to do it. Yet there was something in Guillaume's bitter low voice—a quietness—that made blows useless; for though blows might punish, Raoul knew, they could not crush a decision.

A new touch of raspiness came into Guillaume's voice as he went on: "Perhaps you think I am crazy to speak like this. Yes, it may be so. But what would you? I have dreamed of nothing but Madeleine. I have trapped for her, saved for her, lived for her. I have worked with only Madeleine in my mind. I would go mad with loneliness out in my cabin, thinking all the time that she is with you—lying in your arms when she might have been in mine. Yes, of a certainty I would go mad. But I will not let it happen. No. If you marry her, Raoul, I will kill you."

Guillaume turned away then, like one who has said all there is to say, and he walked off into the darkness under the trees. He went without looking back, without haste. Raoul stared after him until the man vanished.

But *cieux,* he thought in awe, he sounds mad already! Mad as a starved wolf, that one! . . . And he asked himself indignantly, Does he think he can *frighten* me?

NO, there was no fear in Raoul when he was married to Madeleine Grizar; only an overpowering happiness. And after the wedding, when he paddled down the river with his wife in the prow of his canoe, he felt a greater pride than he had ever known before. He paddled sturdily, dipping the blade deep, as if to boast of his strength to the river; yet not too fast, for he had no wish to tire Madeleine by hurrying her stroke. His eyes smiled in admiration at the braided back of her dark head. He remembered Father Carteau's farewell words of blessing.

"As you travel down the river to your new home," the priest had said, "let your hearts sing with the joy of the months and the years ahead. . . ."

And Raoul's heart was singing. Even the task of watching the riverbanks for the glint of Guillaume's rifle could not spoil this day. He kept the canoe in the middle of the stream, so that he might see both banks clearly, yet remain as far as possible from each. His own rifle lay loaded at his feet, closer to him than any of the supplies. For if he spied Guillaume, he knew, he would have to shoot at once. When he allowed himself to think of it, a pang of anguish stabbed through the joy of the day. Yet what else was there to do?

Yet, curiously, despite his tension, it seemed to Raoul that the dark spruce forests had never before been so beautiful—these forests that might be concealing Guillaume. Never before had they been so miraculously reflected in the river. And surely the Canadian skies had never before been so blue!

Madeleine, resting her paddle, turned to smile at him. "Wasn't it a perfect wedding, Raoul?" she whispered. And then she tilted back her head and laughed like a child. "*Bon Dieu,* everybody—but *everybody*—was there!" But she added in wonder, "That is, everybody but Guillaume Segournay."

Raoul paddled in silence. He had not told her about Guillaume's threat; he did not wish to terrify her. Still, his eyes constantly swept the banks, for Guillaume had said, "If you marry her, I will kill you before you have her in your cabin. . . ." And, since he had not been in Big Moose Cove during the wedding, he had, no doubt, paddled ahead. Somewhere, soon, his rifle would crack out of the bushes on the shore. . . . Assuredly Guillaume Segournay was a man to keep his promise; no one had ever doubted that.

"Did you know," asked Madeleine, "that he came to see us last night?"

"So?"

"He seemed very strange. Asking if it was true that I was going to marry you! . . . Imagine such a question!"

"Did he trouble you, Madeleine?"

"*Mais non.* How trouble?"

Raoul shrugged as if to imply it had been a casual question. He gave his attention to veering away from the upthrust branch of a sunken log.

"You know, I think I can guess why he didn't come to the wedding." Madeleine's smile became rueful, and a hopeless shake of her head accompanied her explanation. "He was probably drunk. I heard Max tell father that Guillaume bought a jug of whisky early this morning."

In this there was no reassurance. Drunk or sober, Guillaume would remember his oath to kill—of that Raoul felt convinced. Whisky would simply intensify his passion.

So Raoul continued to search the dark banks.

Late in the afternoon they came to the first portage, where the river tumbled over falls and went roaring on through rapids in white fury for half a mile. Here Madeleine worked with him like a man, carrying her share of the supplies as if they weighed nothing. That so much strength should lie in that slim figure always astonished Raoul. It made him proud, too. And when she insisted, in spite of his protests, on returning to help him with the canoe, he actually exulted. Was she not a perfect wife?

When the portage had been made, it was almost sundown, and he said, "Useless to go on, Madeleine. We will camp here for the night."

Even as he spoke, a sudden new apprehension rushed over him. He straightened from the canoe and held his breath as he stared at the river. For how could one go to sleep, fearing that at any instant a bullet might come out of the night? . . . Suppose Guillaume found this camp in his search along the banks?

RAOUL looked about uneasily; and Madeleine, already opening a food pack, did not see his expression.

Near by a rocky hill rose to a high summit—much higher than the surrounding trees. From its top, Raoul saw, one might peer far over the surrounding country. He determined to climb to the peak at once to look over the forests and the river for a possible sign of Guillaume.

But when he started, Madeleine went with him. He halted in dismay.

"*Tiens*," he objected. "Why tire yourself?"

She mocked, "Is there not all night to rest?"

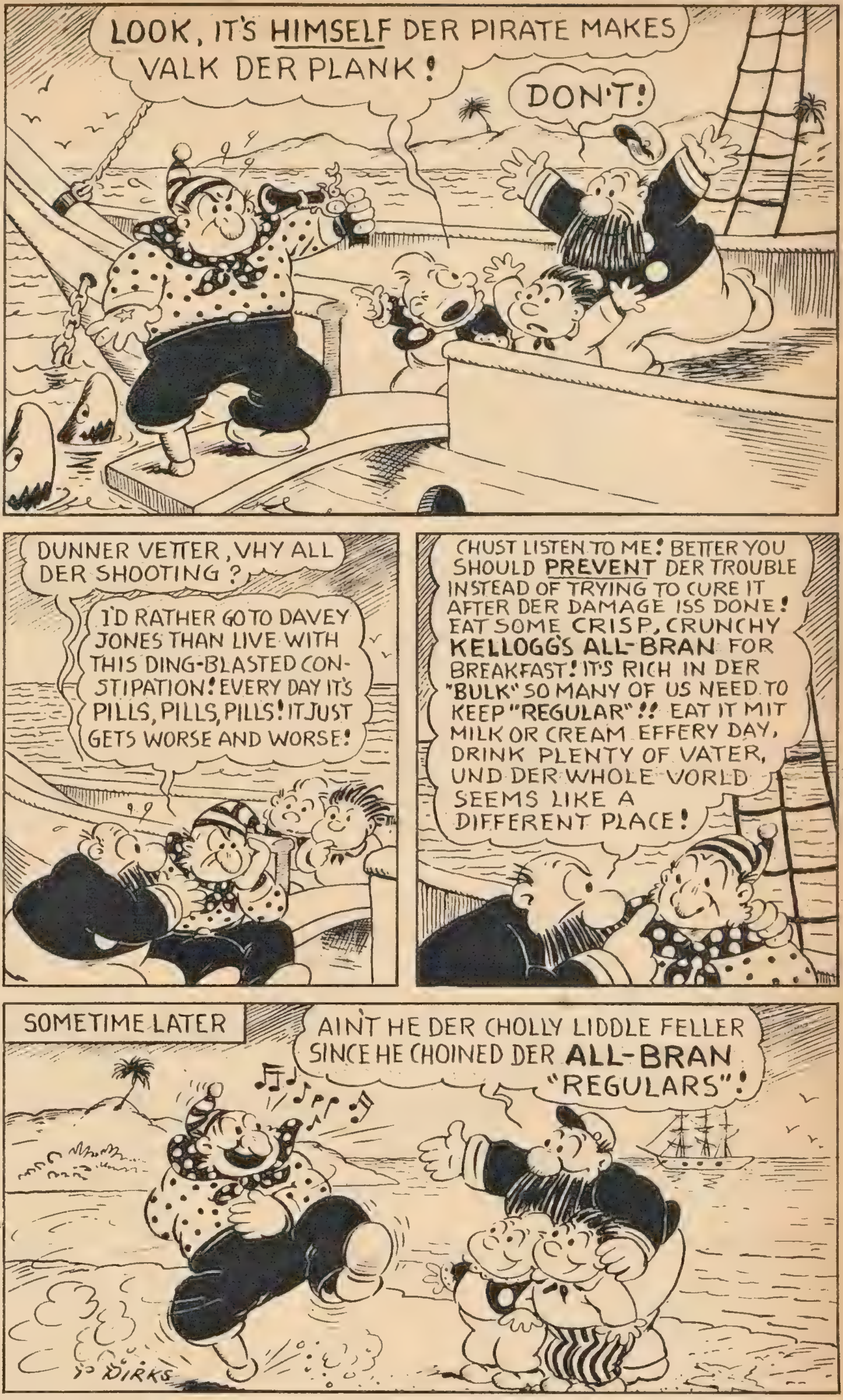
"But, *ma chère*, there is no need—"

"Come!" She caught his arm gaily and pulled him toward the hill. "I, too, want to see. Is this not my country now?"

He could think of no reply, so he helped her climb. When they reached the summit, both breathless, Madeleine stood triumphant and happy, black hair whipped by the wind; and Raoul could not help giving a moment to smiling admiration of her. She was shading her eyes and squinting back along the river.

Suddenly she pointed in surprise. "Raoul! Look!"

THE CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS —by Rudolph Dirks


LOOK, IT'S HIMSELF DER PIRATE MAKES VALK DER PLANK!
DON'T!
DUNNER VETTER, VHY ALL DER SHOOTING?
I'D RATHER GO TO DAVEY JONES THAN LIVE WITH THIS DING-BLASTED CONSTIPATION! EVERY DAY IT'S PILLS, PILLS, PILLS! IT JUST GETS WORSE AND WORSE!
CHUST LISTEN TO ME! BETTER YOU SHOULD PREVENT DER TROUBLE INSTEAD OF TRYING TO CURE IT AFTER DER DAMAGE ISS DONE! EAT SOME CRISP, CRUNCHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST! IT'S RICH IN DER "BULK" SO MANY OF US NEED TO KEEP "REGULAR"!! EAT IT MIT MILK OR CREAM EFFERY DAY, DRINK PLENTY OF VATER, UND DER WHOLE VORLD SEEMS LIKE A DIFFERENT PLACE!
SOMETIME LATER
AIN'T HE DER CHOLLY LIDDLE FELLER SINCE HE CHOINED DER ALL-BRAN "REGULARS"!
DIRKS

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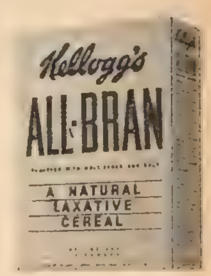
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NO, NOT ALL, MR. MATTINGLY. OUR M & M IS ONE OF THE GREATEST WHISKIES MADE, SUH... YET IT'S REMARKABLY LOW IN PRICE.
AND ANYBODY WITH GUMPTION ENOUGH TO JUDGE M & M BY TASTE INSTEAD OF PRICE IS BOUND TO LIKE IT, MR. MATTINGLY!
Mattingly & Moore
MATTINGLY & MOORE

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Raoul turned quickly. It seemed to him that his heart ceased beating when he saw the distant canoe with its single paddler. Though the man was too far up the river to be recognized, he did not doubt that it was Guillaume. Who else would be coming from Big Moose Cove today? None of the men had spoken of traveling.

"Perhaps," Madeleine said hesitantly, "it—it is somebody bringing us a message—"

"That is possible," Raoul slowly answered. He hoped she was right—hoped so devoutly—but he doubted it. Then he saw, with a little start, that her words gave him the opportunity he sought—an opportunity to meet Guillaume alone in the forest where Madeleine would not be forced to watch the shooting. He added quickly, "While you prepare something to eat, *ma chère*, I'll go to meet him at the falls."

"Meet him?" she repeated, perplexed. "But why?"

"If he brings us a message, I can save him the portage."

That was certainly sensible, and Madeleine understood. So they went down the hill, and at the camp Raoul embraced her as if he planned to be gone a week. He smiled and brushed back her hair and kissed her full upon the lips. . . . Then he took up his rifle and hurried off along the banks toward the falls.

There was only one way to handle a man intent on a killing, he told himself grimly. One had to shoot first. It was the only certain way to win permanent happiness and security with Madeleine.

HE walked swiftly in the shade of huge trees. At his right the rapids boiled over the rocks with an endless roar, but Raoul did not even glance toward them. He frowned at the trail ahead. And his loaded rifle was tucked under his arm.

Then he heard a new sound—a hollow thump, as of a canoe striking a tree, and he stepped off the trail quickly, behind the shelter of a thick trunk. He was tense now. He lifted the rifle, bent sideward, and peered toward a bend in the trail a hundred and fifty meters away.

And after a long time—yes, he saw Guillaume Segournay.

The stocky man was bent under the weight of his canoe, his head lowered, his arms raised to balance the craft on his back.

Raoul snapped the stock of his rifle to his shoulder. He was pale now, and determined. Let Guillaume come closer—a little closer. His chest pounded when he squinted along the gun's barrel at a point just over Guillaume's heart. This man, he told himself, was like a wolf advancing to the kill. One does not wait for a wolf to spring. One shoots.

He kept his aim steady. Just a few seconds more. At fifty meters, at forty, it would be more certain. He couldn't miss then. *Nom de Dieu*, he *mustn't* miss! He mustn't give Guillaume a chance to rush back for his rifle.

And yet, as he waited, a queer discomfort began to stir in Raoul. He found himself wishing a strange and absurd thing—that Guillaume had brought a weapon in his hands. In a way, it would have been easier to shoot if the stocky man had come down the trail in readiness for a fight, instead of with a canoe on his back. . . .

Pah! What's it to me *how* he comes? Raoul savagely asked himself. He comes to kill—that is the thing to remember!

He aimed more carefully, tightening his finger on the trigger. The man was only eighty meters away now. Soon—in an instant—

It was beyond Raoul's comprehension that his sense of discomfort should continue, that it should undermine even his grimness. Indeed, it became worse. It made him inwardly squirm. He knew what it was now, and he scorned it. Weakness—that was all. Squeamishness. And does one become squeamish in the presence of a wolf? Of course not! Raoul scowled and his teeth bit deep into his lip.

The stocky man under the canoe was only fifty meters away now. It was the easiest thing in the world to squeeze the trigger.

Easy? When one's finger is suddenly paralyzed? . . .

Raoul could not understand this feeling. It dazed him, infuriated him; it left him helpless.

Then Guillaume was but ten meters away, and the opportunity had passed. Raoul knew, in an agony of frustration, that he could not do it. No, not like this. Not unless he made Guillaume go back for his rifle and face him in the manner of men.

So, white of face, he stepped out on the trail.

Guillaume halted as if a bear had appeared before him. He stood motionless, lips parted in amazement. He gaped down at the weapon in Raoul's hands—and after a long time he slipped the canoe off his back and carefully put it down on the trail. When he straightened he glanced from Raoul to the tree that had hidden him, and his grimness told that he understood many things.

"*Eh bien,*" he said dryly, "I thank you, Raoul."

"Go back for your gun! The sooner this is settled between us, the better."

But Guillaume did not go back. Instead, he leaned against a tree and a bitter smile twisted his lips. From his pocket he drew tobacco and paper and he began, to Raoul's bewilderment, to make a cigarette. Watching the work of his fingers, Guillaume inquired:

"Would it not have been easier—and safer—to shoot me a moment ago?"

"Perhaps."

"Why didn't you?"

"Because," harshly said Raoul, "I am a fool!"

Still smiling in that strange way, Guillaume continued to roll the cigarette. "I see," he said. "*Oui,* I understand perfectly. You are a fool—like me."

That puzzled Raoul. "Like *you?*"

Guillaume nodded to his cigarette. "*Moi,* I could have killed you easily today. I lay behind bushes, waiting for hours, two miles from Big Moose Cove. When you and Madeleine paddled down the river, I aimed my rifle at your head. It would have been easy—very easy. But did I shoot?" Now Guillaume shrugged and lifted his black eyes, and they were full of mockery.

Raoul stared at him in astonishment. Was this man, then, capable of the emotions he himself had known?

Guillaume lighted the cigarette and watched a puff of smoke drift up into the branches of a tree. "*Enfin,*" he went on, "when you had passed I put aside my rifle in disgust—I, too, you see, was cursing myself for a fool—and I thought. I asked myself, If I killed Raoul, would Madeleine love me? Would she come to me? But no. She would despise me. She would want me to be hanged. What, then, would I have accomplished? Nothing."

Guillaume's taunting eyes narrowed as he drew in a fresh draft of smoke and let it stream from his nostrils.

"I decided to become very, very drunk and forget you," he said, like one amused by his reflections. "I decided to consign you to hell, *mon ami.* But presently, having drunk a little from my jug, I began to think again. I said to myself, Consider. Madeleine, whom you love, believes you are a worthless one; regards you with contempt. For did you not lack the decency even to go to her wedding and wish her happiness? And how can she find joy in life while she and her husband wait in constant fear of your bullet? Pah! I said to myself, and I was truly disgusted, Raoul. Pah! If you lack the courage to kill her husband, let her at least live in peace with him. Go and tell them they have nothing to fear from you!"

Raoul, leaning on his rifle, whispered in amazement, "And that is why you came?"

"That is why I came."

For a long moment they stared at each other, these two; Raoul in bewilderment; Guillaume still mocking as he smoked. And finally Raoul drew a long, deep breath, and his eyes widened with the look of one who sees a miracle. He began to smile, too, and the smile was full of wonder.

"Guillaume!" As he spoke he bent to grasp the prow of the canoe. "Come! Madeleine will have supper ready. And we must tell her!"

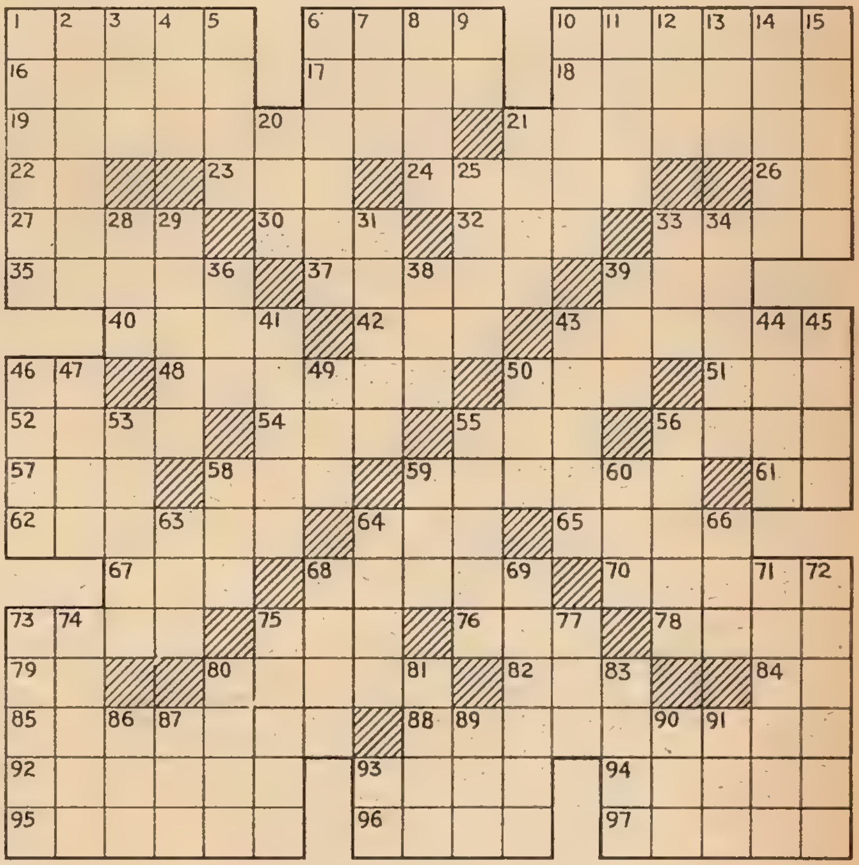
"Tell her," Guillaume said cryptically, "what fools we are?"

"Tell her," snapped Raoul, "that we who are so strong—we, with all our strength, were still too weak to squeeze a trigger!"

THE END

CROSSWORDS

By LEE PASQUIN



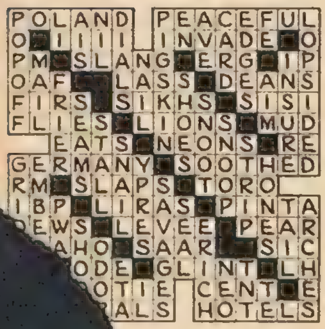
HORIZONTAL

1 Vessel used in refining gold
6 Interjection
10 Bundles of sticks
16 An order of amphibians
17 Part of a church
18 Root of a South American plant
19 Regulate
21 Impart life to
22 Exists
23 Obscure
24 Parts in a play
26 At
27 A cozy residence
30 Tangle
32 Injure
33 Dry (said of wines)
35 Stigma
37 Occupations
39 Constellation
40 Goad
42 Invest oneself with
43 Livestock
46 Note of the scale
48 Maker of barrels
50 Quagmire
51 Anoint
52 Within
54 Empty talk (slang)
55 Surly ill-bred person
56 A kind of crustacean
57 Greek letter
58 A hobgoblin
59 Kind of dumpling
61 Egyptian god
62 Starch
64 Band or stripe
65 Burden
67 Fluid ejected by cuttlefish
68 An animal allied to the civet
70 A ruminant quadruped
73 Prefix: against
75 Fitly
76 Thick viscous liquid
78 Manage or restrain
79 A Sudanic language
80 Double tooth
82 Pendant
84 At bat
85 Kind of poison
88 Improve with labor
92 Mythical Scandinavian hero
93 Genus of trees
94 That which produces motion or power
95 Part of a play (pl.)
96 Fender to protect the side of a ship
97 Beverage (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 Small country house
2 New
3 Young dog
4 Before
5 Fat of swine melted down
6 An inferior being
7 Possesses
8 Always
9 Pronoun
10 Slenderer
11 Sacred bull of ancient Egypt
12 Any perfect object
13 South American wood sorrel
14 Giant armadillo
15 Odor
20 Vigor
21 Exclamation
25 Sign of some future event
28 Imbibe in small quantities
29 French Algerian soldier
31 Turning point (pl.)
33 Wager
34 A part in machinery
36 Low
38 And not
39 Loiter
41 An established principle
43 The skeleton of certain marine polyps
44 Prevaricator
45 Island associated with Napoleon
46 Rather
47 Poker term
49 Soft food
50 An idler (slang)
53 Implied
55 Proofreading mark
56 Kind of tree
58 Kind
59 Color
60 Substance found on trees
63 Prefix: one
64 Greek letter
66 An Australian bird
68 Bog shrub
69 Loose garment worn over armor
71 Vessel used in refining sugar
72 Persons afflicted with a certain disease
73 Accumulate
74 Usual
75 Pools of standing water
77 To appropriate another's property
80 Deep mud
81 To be of account
83 An instrument of war
86 A particular period
87 Imperfection in hosiery
89 Hawaiian wreath
90 The spawn of fishes
91 Devoured or eroded
93 By way of example

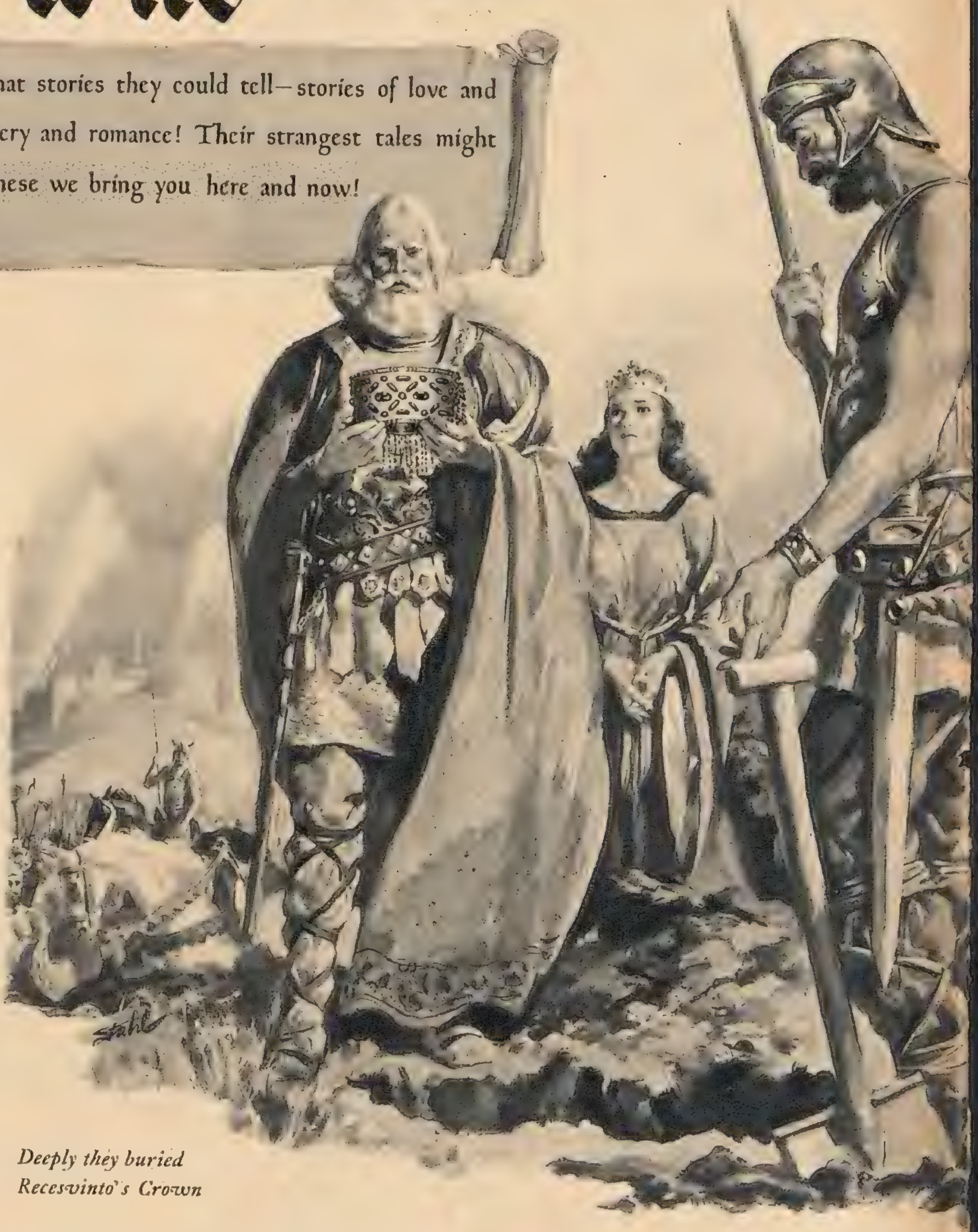
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



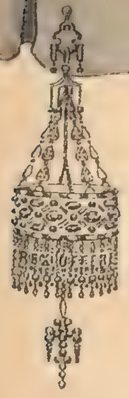
week's answer

If Famous Crowns *could Talk*

The great Crowns of history . . what stories they could tell—stories of love and loyalty, of plots and politics, of mystery and romance! Their strangest tales might be about themselves; and some of these we bring you here and now!

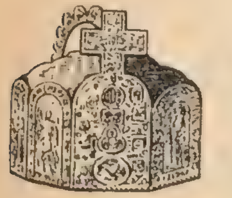


Deeply they buried Recesvinto's Crown



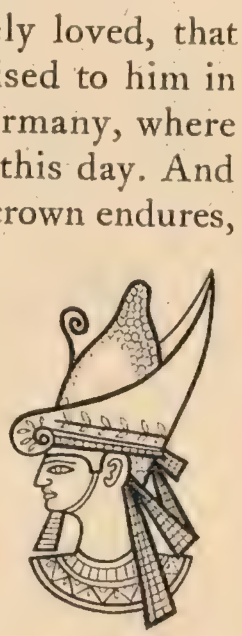
Buried 1100 years!

One of the most romantic crowns in history lay hidden in the mud, eleven hundred years! It was the jeweled crown of Recesvinto, ancient King of Spain. He wore it a few times, then hung it up like a chandelier. When the Moors swept over Spain in 714 A. D., a group of his loyal followers hastily buried it in a field. The crown seemed lost forever. But in 1859—*only ten years after the founding of the Schlitz Brewery*—it was rediscovered; and today it hangs again, in the Cluny Museum, still bright and beautiful.



Christmas Surprise, A.D. 800.

The crown of Charlemagne was a Christmas gift, solemnly placed on his head in an unexpected ceremony, in the year 800. With it came a new title: "Emperor of the West." Soon Charlemagne ruled almost half of Europe, and made himself so well and widely loved, that great statues were raised to him in both France and Germany, where they may be seen to this day. And to this day his noble crown endures, one of the treasures of the Schatzkammer *(treasury)* in Vienna.



Duplex Diadem

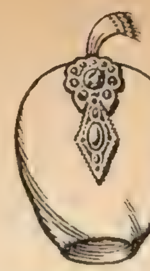
When we look back into ancient Egypt, to see what the well-dressed Pharaoh was wearing, we come across a clever bit of politics. The old cone-shaped crown of the Lower Nile was red, that of the Upper Nile was white. When one Pharaoh ruled *both* kingdoms, he had to please two sets of subjects; so he wore both crowns at once, and everyone was satisfied.

Sinking in the Bath Tub

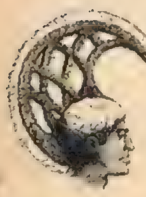
Perhaps the most useful crown in history was worn by Hiero, King of Syracuse, 2100 years ago. When Archimedes was commanded to discover the proportion of gold in this crown
he solved it by weighing the crown i
water. The important scientific law en
ployed in his experiment came to him
as he was stepping into his bath. Ther
Archimedes ran through the stree
of the city without waiting to dr
and amazed the natives with his
quoted cry, "Eureka! I have found it!"

When Crowns Were Turbans ★ The Tulip
of the Sultans "are made

THE BEE



of calico," said George Sandys, world-traveler and Treasurer of Virginia, 300 years ago. Today, in the Palace Treasury of Mohammed II in Istanbul, transformed by the Turkish Republic into a museum, old George might see the greatest collection of royal turbans in the world, sparkling with gems of untold value. For visitors of good repute, who agree not to take pictures, the treasures are on view daily (according to the polite Turkish attendant) "from 13 to 17 o'clock, Wednesdays excepted."

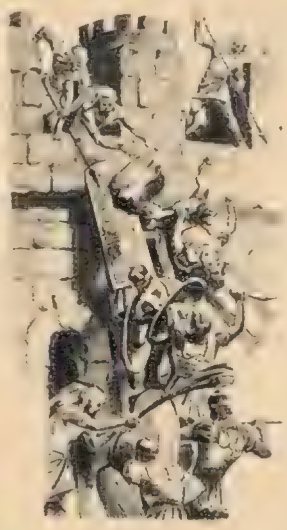


Fine Feathers Make Fine Crowns

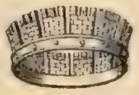
The feathered crown of the old Hawaiian kings took thirty years of patient labor in the making. This magnificent red and yellow diadem, shaped like a classic Greek helmet, was made of the feathers of a rare and tiny bird. Only two choice feathers were taken at a time; then the bird was set free, to grow two more. One of these crowns has been valued at no less than $70,000.

Fair and Square

The Saxon and Danish kings of England didn't insist that a crown should be circular. The crown that Canute refused to wear—after he had proved to his yes-men that the waves of the sea would not roll back to flatter him—was a square crown, as square as its royal owner's conscience.



Heroes and Winners All



Some of the most valued crowns were not for kings at all. In ancient days the first man who went "over the top" in an attack on the walls of a city, was rewarded with an elaborate crown, decked with little walls or turrets in memory of his exploit. Winners of contests in the public games were also given crowns of leaves, or flowers, or sometimes even gold.

When a Roman soldier saved the life of a citizen in battle, he was rewarded with a simple crown of oak leaves. As soon as he received it, he was freed from paying all taxes; so were his father and grandfather! Furthermore, without buying any tickets, he always got the best seats in the theaters.

Regardless of form and substance, each crown was *an emblem of acknowledged leadership* . . . Which brings us naturally to one of the most popular crowns in the world—the Schlitz crown—found on the top of every bottle and can of genuine SCHLITZ, the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous.

Copr. 1939, JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., *Milwaukee, Wis.*

SCHLITZ
BREWERY BOTTLING
MILWAUKEE WIS.
BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Schlitz

Dry...

NOT SWEET
NOT BITTER

In Schlitz you'll find the fragrant zest of choice hops with none of the bitterness—the rich, true-beer savor of finest malt with none of the sweetness.

Beneath *this* famous crown is that *Famous Flavor*

That famous flavor comes to you intact in every bottle of Schlitz. Here's why: The air that sustains life can destroy beer flavor if sealed in the bottle with the beer. *SO—WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN.* An amazing new method that assures original brewery-fresh goodness *always.* The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous is made *only in Milwaukee*—in the world's greatest brewery.

This new high top can, exclusive with Schlitz, opens like a bottle, with any bottle opener. ➡

AT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

DANGEROUS IMPULSE

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

AFTER thirty-five years of exemplary living, Professor Richard Thorpe of Princeton, mathematical genius, is seized with a strange madness. He runs away with Diana Bedford, a blonde dancer, who came to the campus to elope with a student, Livingstone Pardee.

Thorpe and Diana fall in with Swazey, an ex-burglar, and Swazey's eccentric society friends, Carlotta and Beadleston Preece and Mary and Harris Payton, who are broke and living by their wits. After some difficulty about a triplex apartment which the Preeces and the Paytons "borrowed" without the owner's knowledge, they all retreat to a farm and embark on the simple life.

Thorpe has a quarrel with Diana and is bedeviled by the suspicion that she is a gold-digger and has run off with him because he has a thousand dollars. Their relations are somewhat strained when Harris Payton has his great idea and persuades Thorpe to use his mathematical brain in figuring winners at the races. Interested in spite of himself, Thorpe works at his system, and one day they drive to Belmont Park. "Get busy," Payton orders Thorpe.

PART SEVEN—SEVEN'S A LUCKY NUMBER

THORPE pulled out of the fog and said, "Yes, of course. I'd almost forgotten."

"My heavens!" said Payton. "Don't do that!"

Diana poked Thorpe's arm with her finger, demanding attention.

"Before you get into that, I want to tell you something."

"But, Diana, it can't . . ."

She interrupted.

"Never mind what it can and can't," she said. "I've got a crazy sort of hunch I may not have a chance to tell you later. I just want to tell you I'm not and I think I do."

Thorpe shot her a puzzled look. She could see he was muttering the words over to himself. "You figure it out," she finished. "Now go ahead and make us rich."

Thorpe sighed. Then he fished some papers from his pocket and began to calculate. Payton watched him, fascinated. So far as he could make out, all he did was add the amount of the purse, the amount of weight the combined field was carrying, their combined ages, the number of horses in the race, and their registered numbers. This colossal sum he divided by 93,939. He looked up.

"Number Seven will win," he said.

Payton breathed hard. He would have felt better if he hadn't watched Thorpe do his sums. He would have felt much better if Thorpe had put on a swami suit and stared cat-eyed into a crystal ball. He said, "Why?"

"Because 93,939 goes into the sum exactly seven times. If it didn't I couldn't be sure."

"No," said Payton; "I don't suppose you could." The sarcasm missed. "Why all the nine-three-nine-three-nine-three business?"

Thorpe wore his aloof look.

"That's the key number," he said. "It has to do with the recurrent power of nine."

"Is seven a good horse?" said Payton. "I mean a really bang-up proposition?"

Thorpe gave a superior laugh.

"It doesn't matter what kind of horse he is," he said. "The only thing that matters is finding the inevitable recurrence of certain combinations of numbers."

Payton didn't think that was all that mattered. He went to where Carlotta and Diana and Mary and Beadle and Swazey were leaning on the rail watching the starting gate being moved into position.

"The doc's a broken reed," he said. "He does a lot of nine-three-nine-three-nine-three stuff and says Number Seven will win. He doesn't even know the *name* of the horse. What'll we do?"

"Bet ten bucks," said Carlotta. "It's his money, anyway; so if we lose it, it'll serve him right."

"I think he's a fake," said Beadle.

Payton nodded. "No question about it," he said. "The man's a blackguard."

Suddenly Beadle whistled. "The odds," he said, "are thirty to one against Number Seven."

"He's a double-dyed blackguard," said Payton. "He's an enticer of little children. A hundred dollars at thirty to one . . ."

Diana walked over to where Thorpe was standing by himself.

"Dick," she said, "is that Silversheen horse—Number Seven—really going to win or are you kidding Payton?"

"I said it was going to win."

"If I bet a hundred dollars on it, I'd have three thousand dollars if it won."

"If you had a hundred dollars," said Thorpe.

"I—I have," said Diana. "I've had it right along. It—was traveling expenses. Livvy sent it to me. I—I haven't had a chance to give it back."

Thorpe had hot and cold flashes, but before he could put them into angry words Diana went on.

"If a girl had three thousand dollars," she said, "she could—like—anybody she wanted, and nobody'd think anything about it, one way or the other."

She looked him square in the eyes for a full quarter of a minute; then she walked off under the grandstand, where the bookmakers were waiting for people who felt it would be nice to get something for nothing.

MOSTLY from curiosity, Thorpe followed Diana—at a safe distance, because he didn't want to be looked at like that again—to the betting place under the stands.

A the far end of the place was a huge blackboard with the odds chalked on it. Thorpe saw Silversheen's name and number there and a 30 chalked up opposite it. While he was watching, a man on a stool rubbed out the 30 and wrote 25. He wondered why. Presently this too was rubbed out as the odds went down to twenty to one. Thorpe thought it might be fun to make a little bet, so he began to push his way toward one of the credit bookmakers where the crowd was thinner. While he edged his way in, he watched the big board and saw the odds on Silversheen go down five times, in lesser amounts, so that they now stood at only ten to one. The crowd around the bookie broke away and began to move toward the track. Thorpe spoke to him.

"I'd like to make a bet," he said. "What do I do?"

The bookmaker smiled and said, "If I know you, you just write down the amount you want to bet on a card, with what you want to bet on, and the number of the race, and hand it in."

"I'm Richard Thorpe."

The bookie looked at him sharply. "*Dr.* Richard Thorpe?"

Thorpe nodded. The bookie grinned.

"You don't bet with me!" he said. "No, sir! I'd as soon bet with Houdini!"

"I only wanted to bet a dollar," said Thorpe. "Just for—just for the hell of it."

"Oh," said the bookie, "that's different. What horse, Dr. Thorpe?"

"Number Seven."

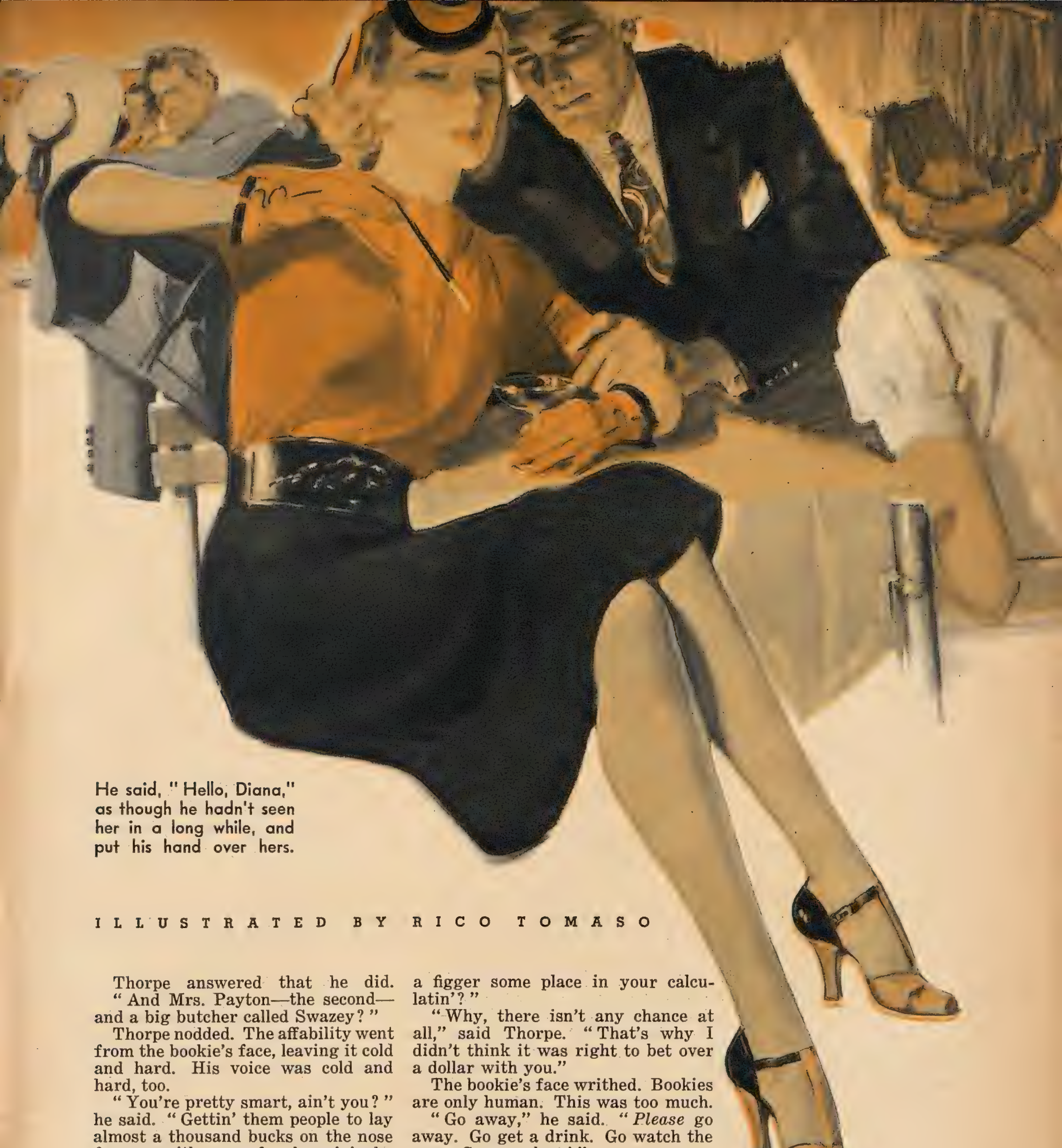
The bookie took the dollar and said, "Ten dollars to a dollar, Mike," to his assistant. Then an expression of alarm crossed his face. "Say, Mike, give me that list you got on Silversheen."

The assistant handed him a slip of paper. The bookie glanced at it and said to Thorpe, "You know Harris Payton?"

"Oh, yes," said Thorpe. "I'm his guest here."

"Ouch!" said the bookie. "And Mr. and Mrs. Beadleston Preece?"

The tonic we all need now: for



He said, "Hello, Diana," as though he hadn't seen her in a long while, and put his hand over hers.

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

Thorpe answered that he did.

"And Mrs. Payton—the second—and a big butcher called Swazey?"

Thorpe nodded. The affability went from the bookie's face, leaving it cold and hard. His voice was cold and hard, too.

"You're pretty smart, ain't you?" he said. "Gettin' them people to lay almost a thousand bucks on the nose for you, with none of us learnin' who was behind it. An' *you* come along just wantin' to bet a dollar for the hell of it!"

"But those people haven't got a thousand dollars," Thorpe said, bewildered. "They haven't got a hundred dollars."

"They *had* a thousand dollars—almost. Mike, run over and tell 'em to make that horse one to ten. You want your ten bucks now, Dr. Thorpe, or is there a chance you maybe missed a figger some place in your calculatin'?"

"Why, there isn't any chance at all," said Thorpe. "That's why I didn't think it was right to bet over a dollar with you."

The bookie's face writhed. Bookies are only human. This was too much.

"Go away," he said. "*Please* go away. Go get a drink. Go watch the race. Go any place!"

Still bewildered, Thorpe made his way back to the clubhouse lawn and hunted about in the crowd for his friends. He couldn't find them, because, oddly, they had gone their separate ways to seats high in the grandstand to watch the race. Each of them, for his or her own reason, wanted to be alone. Thorpe wandered around for a time, hunting. Then, as the horses came out, he took up a position right on the rail of the track.

He looked at the horses, excited now, in their parade. He looked at Number Seven, and saw it was a gray, and he smiled at the jockey's tense, nervous expression. A sudden uncontrollable impulse seized him.

"Hey, you on Number Seven!" he yelled. "Don't look so darned worried. You can't lose!"

The boy turned in his saddle and

there's good honest laughter in this runaway romance

BY ERIC HATCH

gave him a look that should have withered him where he stood. Silversheen, among horsemen, was regarded not as a horse at all but as a dog. The boy knew it. So did the crowd. They laughed and stared at Thorpe, and he blushed. A man with an Irish face and simple clothes standing on the other side of the fence said to his friend, " Who's the ritzy nut? "

The friend looked hard at Thorpe, then whistled.

" Cheez! " he said. " I'm goin' in and bet on that nag."

The plain man grabbed his arm.

" Hey, wait a minute, Bud—let me in on it."

" Can't wait. That's that doctor guy—the figger wizard—Einstein's pal. When he talks he doesn't talk just to feel the breath go by his nose. He says something! "

He hurried off. The plain man pulled a notebook out of his pocket, turned the leaves. Then a grin as wide as Ireland spread over his face.

" ' Wanted,' " he read aloud. " ' Professor Richard Thorpe. Hold for mental observation.' " He glanced over the fence at Thorpe. " Now, I don't like to go in there, that bein' so nice and private. *Besides*, I *must* be here to congratulate Bud on his bet when he gets back. ' Silversheen can't lose '—' mental observation '—I should *say* so! "

THEN the horses, twelve of them, were in the starting gate, rearing, plunging, standing quietly, as their excitement took them. The starter's hand pressed hard on a button. There was a growl from the jockeys, drowned by the sudden thunder of many hoofs, and Dr. Thorpe was, for the time, forgotten. Many thousand people watched as the cloud of dust and bright colors and shining steel shoes flashed into the first turn. Loping along in the rear was Silversheen. At the second turn he moved up to the middle. In the backstretch, whatever it was that made that day his day began to show. Without his jockey doing anything about it at all except be surprised, he moved up with the leaders.

High in the stands, Diana thought about three thousand dollars and Richard Thorpe. Carlotta, even higher, thought about two hundred dollars—two hundred dollars she had saved from the wreckage of her fortune, two hundred dollars she had saved against the time they should be hungry. Two hundred dollars at twenty-five to one. She could rent the farm—buy it, maybe, and buy Beadle a proper tractor and a good plow. They could live then off the land.

Mary Winlock thought about a hundred dollars, and that with twenty times that she could rent the farm and buy Harris a tractor maybe, and a good plow and some new suits, and he could go on eating and being a social gentleman too, without having to look worried and tired all the time. But Mary Winlock was frightened. Payton had given her that hundred dollars the day they were married. She'd kept it for him ever since—in case. Harris Payton thought about Mary, and wondered if it was wrong of him to be praying that a horse should win a race so he could give her security with what he might win with the last fifty dollars he had in the world. Beadle too was thinking of the grubstake he'd held out on Carlotta. He too was thinking of the farm, and that maybe if he won and bought it for her, and some fancy chickens, Carlotta would think he was wonderful and fall in love with him again.

Swazey had made the biggest bet of all. He had wagered, with a bookie who didn't dare be personally dishonest because his business was so dishonest, a set of diamond evening studs and cuff links that had once belonged to Donald Banks of Newport, who didn't miss them because long ago he'd collected the insurance for them. Swazey's thoughts were simple. He wanted to buy the farm because he liked it, and some fancy seeds, and he wanted to give the rest of his winnings to his friends, because he liked them. Though he didn't know it, Swazey was class.

Thorpe, watching the race, didn't think about it at all. Unmoved, he saw Silversheen run even with the first horse as they rounded the far turn. He was thinking about Diana and the way she'd looked at him, and trying to figure out what she meant by saying later, " If a girl had three thousand dollars, she could like anybody she wanted, and nobody'd think anything about it, one way or the other." He thought it sounded as if, if she won, he wouldn't see her any more. He couldn't let that happen, and of course she would win. He began to search for her frantically, so he didn't even see Silversheen come into the stretch in front and widen his lead until he had carried the most astonished jockey in the history of Belmont over the finish line, a winner.

HIGH in the stands, Diana stood perfectly still, trembling all over, for perhaps a minute. Then, with her head high, she began to look around for Thorpe. In their places, Carlotta wept softly, as did Mary. Harris Payton, before starting for his bookie, had the good manners to pause and thank the God he had prayed to. Beadle Preece found his wife and kissed her, and discovered each of them thought the other was wonderful all over again.

Swazey, most practical of the triplexers, had already posted himself at the only gate his bookmaker could leave through. He felt he'd taken enough chances for one day.

In the enclosure next to the Turf and Field stand, the plain man with the Irish face stood scratching his head and wondering whether it was a wise idea to try and arrest a man who could perform the miracle he had just seen happen. After a moment he decided it was far from wise, but it was just one of those things that had to be done. He shoved his way slowly toward the club enclosure.

THE meeting between the triplexers and Thorpe was essentially American. They met at the foot of the main stairway to the stand, and although all of them regarded him now with what amounted to awed reverence, they punched him and hit him and called him horrible affectionate names. The news of his prediction had spread, so that in no time at all he was in danger of being mobbed; for he seemed to have become a sort of Blarney Stone and people were frantically pawing him. A little wedge of gray-uniformed Pinkerton men shoved their way to him and surrounded him.

" Go to the clubhouse," yelled Payton. " We'll collect the stuff and meet you there."

Thorpe nodded and told his guards he'd appreciate an escort. As they moved off, he saw that Diana, who hadn't punched him and called him names like the others, but had only taken his hand and said, " Thank you, Dick; I haven't anything to escape from any more now," was staring at him again. He wished she'd quit being so darned cryptic and act straightforward and be uncomfortably frank, the way she'd been before they quarreled. Damn it, she was still eloping with him!

Then it dawned on him that this last remark of hers wasn't in the least cryptic. It meant, just as plain as mud, that she wasn't eloping with him any more. It seemed to him confirmation of all his torments. She'd eloped with him as long as she'd needed him. Now she had three thousand dollars of her own, she wasn't eloping with him any more.

Feeling even lower than that night at Princeton when he'd seen the emptiness of his whole life, he marched with his guard to the clubhouse. The plain man made an effort to persuade the Pinkerton men on the fringe of the escort that he wanted to arrest Thorpe, but the guards were too used to watching over visiting celebrities to pay any attention to a little thing like that. They delivered Thorpe safely at the clubhouse, the plain man stopping at the small gate that led from it to the paddock, where he could watch developments. He had decided now that, unless his man actually did something peculiar, he'd best just keep him under observation and check with headquarters later.

Inside the clubhouse, Thorpe went to a corner of the bar, deserted at this time, and ordered a double Martini. He was flogging the old brains. When he'd finished the cocktail he thought he could feel them beginning to work, so he had another. Considering the power with which his brains worked normally without stimulant, this was a little like filling the gas tank of a racing car with straight ether. It works fine for a few seconds and then busts. Thorpe, too, worked fine for a few seconds. Then the issue became clouded. It had been clear-cut and simple: namely, how to persuade Diana to tell him she loved him; then how to persuade himself that she loved him for himself alone; then how to persuade her that the swellest thing that could possibly happen to a young and beautiful girl was to marry a college professor half again as old as she. Actually, the issue was clearer than that, the nubbins or crux of it being that he wanted to clasp Diana close in his arms and hold her there forever—that he'd wanted to do that ever since he'd watched her packing his Gladstone.

The cocktails didn't help him find out how to do this; they only gave him the courage to try, and a sort of hazy notion that he himself was his worst handicap.

"Why *should* she love me?"

In his concentration he spoke aloud. The bartender looked up politely and waited.

"Old dodderer!" said Thorpe. "I must act young. I must act young and gay, as though I were her own age!"

AT this the bartender shook his head. "Speaking generally," he said, "I wouldn't do it."

"Why not?" said Thorpe, seeing nothing odd in getting a response to something he thought he'd only been thinking and not saying.

"Because," said the bartender, "if you do, you'll end up married—or worse."

Thorpe looked at him like a pleased child.

"Do you really think so?"

"I know it," said the bartender. "You're at the dangerous age."

Thorpe beamed.

"You mean, a girl might think I was dangerous? If I just let myself go and—and said risqué things?"

The bartender looked at him out of wise eyes. Then he looked at the two large empty glasses.

"Boss," he said, "*anything* you say right now's going to be risky."

"Why, thanks!" said Thorpe. He paid for his drinks and tipped handsomely. "I—I'll go down now and start saying things."

He strode happily from the room.

By the time Thorpe, thinking hard of sprightly risqué things to say, got downstairs, his colleagues were ensconced at a large table on the lawn, doing the only decent thing to do under the circumstances. They were doing it from magnums. There was an empty chair next to Diana. As Thorpe approached, they rose to their feet, glasses in hand.

"To our hero!" said Payton.

They drank. The scattering of people at the other tables, recognizing Thorpe, applauded.

"Speech!" said Carlotta.

Thorpe realized that this was hardly the time to get off any of the things he'd been thinking up, so he blushed politely and said, "Thank you, fellows," and sneaked into the vacant chair. Then he said, "Hello, Diana," as though he hadn't seen her in a long while, and put his hand over hers. She slid her hand out from under and poured him champagne.

"You're a funny guy," she said. "Why did you do that, after the way you've . . ."

Thorpe didn't answer. Instead, in keeping with his decision to be cavalier, he put his arm around her and winked.

"I'll tell you," he said, "when we get back to the farm."

"No," said Diana, removing his arm, "you won't." She looked him in the eyes. "I'll tell you what's happened to you," she went on. "You were hurt when you all of a sudden made up your mind for no reason that I was a cheap gold-digging—floosie. Now that stunt you pulled this afternoon's made you feel like a big shot again, and so you think you'll get over your hurt by treating me like a floosie. Well, I don't floose, see? I can be hurt too, see?"

Thorpe's heart began to bank around in his chest. Diana wasn't very far from tears. He grabbed for her hand again with both of his. She pulled it free.

"And you won't tell me a single damn thing when we get back to the farm, because I'm not *going* back!"

There was a silence. The others at the table, who usually enjoyed nothing more than a good domestic rumpus, for once didn't join in. They had realized, through their golden haze, that this was no ordinary spat, but either the ending of something that might have been lovely, or the beginning of something. And so they sat silent, the group making a *tableau vivant*, a second-act curtain.

IT was at this unfortunate moment that a certain young man who had been listening to the races from the bar under the grandstand wove his way across the lawn toward the bar in the clubhouse. He moved like an eccentric dancer walking against a strong and changing tide. At one time he leaned far forward, at another far back. He looked a little as though he worked on wires. But as he passed Thorpe's table he stiffened and stared. Then, slowly, he circled the table until he reached a spot directly opposite Thorpe. Here he joined the tableau. He stood perfectly still and raised his shoulders, at the same time sinking his head down between them. Then he raised his right hand and pointed it straight at Thorpe.

"*You!*" he said. "Pup-pup-pup!"

Thorpe looked up. So did the others.

"Oh, my heavens!" said Diana. "It's Livvy!"

Is Livingstone Pardee going to spoil Thorpe's triumphant moment and come between him and Diana? And what of the plain-clothes man waiting to make his arrest? Events whirl swiftly toward a surprising climax. Follow the professor's adventures in next week's Liberty!

Gilbert Bundy

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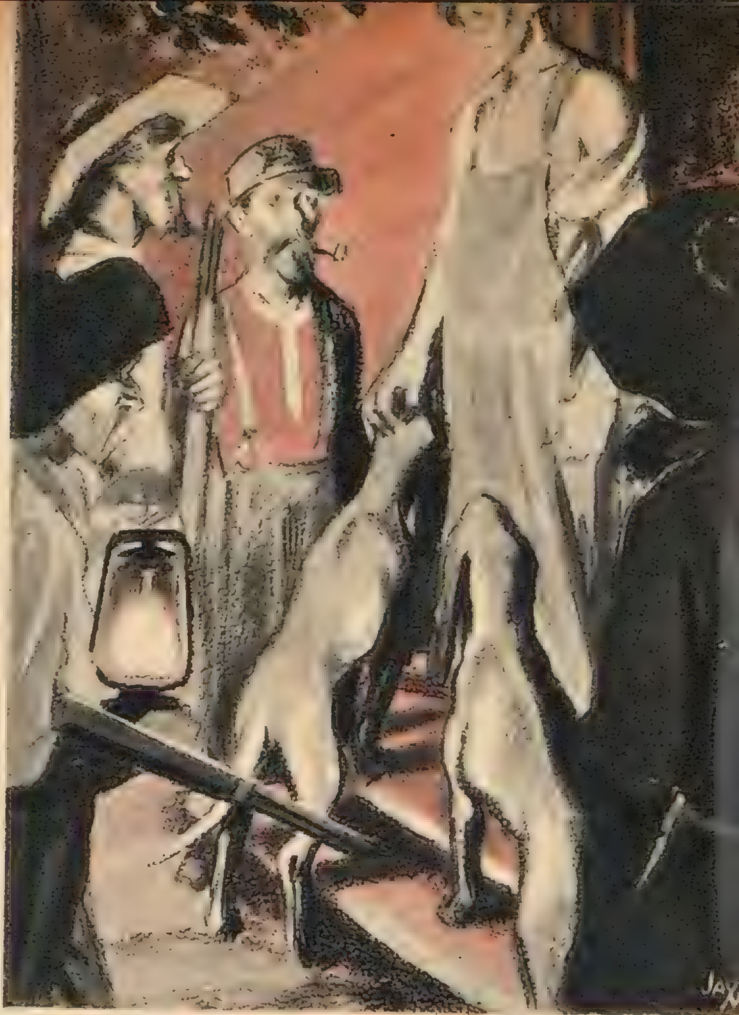


Liberty's Short Short

BY STEWART TOLAND

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

BEN LUKE moved to another tree, then another, while each breath sent pain swelling up his chest, into his throat. The dogs were gaining. His own dogs trackin' him . . . leadin' him to a lynchin' death!

He came to water, shoved trembling fingers into it. He held his dripping face above the ripples, stared back at his own gray eyes . . . remembering everything that happened since the sun swung shadows to the east. It was then Paul had been killed—his head split neat and clean.

The sheriff had come, accompanied by a posse, and Ben Luke had loaned his hounds. Nothin' else to do. He claimed he had to wait for his step-pa, and had stood watching as the men tracked back to the store . . . to where Paul still sat dead in his rocker.

Luke straightened, washed the bit of blood he hadn't noticed before off the heel of his new shoes. For half a mile he kept to the water, then raced to a shack in a clearing, the baying of his hounds tightening his spine. He had trained them specially about water. . . . They'd trail it on both shores until they got the scent.

There were no clothes in the cabin . . . nothing. The Italians who owned it were not so rich as to have two of a thing. Luke's breathing labored through the one room. The baying was closer now.

He could throw away his shoes, even his new overalls and undershirt; but there would be no reason for him being naked in the woods, should he come upon a neighbor. And when the shoe trail stopped his own would begin, and the dogs would follow joyfully to their master.

Suddenly the baying broke out in new frenzy. The dogs had found the scent.

For the first time in his life Ben Luke was afraid.

Swiftly, carrying his shoes, he made the opposite side of the clearing, stuffed his feet into the stiff leather. For a while he walked backward, slowly. Dry lips cracked into a smile as he stuck the can he had stolen from the Italians' grocery shelf into his pocket. The dogs would be stumped at the cabin for maybe half an hour. That was enough, for he was rested and he had thought out what he must do.

It was most dark when he reached the second clearing. His mouth tightened cruelly as he stared at the slab shack. There was lantern light through the chinks. Luke peered in. His step-pa was a-sittin' with the yellow-haired Martin girl on his knee. They were kissin'. This was where his step-pa always went when he sent Luke rabbit huntin' . . . as he had just afore the sheriff come askin' for the hounds.

Ben Luke forgot the hounds . . . the grim men with their rope . . . the girl tasting of his father's lips . . . his mother's face of a month gone by. . . . For days he had watched the look that had grown in her eyes after she married this man—married laziness and worry. She had died. Luke forgot all this . . . and remembered the blood he'd washed from his shoes.

Swiftly he removed the shoes, brown, with fancy heels—the first new shoes he'd had in six years—and laid them carefully on the doorsill, then raced into the night.

THERE was the sound of men outside the cabin of Ben Luke. Slowly the young man laid the wooden cross he was carving on the table. The cross would wait, and so would the dead.

Lanterns swung close as Luke reached the door, the dogs bounding to his hands. Automatically he fondled them.

"Thanks for the loan of the dogs, Ben. We got the one what killed Paul. We swung him high an' left him to the buzzards." The sheriff cleared his throat. "Unless you care to cut him down, come sunup."

"I reckon not."

The law man wicked up his lantern. "Them are good hounds; they're knowin' hounds, but they had a right terrible time at that shack the Italians own. There weren't no water there, either."

"Might be the one you was after covered his trail with red pepper. Not even my hounds can track through red pepper."

"They managed to pick trail somehow. Led us right to the shoes," The sheriff looked down at Luke's bare toes curling over the sill. "Maybe that's why you didn't aim to come with us. . . . You knew who we was after."

"Maybe."

"But, if you knew, why'd you let him take to the woods?"

The men, like so many ghosts, leaned silently forward.

"Maybe I didn't want him to be killed quick . . . to die just once, like my ma . . . or Paul." Luke pulled one of the soft big ears gently. "When you hear the dogs after you . . . comin' closer . . . you die a thousand times." . . .

Ben Luke knew . . . and so did his step-pa.

Luke said softly, eagerly, "Did he say anythin' afore you tightened on the rope?"

"Yep, son. . . . Yore step-pa confessed he killed Paul."

Ben Luke watched the lanterns go. There was a stained ax out back. . . . His step-pa had claimed to have killed a wild pig as he laid the ax on the block, and gave the shoes and the new clothes to Ben, told him to go rabbit huntin'. They were the first things his step-pa had ever given him.

Then the sheriff had come for the hounds, and Luke had run to tell his pa about Paul. It wasn't until the hounds sent him trembling from tree to tree that he realized the shoes had been worn before. When he had washed blood from them he had known . . . he had remembered there was no wild pig to be skinned in the yard. His step-pa hated him, wanted the land for himself and the Martin girl.

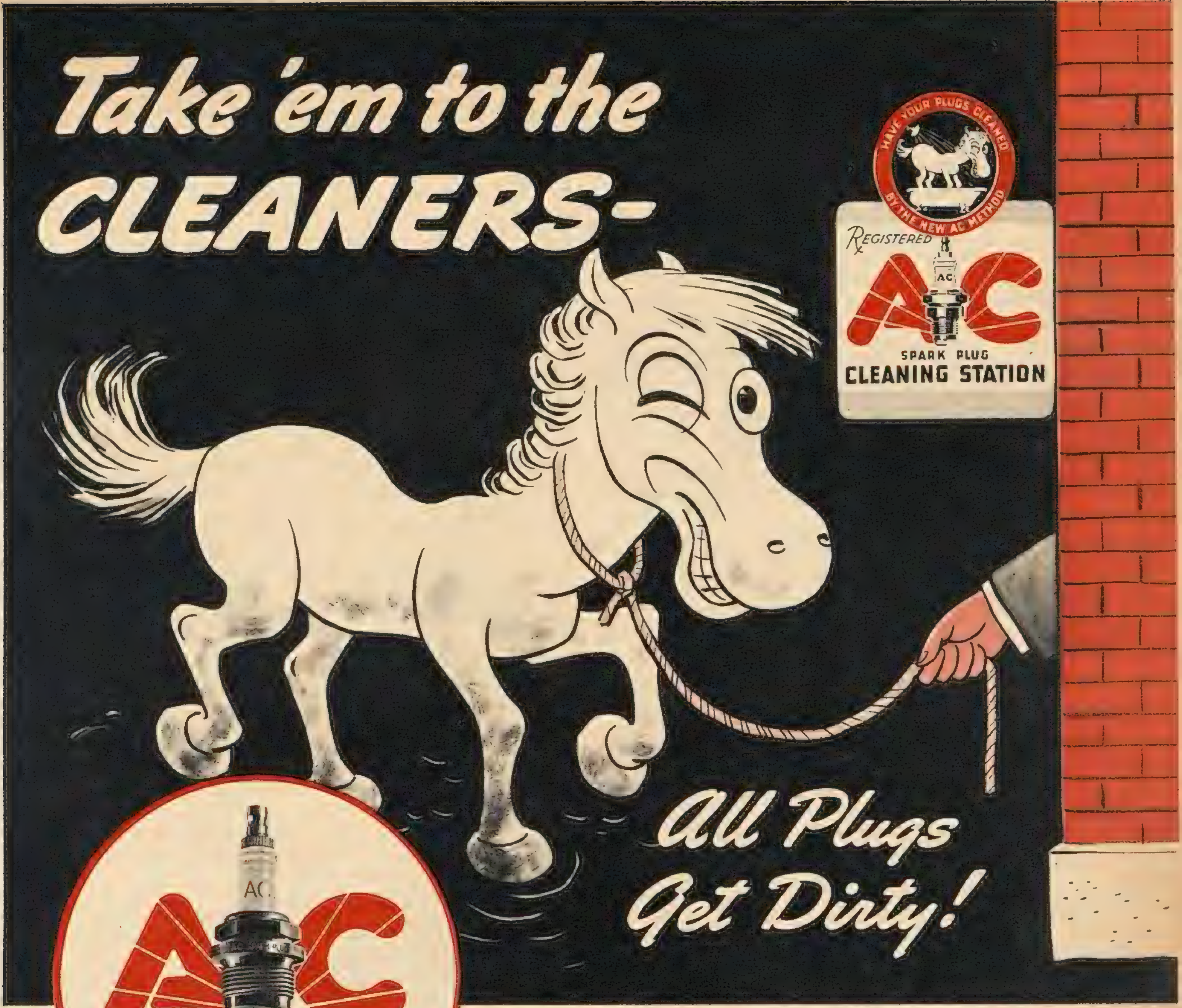
Ben Luke turned from the open door. Come sunup he'd be alive to bury Paul. His step-pa had planned otherwise . . . and failed.

Luke threw the can of red pepper he'd stolen from the Italians' shack into the fire and picked up the cross.

He had loved his brother Paul.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.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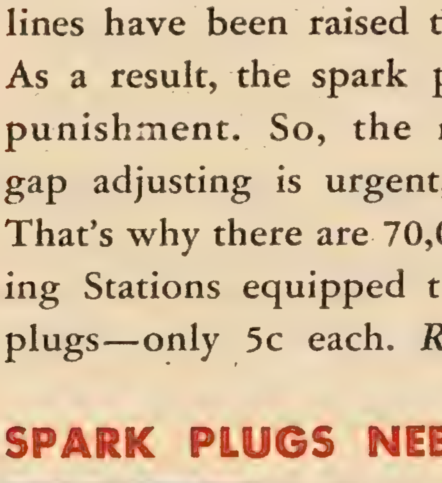
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OPULENCE ON LAND AND SEA

Three big films offer us de luxe fare before Hollywood starts war economies

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ RULERS OF THE SEA

THE PLAYERS: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Margaret Lockwood, Will Fyffe, George Bancroft, Montagu Love, David Torrence, Vaughan Glaser, Lester Matthews, Alan Ladd, David Clyde, Mike Driscoll, Mary Gordon, Lionel Pape, Ivan Simpson, Olaf Hytten, Wyndham Standing, John Spacey, Guy Bellis, George Melford. Story and screen play by Talbot Jennings, Frank Cavett, and Richard Collins. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 97 minutes.

JUST 101 years ago the first all-steam crossing of the Atlantic was made. This spectacle of that historic passage thus celebrates the beginning of the modern era of ocean navigation. The trip of the Sirius was an adventurous one, occupying eighteen days. The doughty craft ran short of fuel, and everything loose, from spars to furniture, went into the fireboxes.

The film makers have tried to personalize the yarn. There is an adventurous young seaman, sick of the harsh brutality aboard sailing vessels, who links up with a visionary ship's mechanic, an old Scot. The two devise the first steamer to buck the Atlantic.

Romance? The old Scotsman has a pretty daughter, considerably of a doubter about the whole adventure until she sees Castle Garden in New York harbor.

The production is big, expensive, carefully done in historic detail. This, like all Frank Lloyd films, has sweep and color. It's a sea epic of a dying era. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., doesn't help any too much. You never quite come to believe in him as a first mate of the 1830s.

Still, Rulers of the Sea is one of the big pictures of 1939.

Far better is the veteran of the English 'alls, Will Fyffe, as the old fellow who likes his nip at the pub and who visions steam as supplanting canvas. His is a mellow believable performance. And Margaret Lockwood is a pleasant questioner about the whole affair.

VITAL STATISTICS: Probably afraid of the pronunciation, the studio powers changed the name of the steam packet Sirius to Dog Star. She made the first all-steam Atlantic crossing in April, 1838, in the face of theories that it would be impossible. Gross tonnage just 700. A former Pacific schooner was dry-docked, stripped to the hull, and rebuilt as much like the Sirius as possible. Another ship was rebuilt into a full-rigged packet of the period. The scenes at Greenock on the firth of the Clyde were done under difficulties in San Pedro Harbor. Here, too, were shot New York's Castle Garden scenes. Director Lloyd gathered a lot of old freighters and windjammers to act as camouflage to hide the modern craft in the background. Not to mention oil derricks ashore. But the director had his troubles with Uncle Sam's battle craft and with zooming seaplanes. Other shots of the Dog Star were made off Catalina. An elaborate studio set was built showing a replica of the engine room of the Dog Star, duplicating in every detail the two-cylinder, 350-horsepower installation of the historic vessel. Quarter-decks of the steam packet and a sailing ship were built on rockers in the studio tank. . . . Probably you know little about Will Fyffe, but he's outstanding on the other side. Didn't get to London until 1918. Then he became a British institution and, after Harry Lauder, the foremost disciple of plaid humor in the 'alls. . . . A one-time celebrated director plays the tavern landlord. He's George Melford, who was a pioneer megaphone holder in the old days. Directed Valentino in The Sheik among his hundred-odd pictures.

Margaret Lockwood and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in Rulers of the Sea.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE REAL GLORY

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Andrea Leeds, David Niven, Reginald Owen, Broderick Crawford, Kay Johnson, Russell Hicks, Vladimir Sokoloff, Benny Inocencio, Ruby Robles, Tetsu Komai, Roy Gordon, Henry Kolker. Screen play by Jo Swerling and Robert R. Presnell, based on Charles L. Clifford's novel. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists. Running time, 95 minutes.

BETTER make the most of the new crop of big films. Hollywood is going to be forced to be conservative and to make less expensive pictures now that much of the world market is eliminated by war.

Consider Sam Goldwyn's The Real Glory. They say it is a gesture in the direction of the South American market, where they are supposed to like their films lusty, a bit brutal, with no punches pulled. For The Real Glory Goldwyn went back to the late unpleasantness, date 1906, in the Philippines, when Moro tribesmen rampaged through Mindanao against the native constabulary led by American officers. The Moros were tough customers, what with their holy war spirit of fatalism, their kris and their spears. But for fearless Dr. Canavan, otherwise Gary Cooper, the savage Moros would have wiped out the white infidels at Fort Mysang.

There's a lovely American girl in peril. She is the daughter of an army officer who slowly is going blind from an old bolo wound. But Doc Canavan saves the girl and the island for democracy.

Cooper never has been better than as the fighting medico. Andrea Leeds is the charming daughter of the army officer. David Niven is a pleasant English adventurer serving as a lieutenant. And there are some fine bits, particularly Kay Johnson in a moving emotional moment as the wife of the commandant struck down by a fanatical juramentado.

You will find this has excitement, sustained interest, and color. It is pure movie, tense and dramatic all the way. And there are decapitations, disembowelings, soldiers buried up to their chins in the earth to die a lingering death—all for the robust South American trade.

VITAL STATISTICS: President Manuel Quezon of the Philippines was much upset over the shots showing Filipino soldiers quaking at the sight of a bloodthirsty Moro. But Goldwyn stood pat, maintaining that the film as a whole pictures **** bravery. . . . Cost nearly $2,000,000; 115 days of shooting. No wonder Sam stuck to his Krag-Jörgensens. . . . The big wind man of Hurricane, James Basevi, built the miracles of The Real Glory—some $200,000 worth of set in the old back lot once used by Pickford, Fairbanks, and Griffith. Constructed a river, besides a concrete lagoon 600 feet long and nine feet deep, covering six acres and capable of floating eighteen sailboats. Built a barracks, an acre parade ground, forty-two native huts along the river bank. Pumping plant kept a natural current in the river. . . . Battle lasted six weeks. First shot was fired by Reginald Owen on rafts on the Kern River north of Kernville; last by Gary on the back lot. Between that, warfare was maintained near Ventura. . . . Filming the picture created a servant problem in Hollywood. All the Filipino houseboys deserted to become $8.25-a-day extras. . . . Paul Widlicska, once a conservative cabinetmaker, supervised the film magic such as boloing off heads and disemboweling extras. All sorts of tricks, such as bayonets and spears with blades that disappear, spears on wires that impale themselves on false chests of balsa wood. Where stunt men were covered with " tons " of rock and earth, the rock was sponge rubber and the dirt fuller's earth and cork. One swell shot shows a Moro catapulted from a sapling over a high wall and through a window. Only it wasn't glass but scratchless synthetic rosin molded to look like it.

★ ★ ★ HONEYMOON IN BALI

THE PLAYERS: Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll, Allan Jones, Akim Tamiroff, Helen Broderick, Osa Massen, Carolyn Lee, Astrid Allwyn, Georgia Caine, John Qualen, Fritzi Brunette, William B. Davidson, Bennie Bartlett. Screen play by Virginia Van Upp based on stories by Grace Mason and Katharine Brush. Directed by E. H. Griffith. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 96 minutes.

ONE of those sprightly cockeyed romances, this time of a beautiful and highly competent Manhattan business executive and a young man who quit the hurry of civilization to dream on the lovely atoll in the South Pacific. They meet on the deck of a little seagoing yacht in a New York show room—and from that point it's a losing battle for them to keep from falling in love.

The yarn has glitter and smartness, as it swings from New York night spots to Nassau and on to Bali. A little broader, a little more daring of dialogue, too. You will like Fred MacMurray as the 1939 beachcomber, Madeleine Carroll as the lovely master mind.

VITAL STATISTICS: This had two other titles, both discarded: My Love for Yours and Are Husbands Necessary? . . . Osa Massen plays the Bali charmer who stands in the way of Madeleine Carroll's happiness. Osa is Danish, had but two films to her credit when she got the part. And both of them were made for the Palladium company in Copenhagen. She's the wife of Jean Hersholt's son, Allan Hersholt. . . . La Carroll is competent to play a big business exec. Owns twelve realty properties in England, a hotel in Bordeaux, France, villas on the Riviera and in Spain, a New York apartment house, a half interest in a Los Angeles contracting firm. The Spanish villa is in ruins, via the revolution, and the French one is now a war refuge for orphans. . . . Between pictures Director Edward H. Griffith lives in a lighthouse at Laguna Beach. He's had the place for several years, has it stocked with books and clothes, mementos of the past.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez.

Glamorous Dorothy Lamour in "Disputed Passage"
EXCITING
NEW PARAMOUNT HITS!

"DISPUTED PASSAGE"—Is there room for love in a modern doctor's life? Should a doctor who dedicates his life to mankind give up all thoughts of love, all the demands of love? This is the theme of Lloyd C. Douglas's most powerful novel, "Disputed Passage," translated by Producer-Director Frank Borzage into the most dynamic screen drama of the fall season. Beautiful Dorothy Lamour plays the woman whose love for the young doctor, John Howard, is opposed by the great scientist, Akim Tamiroff, who believes love has no place in a true doctor's life.

"JAMAICA INN"—Charles Laughton in his greatest role as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a monster in human form...who, spider-like, weaves the destinies of ordinary people into his net of murderous intrigue, as he rules the most cutthroat crew of shipwreckers ever to ply their unhappy trade upon the English coast. Introducing the new Laughton star find, Maureen O'Hara. A Pommer-Laughton "Mayflower" Production, directed by famed Alfred Hitchcock ("39 Steps," "The Lady Vanishes") featuring Leslie Banks, Emlyn Williams, Robert Newton. From the Daphne du Maurier best seller.

"HONEYMOON IN BALI"—Fred MacMurray's got five beautiful Balinese ladies to do his mending, his cooking, and his housework. The most beautiful white woman in the Orient, Osa Massen, is in love with him. But he says "Goodbye Bali, Hello America!" Because he happens to be in love with Madeleine Carroll. And Madeleine's in the U. S. A. Edward H. Griffith directs this fast-stepping round-the-world love story which co-stars Allan Jones in his first important non-musical picture and introduces that wonderful Bali Baby, little Carolyn Lee.

Paramount's Successes!
Gary Cooper as "BEAU GESTE." "WHAT A LIFE," The Adventures of Radio's Henry Aldrich. Coming, Frank Lloyd's "RULERS OF THE SEA."

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PARAMOUNT PICTURES

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★★★½—Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights.

★★★—The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City.

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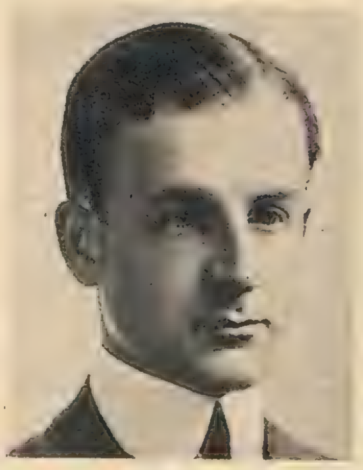
20 QUESTIONS



1—A U. S. Department of State career man, his statements on foreign affairs are news. Latin-America has had a large share of his attention. In 1937 he was appointed Under-Secretary of State. Who is he?

2—What habits are dressed up by the names of kleptomania and dipsomania?

3—Which is heavier, ice or water?

4—What disease is the result of the exclusive use of polished rice?

5—What football teams do these men coach: Ducky Pond, Jim Crowley, Bernie Bierman, and Fritz Crisler?

6—Does a unilateral treaty work two ways or only one?

7—What is the highest term in scales of wind force?

8—Who are the presidents of Turkey, U. S. S. R., Switzerland?

9—What movie has 135 women in the cast and no men?

10—In what Presidential campaign was "Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too," the slogan?

11—How do bock and lager beer differ as to the season of their consumption?

12—What position of honor did these men hold: John Jay, Morrison R. Waite, Salmon P. Chase, and Roger B. Taney?

13—Where are the following passes located: Brenner, Jablonica, and Dukla?

14—What runs and doesn't walk, has a tongue and can't talk?

15—Why are these names linked in U. S. history: Mary E. Surratt, David E. Herold, George A. Atzerodt, and Lewis Payne (Powell)?

16—What alkaloid that corresponds to caffeine in coffee is found in tea?

17—The Coast Guard is under the jurisdiction of what government department?

18—How many members of Congress voted against the United States entry into the World War?

19—What Pole served Washington so well he was made a brigadier general?

20—What former Lord Mayor of Birmingham became England's Premier?

(Answers will be found on page 50)

THE SHADOW OF THE MASTER

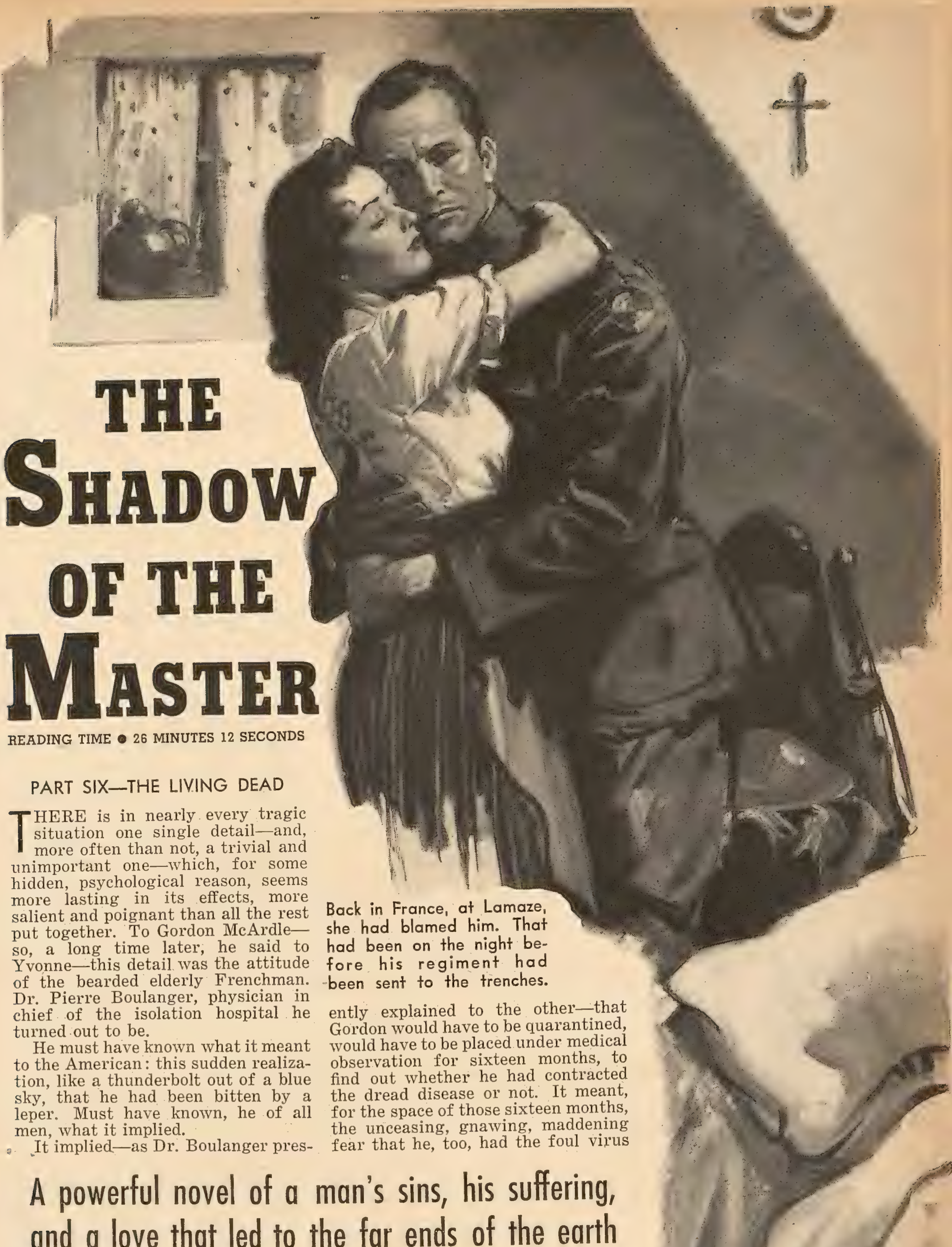
READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

PART SIX—THE LIVING DEAD

THERE is in nearly every tragic situation one single detail—and, more often than not, a trivial and unimportant one—which, for some hidden, psychological reason, seems more lasting in its effects, more salient and poignant than all the rest put together. To Gordon McArdle—so, a long time later, he said to Yvonne—this detail was the attitude of the bearded elderly Frenchman. Dr. Pierre Boulanger, physician in chief of the isolation hospital he turned out to be.

He must have known what it meant to the American: this sudden realization, like a thunderbolt out of a blue sky, that he had been bitten by a leper. Must have known, he of all men, what it implied.

It implied—as Dr. Boulanger presently explained to the other—that Gordon would have to be quarantined, would have to be placed under medical observation for sixteen months, to find out whether he had contracted the dread disease or not. It meant, for the space of those sixteen months, the unceasing, gnawing, maddening fear that he, too, had the foul virus



Back in France, at Lamaze, she had blamed him. That had been on the night before his regiment had been sent to the trenches.

A powerful novel of a man's sins, his suffering, and a love that led to the far ends of the earth

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

Authors of Flower of the Gods, etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

BEFORE Captain Gordon McArdle finishes his exhortation on "Jesus the Lord of Peace" at the Yankee Stadium in New York City, a youth in the spellbound crowd tries to shoot him, and is felled by some mysterious power. Sensing an unusual story in this phenomenon, two writers in the audience get on a trail which leads them to a woman who reveals the evangelist's past to them.

As a boy Gordon McArdle ran away from home in Virginia, became a vagabond, and enlisted in the World War. Made a captain, he fought on the western front, courted a pretty French nurse, Yvonne Durand, and won her heart completely, though he thought she was fickle and wayward.

While engaged in battle McArdle's men captured a German aristocrat. Soon afterward, a direct hit from the enemy wiped out the contingent with the exception of this bound prisoner and McArdle. Crazed, the latter killed the German, and took a heavy armorial ring from his finger.

Dragging himself to Lamaze, he found the town in the possession of Prince Leopold von Wittenberg-Kaisersmarck and his Uhlans. The prince recognized the ring on McArdle's hand as his son's. With a blow of a sword he severed his captive's finger. Then the American was sent to the most terrible of detention camps, but he survived until the armistice released him. During this time a supernatural influence made itself felt in his tortured soul.

Released from imprisonment, McArdle sped to Paris in the hope of finding Yvonne. There he learned to his bitter sorrow that she had had a baby—his child—and that mother and son had been parted and had disappeared. No one knew whither. Under this fresh calamity Gordon McArdle, willing to follow any clue, accepted the strange dream of a girl who knew Yvonne as a psychic guide to her whereabouts—Indo-China!

Haunting the wharfs, he managed to find a berth aboard a ship bound for Saigon. Arrived there, he made his way into the interior toward his dream goal, Dou Van. But near the end of his long journey, in helping the authorities to catch a fugitive, he was bitten by the latter.

When the authorities learned what had happened, they held McArdle.

"That man who bit you is a leper!" he was told.

---

in his blood stream; that he had become a leper, most loathed among mortals since Biblical days, an outcast from human society, even the most humble and lonely, and forbidden to have contact, in any form whatever, with the world at large. One of the living dead indeed.

Oh, yes—Dr. Pierre Boulanger must have been aware of all this.

Yet he appeared calm, collected, almost apathetic. He stood there, stout legs well straddled, swaying a little from his hips, and—here was the trivial and poignant detail—carefully lighting a rankly smelling cigarette of black Algerian tobacco. It was as if the fact that a harmless passing stranger—through no fault of his own but, on the contrary, as a sardonic reward for attempting to be helpful—had to be put away under the most harrowing conditions, worse than solitary confinement, for sixteen months anyway, and perhaps forever . . . it was as if this fact was an occurrence far too ordinary and commonplace to cause as much as a stirring of plain ordinary sympathy or even a transitory ripple of shocked amazement.

The very next second, Gordon decided to make a break for freedom.

He lashed out right and left at the two men who had closed in on him. He wheeled sharply, swiftly. Not swiftly enough. Immediately the other attendants—half a dozen of them—were upon him like hounds pulling down a stag. He battled with the strength and harsh bitterness of despair. But the odds were hopelessly against him. At one and the same time he was endeavoring to land blow, to parry blow, to side-step kicking feet and crashing elbows. A rough knuckle struck his left temple. An open palm hit the point of his chin. A knee found his groin. He fell, crying out with pain.

They picked him up bodily. They carried him, still frantically struggling, toward the hospital. They dragged him across the threshold.

The gate clicked shut. . . .

They took him to a small room. There was the prick of a hypodermic needle. Then heavy, dreamless sleep.

Morning came. He awakened, got up.

For many minutes he sat before the open iron-barred window. He was in a state of half-stupor.

Pictures of black dejection, of utter choking despair rushed over him in a wave.

But despair, he told himself, was useless. It got you nowhere. It meant spiritual deterioration. Cancer of the soul. Eating away your soul. Corroding it.

It was beyond hope, beyond cure. Except—long before reason found the answer, instinct, the swift, merciless interpreter, told him plainly—death . . .?

Death at his own hands. Suicide. Here was a fate one could command at will.

Not right away. It would be—he reflected cynically—so damned irrevocable. And he still had things to live for—his love, his happiness, Yvonne—provided he had *not* caught the terrible disease. But if he *had*—well, suicide was clean compared to leprosy. And he'd know one way or the other—at the end of sixteen months. Sixteen months of fear like a steady drip-drip-drip of vitriol in his eyes, like a vicious ache that gnawed without ceasing at his heart. . . .

He looked up as a man entered. A Frenchman, short and stocky. A nurse, judging by white coat and trousers and shoes, though by every sign of underslung jaw and flattened nose he might have been a gangster.

"Come on!" The man spoke gruffly. "Dr. Boulanger wants to see you."

"All right."

He followed the nurse to the consulting room, so inhuman with its white-tiled, well scrubbed, deodorized efficiency. As inhuman, thought Gordon, as the physician.

But after a while he decided that he was doing Dr. Boulanger an injustice.

That was when the latter had finished taking a lesion smear for the initial test; when, with a certain degree of shyness, he had offered his rank cigarettes and very excellent liqueur brandy and, quite as shyly, had begun talking about this and that and the other thing—to break the ice evidently. And listening to him, the Virginian arrived at the conclusion that what on the previous evening he had considered to be a callous lack of feeling for people's sufferings was in reality—not a pose, it went too deep for that—but protective coloration against his surroundings. It was, to quote Pierre Boulanger's own words, a sort of psychological camouflage, a defensive cloak which he drew about him. . . .

"I've had to do it," he explained, refilling the glasses. "Otherwise, I would have become stark raving mad—after twenty-one years here."

"Twenty-one years?"

"A long, long time—*hein* . . .? And oh, the ghastly loneliness!"

Gordon was puzzled.

"I fail to see . . ."

"The place is packed. Oh, yes. Almost three hundred people. But my patients are ignorant Asiatics, earthbound, bovine coolies from Cochin China and Annam and Tonkin. My assistant doctors and internes are native, too. Good enough at their chosen calling. Loyal and decent and conscientious. Only—they are of the East Eastern, cursed with supine Oriental fatalism whenever a thing seems stronger than they, while I am of the West Western, cursed—they doubtless say—with aggressive go-ahead and quite ludicrous Occidental energy. We have nothing in common—save," sardonically, "our superstitious trust in the efficacy of pills and subcutaneous injections."

"But—look here—I have noticed that all the hospital attendants, the nurses . . ."

"Are French. Yes, yes. Not my kind, though. Their taste — both literally and figuratively—runs to coarse red wines, and mine," pointing at the bottle, "to three-star cognac which I can hardly afford. Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a snob. But, from my angle, they might as well be Botocudos or Patagonians."

"Surely there are Europeans of your class in Saigon. Government officials—merchants . . ."

"I'm not precisely popular with them. I'm never invited anywhere."

"Oh . . . ?"

"My occupation is against me. My place of residence. The daily company which I keep. . . ." A bitter smile was on his lips. "I've never been known for my tact," he said. He paused. "Twenty-one years!" he repeated. "The ghastly crushing loneliness of twenty-one years! You've no idea what it does to a man. That's why, last night, when I saw the type you were, a man of education, of breeding, of sensibility, I was almost glad that . . ." He slurred; stopped. "I didn't mean that!" he exclaimed. "I'm sorry . . ."

"Don't bother to apologize! I get your viewpoint." A silence. "You in the army medical corps?"

"Rank of colonel."

"Well, then—since this job is getting on your nerves—why don't you throw up your commission, go back to France?"

"For the same reason that I left France and came here in the first place."

"Oh . . . ?"

"The government had built this hospital. Nobody wanted to take charge of it. And—somebody had to. So I . . ."

"Elected yourself?"

"That's it. Somebody—I say again—had to. You see, don't you?"

"I can tell a fool on sight."

"Not altogether a fool. There was another reason at the time why I . . ." Dr. Boulanger interrupted himself. "The reason," he resumed, "still exists. A personal reason . . ."

With nervous fingers he pressed out his cigarette and immediately lit another. Gordon stared at him, echoing the man's last words in his mind:

"A personal reason . . ."

Stiff, reluctant words. Yet somehow they seemed to hold the threads of a tale. . . .

OH, well, the Virginian told himself impatiently, what the hell was it to him? What did he care? He had his own Gethsemane.

And queer how it had started. With a woman's soft cry of love, there, on her narrow nurse's cot in the military hospital at Lamaze; and a man's, a mortally wounded German prisoner's, harsh cry of death at the front, in a stinking trench. And this man's hands reaching out in agony; and this woman's hands—little white hands—that were so amazingly precious . . .

Dr. Boulanger's voice cut into Gordon's brooding thoughts:

"Shall I fill your glass?"

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"No, thanks. I've had plenty." He got up. "Through with me?"

"All but the regular routine questions for the record. I have your name. But I would like to know your age, place and date of birth . . ."

GORDON gave the answers, which the other wrote down.

"One more question, Captain McArdle. Name and address of your nearest relative."

"Haven't any."

"None at all?" incredulously.

"I am," with self-mockery, "the last of my distinguished Virginian breed."

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"But there must be somebody. Somebody whom you would wish to communicate with, to tell — oh — whatever you please to account for your absence. Or, if you have no relative, some friend."

"No friend."

"Some woman friend." Dr. Boulanger smiled. "Surely there must be a woman who cares?"

Gordon did not reply.

Sure enough, he reflected, there was Yvonne. That's why he had taken this journey to Indo-China. To find her. To ask her to marry him.

A wild-goose chase at best. Following a Paris harlot's cockeyed absinthe-soaked dream vision. . . . No, no! Not altogether. There had also been Sister Clementia-Marie—her great thunderous faith—and no doubt in *her* mind!

Plenty doubt in his. For, after sixteen months would have passed, and even supposing he had not caught the disease, what chance had he of finding Yvonne?

"No women," he announced.

"H'm . . ."

"Don't believe me?"

"Of course I don't."

Gordon grew annoyed.

"I guess," he demanded, "you're speaking from experience? There was a woman in *your* case? The personal reason which you mentioned?"

The physician did not reply immediately. He sat there, his head buried in his hands. When finally he looked up, it seemed to the American as if, strangely, the features had altered.

"What," he said slowly, "are twenty-one years compared to twenty-one centuries—and countless centuries to come?"

Gordon was puzzled.

"You — " he stammered — "you said . . .?"

"Sorry. Speaking to myself. Nothing to interest you. As to your question—the woman in *my* case—you are quite right, captain. There was a woman. Not a woman whom I loved—as men love women. A woman, rather, whom I—feared is the wrong word. How could one fear *her* who was all tenderness and sweetness? Yet whenever I think of her, the—oh, the shame of what I did—like a crimson scar across my life! . . ." He ashed his cigarette. "You see," he spoke with a hard calmness, "she was the mother of some one whom I sold."

Gordon gave a start. The Frenchman's words stirred in him the core of pity and, too, of terrible alarm.

"Whom you—sold?" he echoed.

"For cash. So little cash. Even Lucifer would have considered the price too cheap."

Dr. Boulanger was silent. There was now no sound save for the wind rattling the brittle palm fronds outside and, far in the distance, the lapping of the river. And then, a few seconds later, there came, cutting sharp between the rattling and the lapping, another sound; a mean sound; and long before Gordon's brain understood what it was, his soul knew—and cowered.

He listened intently, though at first in vain—his blood beat all its throbbing pulsing drums too noisily in his ears. But after a while he heard distinctly. He heard the clink-clink-clink of silver coins, as he had on that morning in the trenches when the German captive whom he had shot had begged for water, and as he had on that other morning, at B-44 prison camp, when the British colonel had inquired if he had any complaints to make and when he had replied that the treatment he had received was just. . . .

Yes! The same clink! clink! clink! clink!—with the same dreadful cadenced persistency.

Up to thirty. And no more than thirty.

And the shadow—would it come?

A moment later, with an agonized fluttering of his heart, he saw it. Somebody was approaching the window, was moving through the brazen flood of sunlight that poured in, was preceded by the shadow with the long loose robe, the sandaled feet that shuffled slowly to the rhythmic accompaniment of thirty clinking silver coins.

Yet there was, this time, a difference.

For this somebody did not vanish into the nowhere. This somebody crossed over to the desk and sat down. This somebody was Dr. Boulanger, who remarked casually:

"Hot in here."

He unbuttoned his white coat. He wore neither shirt nor undershirt. His bare chest showed tanned and hairy—and Gordon choked back a cry as he beheld about the massive throat a frayed brown rope. . . .

Instinctively he closed his eyes. He sank into a chair. He felt dizzy.

With an effort he collected his scattered senses. He counted up to nine. He opened his eyes suddenly and gave a sigh of relief. For there was no gliding shadow; no brown frayed rope. Just a portly middle-aged Frenchman who sat at his desk, his tunic neatly buttoned, smoking a cigarette and writing with red ink in a ledger.

"Marking the day of your arrival," he explained, "Captain McArdle."

The latter's laugh was singularly false and shrill.

The first day, he thought, of sixteen months. And as it turned out, it was ten years, not sixteen months, before he left the leper hospital. . . .

NOT that he caught the disease. He chose to remain of his own free will.

Chose to remain ten years.

Ten years as Dr. Pierre Boulanger's volunteer assistant. Performing the most humble, most revolting tasks among the lepers—and some of them with their noses and lips eaten off as if by a strong acid; and some whose hands and feet had dropped off like overripe plums; and some whose whole bodies were covered by evil running sores; and some who had lost their sanity and were like savage animals.

Ten years of daily resignation, daily servitude, daily sacrifice.

Ten years during which gradually —not that he was aware of it, of the change in him—he attained an attitude toward his own individuality, his own life, that might best be described as impersonal; or, rather, an attitude in which pity for others routed self-pity.

Ten years of renunciation; and destined, in the end, to bring him complete and uncomplaining acceptance of the Lord's inscrutable will, until it was ingrained in the very core of his being.

He did not express it that way, either to himself or to Dr. Boulanger, who had become his good friend. But one morning—that was about twelve months after his internment—in answer to the latter's question, he told him, in apologetic and slightly embarrassed explanation, that he did what he did because it was up to him to make the best of it.

"I know," said the physician. "The best, the decent, finest best for others—which is the best for yourself, for the salvation of your own soul."

"We had a preacher back home in Virginia," was Gordon's ill-natured reply, "who mouthed that sort of unctuous balderdash. Kindly get it through your head that I'm not considering others. I don't give a good G. d. for all the lepers between here and China."

"That so?"

"You bet that's so! I'm no early Christian martyr. But I've got to keep busy, or else I'd go nuts. I'd go nuts—with thinking. I don't *want* to think—see?"

HE did not want to think—of Yvonne; of the hopelessness of his quest. Yvonne separated from him by life—he was sure she was alive—not by death.

Better—he reflected again and again—to be separated from the one you love by the gulf of death than by the unfathomable gulf of life. Death at least was a fact. One could not deny this fact, could not argue with it, could not alter it. It was less a heartache than the memory of a heartache. But live things, live people whom one loved and had lost gave your heartache no rest.

That's why he worked ceaselessly at any task, the humblest, the most menial, the most repugnant, from morning until evening—to keep from thinking.

But what about the nights?

The long hours, the lone hours, the gray hours of night. Sleepless hours as often as not. Empty hours that all the tiredness of body and mind could not fill. Hours of bare existence, as cold and absolute as the far stars. Gaunt static hours that shouted their might-have-been; shouted their desire, their tenderness, their despair.

Hours filled with thoughts of Yvonne. . . .

And he did not want to think of her. Was afraid to think of her.

Yet as, day by day, through pity for others, self-pity left him, so did his fear of thinking—until finally, at night, in bed, he welcomed the thought of Yvonne, hugged it close

She can give you the "right number" for soothing jangled nerves

SITTING at a telephone switchboard eight hours a day is far from the world's easiest job. You must be fast and accurate . . . ever on the alert. You can't lose your temper nor your poise even though you're called upon to put up with all kinds of people.

So you'll find that telephone operators, during their 20-minute rest periods and also at luncheon, usually drink coffee. And for these very good reasons—scientific reasons:

Coffee brightens the mental faculties . . . improves judgment and self-control. It takes the strain off taut nerves . . . increases physical endurance by removing the very cause of fatigue.

So apart from the fact that there's sheer pleasure in a cup of coffee, there are excellent reasons why you should make it a part of every meal. Research shows that coffee's pleasant pick-up lasts only two hours with 97 out of 100 people.* So you can enjoy coffee in the evening and enjoy a good night's sleep too.

*Medical authority on request

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RIGHT or WRONG?

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COFFEE SHARPENS THE MIND

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

For centuries, the greatest writers and scholars have turned to coffee for inspiration. And now scientific writers say that coffee sharpens the analytical faculties, increases the flow of ideas, enlivens conversation. Check "Right" above.

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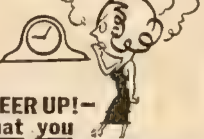
It is true that coffee is stimulating, but this stimulation lasts only two hours. And, unlike most other stimulants, coffee does not pick you up only to let you down later. Check "Wrong" above.

DID THE BOY FRIEND STAND YOU UP?



CHEER UP!—What you need is another cup of coffee!

REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough—a heaping tablespoonful to each cup

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to his heart, the memory of her stealing over him with a sweetness that was deep and marvelous—and with a bitterness that was gall and wormwood.

If he could see her again, just once, and pour out to her the tale of his love! The tale of his whole life! The full tale. The good as well as the evil—down to his last sin. To show her his naked quivering soul. To say to her:

"This is I! Gordon McArdle!"

And then to beg her to understand—and forgive—and absolve . . . because—don't you see, dear?—I love you, love you, love you—in spite of everything. . . .

Yes! Thinking of her. And wondering:

Is *she* thinking of me—*ever?* And thinking—dear Lord!—how?

Not knowing—how could he?—that Yvonne was thinking of him on that same evening, as on many and many an evening. . . .

SHE thought of him where she was, at the back of the beyond, at Chiring-Phang, the last French outpost toward the farther wilderness of Dou Van. She thought of him—and did not blame him in her thought.

Back in France, at Lamaze, she remembered, she *had* blamed him. Even before the birth of the child. She had nagged him—that was it!—nagged him, telling him shrewishly over and over that he had been the first man in her life. And how terribly he had hurt her when he had turned on her in impatience and anger, had exclaimed—so cruelly—that *somebody* had to be the first man in *any* woman's life!

That had been on the night before his regiment had been sent to the trenches. He had not returned from there. And, queerly, straight through her worry and bitter grief, the realization had come to her that she had been wrong in blaming him.

For, after all, when she had given herself to him she had been fully aware of what she was doing. And it had not been because of mere passion of the flesh. It had meant immeasurably more to her; had meant to her an ultimate and consecrated goal—to belong completely to the man she loved.

Nor had the fact that she had borne him a child out of wedlock changed her viewpoint in the slightest. It was—she had judged in her logical, fair-minded French way—her own child, and her own fault as much as his.

She had not heard from him. Not once. Perhaps he had written. But in time of war, with trains blown up, houses and whole towns destroyed, how could one know what had happened to a letter? And when later on, not long after the child's birth, she had left France, she had decided not to try to communicate with him, neither through the Red Cross nor through American army headquarters. It had not been pride. Had been, on the contrary, a sort of stubborn humility which told her that if he really loved her, he would search for her.

He must find her! It would be a proof of his love. And the good Lord God would show him the way. . . .

So she thought, there at Chiring-Phang, as she sat in the upstairs nursery—its furniture ivory white and painted with tiny rosebuds, its wallpaper showing a design of silly rococo shepherds and shepherdesses, its pink fluffy rug that was woven in a pattern of incredible puppies playing with improbable kittens.

All so gay and neat. So irrepressibly French.

Yet so nostalgically, so pathetically French—this nursery in the house of Colonel Anatole de Lubersac, the commander of the garrison; with, outside, the colorful exotic contrast of the garden, a mass of fantastic blooms, orchids and flamingo flowers and Formosa lilies, and green-and-red parrots tumbling and screeching among the frangipani trees—and, in the far distance, the stark contrast of the gray concrete walls, loopholed for musketry fire, that encircled the fort, the Tricolor flapping its gallant challenge from a smooth cedar pole, and the four heavy guns squatting aloft on the corners like hunchbacked goblins of war.

Near the window a cradle caught the evening breeze. A little boy lay in it, asleep. Yvonne rocked the cradle with her foot.

She hummed a lilting nursery tune:

> "*Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques,*
> *Dormez-vous, dormez-vous* . . .?"

Today little Jean had celebrated his third birthday. And what a birthday it had been! Such presents!

A hobbyhorse from Colonel de Lubersac. A beautiful gorgeous hobbyhorse, black, with a white tail and a scarlet-and-gold saddlecloth. And from Mme. de Lubersac dozens of toys, the pick of the Paris shops, ordered weeks in advance. And a splendid silver-glittering Tonkinese warrior's outfit in miniature from the native servants. And from Yvonne a string of delicately carved ivory rosary beads.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 44

1—Sumner Welles.
2—Stealing and excessive drinking.
3—Water.
4—Beriberi.
5—Yale, Fordham, Minnesota, and Michigan.
6—One.
7—Hurricane.
8—General Ismet Inonu, Mikhail Kalinin, and Philipp Etter.
9—The Women.
10—The campaign in 1840 of William H. Harrison who gained his nickname, "Tippecanoe," from the battle in which he first won fame.
11—Bock is made for spring consumption, lager for the year around.
12—Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.
13—Between the Austrian and Italian frontiers in the Tirol; between Poland and Ruthenia in the Carpathians; and between Poland and Czechoslovakia in the Carpathians.
14—A wagon.
15—They were hanged for participation in the assassination of Lincoln.
16—Theine.
17—The Treasury Department.
18—In the Senate, 6. In the House, 50.
19—General Thaddeus Kosciusko.
20—

Neville Chamberlain

How little Jean had laughed and clapped his hands!

Such a lovely day! All joy and happiness!

And Yvonne, sitting there, looking at him, remembered the day on which he had been born. Remembered the place: a gray cheerless room at the hospital of the Bon Secours; and Sister Clementia-Marie, the Mother Superior, telling her:

"Surely you have sinned. But sins are forgiven. They are washed clean with the Lord's blood. Or else would He have suffered death on Golgotha . . .?"

Yvonne crossed herself. And she prayed:

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us!"

Ah—she had forgiven Gordon long, long ago; though—she repeated to herself—there had been nothing to forgive. Not really. His fault no more than hers. His child no more than hers. *Their* child!

If he could see their child! He would love their little Jean as she loved him. . . .

SHE got up from her knees.

Very carefully she lifted a corner of the thin blanket that covered Jean. There was, on his left shoulder, a strawberry-shaped birthmark.

She loved that small birthmark. She blessed it.

It had been her grail and guerdon when she had returned to the place back of the Bon Secours where, a few weeks earlier, she had rung the little bell, and the wicket had opened, a crib had appeared, and she had put the child inside. To lose it, supposedly, forever? Well, she had decided in her hardheaded French way, she would not give up so easily.

So she had applied for employment at the infant asylum. They had hired her as a scrubwoman to work in the huge nursery.

Dozens of babies there. All frighteningly alike in their white cots, beneath their little white blankets. A hopeless task to find her son. But she had kept her eyes open for the strawberry-shaped birthmark.

Then one morning—and oh, her guardian angel must have smiled on her! Yvonne had always thought—Mme. Freycourt, the general supervisor, had come in with Dr. Richardoux.

"They've seen the lot," the supervisor had told him, "and they insist on No. 357. . . ."

When Yvonne at last finds her baby what is the reason for her flight to Indo-China? Is Gordon's search for her to begin again under more favorable circumstances? What will his ten years of renunciation mean in the end? Next week's Liberty will bring you a new and startling turn in this wonderful novel.

He had been "keeping company" with the blonde sister of a crook named Lefty.

"OLD WHISKERS" AND THE Gunmen

A TRUE TALE OF THE F.B.I.

The ironic case of five bank robbers assisted by some obliging citizens with itching palms

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ST. CHARLES, Illinois, lying on the lazy banks of the tiny Fox River, is as peaceful a suburb as one can find in an hour's motoring from the Chicago lake front.

A skywriter, gazing down from his airplane on its broad thoroughfares and velvet lawns, might well choose as his slogan, It Can't Happen Here.

Perhaps some such thought was in the mind of the cashier of the St. Charles National Bank as he walked briskly along the town's unawakened main street in the early morning of January 31, 1936, and turned the key, as he had so many hundreds of times before, in the bank's big front door.

The time was 7.50 A. M. In ten more minutes the automatic locks on the bank's strongboxes would turn so the doors could be opened and the little packages of bills and coins taken into the tellers' cages to be ready for the business of the day.

" Hold up your hands! "

The cashier couldn't see the face of the man in the shadows. For one thing, there was the handkerchief which he held over his features with a hamlike left hand; and for another thing, there was the automatic revolver which lodged clammily on the bridge of his nose and impeded both his vision and his peace of mind.

" Close your eyes! "

A heavy paw descended on his shoulder. The cold snout of the revolver whirled from nose to nape. Propelled across the familiar floor, he found himself in what *was* the customers' room but was now a prison cell. On the rug, bound and gagged, lay the janitor of the building.

Two more men, armed with sawed-off shotguns, took the newcomer in charge. The first man went back to his duties as receptionist.

In the next ten minutes all the other employees of the bank arrived for duty. Each received the same greeting, the same binding, the same gagging. Depositors, arriving later, found them stretched out side by side in the secluded customers' room.

At 8.15, Blackie, Big Jerry, the Drummer, Little Sneeze, and Jiggs left with the contents of the safe.

Blackie's name is put first for two reasons: First, because *he* would put it that way; and, second, because his was the first trail picked up by John Edgar Hoover and the Federal Bureau of Investigation in a masterly demonstration of effective detective work, which landed Blackie, Big Jerry, the Drummer, Little Sneeze, Jiggs, and three accomplices in jail.

The G-men came upon Blackie through a crisp new one-dollar bill. Blackie had a lot of them. He peeled this particular one, when he made a

Five of the eight caught in the G-men's net after the robbery of the St. Charles National Bank. From left to right they are: Fred Hansen, Philip Dimenza, John Sullivan, Percy Rehm, and James J. Kobart.

small purchase in a Chicago store, from a huge roll, at which the man behind the counter gazed, popeyed.

After Blackie went out and the shopkeeper's eyes had resumed their normal stance, the sight of those notes remained a vivid memory.

There never were so many new one-dollar bills in one place, thought the storeman, except in a bank.

When he took his story to the authorities, the G-men agreed with him.

The pursuit of the gang was especially difficult because the victims were given little opportunity in the midwinter dimness of the bank's interior to see the faces of their captors. The greeter at the front door was vaguely described as thickset and oily, with a braggadocio manner. The others were shadowy figures, unremembered and, so, unrecognizable.

Nevertheless a thorough search was made of what the F. B. I. calls its General Appearance File, containing photographs of all known bank robbers, in the hope, which at best was scant, of finding a gang of hoodlums corresponding to the vague descriptions furnished by the boys on the customers' room floor.

Frequently, in these investigations, the speech of the gangsters automatically narrows the field of search. If, for example, it is an Italian mob, all other-language gangsters are immediately eliminated. But this gang was polyglot: Italian, Jewish, Irish, Danish. Therefore all Midwest gangdom, its length and breadth, its height and depth, was the far-flung battle area facing Hoover and his men.

For once, too, the fingerprint reinforcements failed to execute their usually effective flank attack. The crooks had left no fingerprints. Obviously they weren't amateurs.

This, and the fact that a fat sloppy Italian with a brash manner and an oily skin—corresponding in the rough to the hold-'em-up, close-'em-up St. Peter at the St. Charles bank gate—had flashed a roll of new one-dollar bills, constituted the sum total of nourishment which the G-men were able to extract from their preliminary investigations.

It was enough.

Blackie, although his right name and place of residence seemed to be a secret of the deepest dye, was not unknown in underworld society. He considered himself quite a beau.

Lately he had been "keeping company" with the blonde sister of a crook named Lefty, currently a guest of the State of Illinois at Joliet.

Surveillance at the girl's home did not produce the expected result. The thug Romeo, being momentarily in the money, was apparently parking his passions elsewhere. But the fact that Lefty, brother of his former flame, was alleged to have been a member of a notorious prohibition gang went a long way toward orientating Blackie.

Investigation now led to what was until recently a tavern at 1503 West Nineteenth Street, Chicago.

The former proprietor stated under questioning that the person known as Blackie had been seen frequently in his tavern in company with a man whom he knew only as Big Jerry; that, as a matter of fact, they had been there on the evening preceding the bank robbery at St. Charles. On being shown the Bureau's photographs of known criminals with a robbery record, mine host picked out an ex-convict named Fred Hansen as Big Jerry.

Big Jerry Hansen, standing six feet two in his calluses, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds (not one of which was fat), was polished until he shone by artists sartorial and tonsorial, bland of mien and gracious of manner, and might well have passed as president of the banks he robbed.

More important, however, than his appearance or manner, in the eyes of the Bureau's special agents, was the fact set forth in their Washington files that Big Jerry had formerly lived in St. Charles, Illinois.

From the beginning the G-men and the Chicago police, who co-operated in the investigation, had been at a loss to explain how the robbers got into the bank. There was no sign of door or window having been forced, no evidence of a struggle. Some one must have unlocked the door for them and let them in. An inside job. Yet the only employees who had keys were seemingly above suspicion. Now, with a former St. Charles man involved in the situation, inquiry among his former neighbors and friends might reveal the point of contact between the gang and the bank.

St. Charles citizens, they found, remembered well the big handsome boy who, in spite of his present manicured sophistication, had once operated a blacksmith's shop in that lovely city on the Fox. They remembered, too, that in the weeks before the bank affair he had dropped back into town to renew old acquaintance with—of all people!—a policeman.

John Gordon was not a member of the St. Charles Police Department. He was one of several uniformed officers hired by the merchants and business establishments of the town—including the robbed bank—to supplement the activities of the town's good but small regular force.

The man's reputation, so far as integrity went, was excellent. His only weakness seemed to be a tendency to go a little too strong on the alcohol. Even in his cups, though, Gordon was hardly the man who would associate with crooks or conspire to rob a bank.

Certain facts, on the other hand, were indisputable. Hansen had been friendly with Gordon back in the village blacksmith days. He had had several meetings with him in St. Charles just prior to the robbery.

This association of an ex-convict, who had served terms for robbery and had once been arrested and charged with murder, with the special policeman hired to protect the robbed bank was, to put it modestly, mysterious. The F. B. I. decided to look into it.

Meanwhile the former host of the inn on West Nineteenth Street was talking again. He stated that the real name of Blackie was Philip Dimenza, and that under that name he maintained—somewhat intermittently—a home in Chicago for a wife and two children.

First off, knowing Blackie's habits, the G-men might have considered his own home the last place to look for him. The pinched faces of his wife and babies testified clearly to the man's neglect. But husbands whose wives are good laundresses eventually come home to change their shirts.

February 12, less than two weeks after the St. Charles bank robbery, Philip Dimenza, still riding high and handsome while his family starved, arrived in a taxicab in front of his home, and was promptly gathered by the Federal Bureau of Investigation to its official bosom.

Blackie was a very cheap crook really, hardly more than a punk, who had built himself up by persistent propaganda until many of his underworld associates and he himself were convinced that he was a desperate criminal. He had been arrested once on an extortion charge and convicted by the lower court; but the decision was reversed on appeal. The Bureau's files revealed no other tussles with the law.

The man's mentality, quite as much as his experience, indicated that he was not the moving spirit in the carefully executed plan to take the St. Charles National Bank. The inside of his head was as fat as the outside. And that was *some* fat. And the tip-off on Dimenza's mentality was that, in spite of his flabby cheeks, hunched shoulders, enormous buttocks, and short, waddling legs, he fancied himself a cross between his famous fellow countrymen, Romeo Montague and Benito Mussolini.

No, Blackie as the leader of a mob just didn't add up. Doubtless he had been given the job of shouting commands at the door to satisfy his vanity, which was limitless. But he had one quality which endeared him to his captors: he was articulate. He loved to talk, especially about himself and his exploits. His participation in a bank robbery which commanded headlines in the great Chicago papers was, to his lame brain, something of which to be inordinately proud. At first he was leery about mentioning names, but when faced with his known association with Hansen and their meeting at the inn, he came through with a complete roster of personnel.

THE idea of the robbery, as the F. B. I. men had long suspected, was Hansen's. Big Jerry had become acquainted with Dimenza over drinks at the tavern, and picked on him as a likely punk to do leg work in rounding up the raiding crew. In this capacity Blackie had interested two underworld characters who were known to him, he said, only as Steve and Dago Lou, both of whom subsequently withdrew from the enterprise because bank robbery "was a federal rap."

Parenthetically, it should be noted that none of John Edgar Hoover's many services to the cause of law enforcement outranks the distaste, which amounts almost to abhorrence, that hoodlums now have for participating in criminal practices covered by the federal statutes and therefore subject to G-man investigation. The number of crooks who still go in for kidnaping and bank robbery has shrunk to a handful; and these have the greatest difficulty in getting pals to assist them in their work. The best kind of crime prevention is still law enforcement—of the F. B. I. type.

So Steve and Dago Lou backed out, and, after a search extending over six weeks' time, Hansen's ambassador of ill will landed Sam (the Drummer) Bongiorno, Leo (Little Sneeze) Friedman, and John (Jiggs) Sullivan. Friedman and Bongiorno were both gentlemen of the old school of Chicago banditry. Sullivan, a plain punk, was cut in on the deal as a St. Charles con-

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, stars of the Boris Morros-RKO Radio Production, "The Flying Deuces", are bewildered, as usual – this time by . . .

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tact man—and his contact, according to Blackie, was not Merchant Policeman Gordon but another local law-enforcement officer, Special Deputy Sheriff James Jacob Kobart.

Dimenza then climaxed all the other climaxes of his story by implicating another citizen of St. Charles, a member of the town's Vigilante Committee, Florist Percy Raymond Rehm.

Here was a situation which, if Blackie's story was true, showed an attempt to bottle up local agencies by an organized band of criminals in advance of the commission of a crime.

Finally Dimenza was persuaded to tell about the plan worked out by Big Jerry for the St. Charles affair. On the day before the robbery he and Hansen had personally purchased seven or eight large blue handkerchiefs and some small rubber balls and rubber bands to be used in fabricating the gags. At a drugstore they also purchased two zipper bags in which to carry the loot from the bank, and a plentiful supply of ammunition to fit guns of various types.

LITTLE SNEEZE FRIEDMAN owned a couple of machine guns which he brought on the trip; and Blackie, not to be outdone, weighed in with his private arsenal, which consisted at the time of nine pistols, two 16-gauge double-barreled sawed-off shotguns, a .30-.30 rifle, and a .25-caliber rifle of Austrian manufacture. The others also came adequately equipped. Then, after counting noses and nozzles at the inn, they sallied forth in two "hot" cars along the wide straight road to St. Charles.

It was early morning but still dark when they pulled up at Special Deputy Sheriff Kobart's place, which he operated as a combination private residence and small hotel. Here they parked their automobiles and proceeded on foot to the bank. Little could be learned from Dimenza as to how they gained their entrance.

"I guess it was open," he said vaguely.

Apparently he had been trusted with few of the major secrets of the enterprise. Slicker Hansen attended to whatever contacts had been necessary with townsfolk other than Jiggs Sullivan's with his old friend Kobart. Blackie could also tell very little about Percy Rehm's connection with the case, or what part, if any, Merchant Policeman Gordon had played.

The special agents and the Chicago officers kept Dimenza's arrest quiet. All that happened, so far as Blackie's pals were concerned, was that he went home to change his shirt and failed to return to his usual haunts. And of course, when he continued to absent himself, his friends naturally dropped by to make inquiries.

Acting as emergency hosts, the G-men were thus able to entertain various individuals who were not connected with the St. Charles affair but whose whereabouts was of decided interest to the G-men's colleagues, the Chicago police. Prominent among these worthies was Big Sneeze, brother of the Little Sneeze who owned the two machine guns.

During the two days that the agents were maintaining their surveillance at Dimenza's house, about twenty small-time hoodlums and politicians were arrested for questioning. Most of them were found to have criminal records.

Under the circumstances, therefore, it would probably be only a matter of hours before members of the St. Charles gang would join the motley parade. And sure enough, on February 13, the day following Blackie's arrest, in walked the Drummer and Little Sneeze and the big boy in person, that distinguished-looking bankerish-looking eighth of a ton, Frederick T. Hansen.

All attempts to fit the last-named giant with handcuffs failed utterly. No handcuffs made were large enough to incase the former blacksmith's mighty wrists, which were of the size of an ordinary man's thigh. Leg irons were finally pressed into service.

Meanwhile, out in St. Charles, strangers had been calling on Messrs. Kobart, Rehm, and Gordon.

Special officer Kobart was found in his place of business. Found there also was a veritable arsenal, including a rifle made in Austria and a 16-gauge double-barreled shotgun.

In the pretty little flower shop of Percy Rehm were found, besides Rehm, menaces to society in the form of rifles, pistols, and ammunition.

KOBART proved to be a fairly decent-looking small-time-politician type. He admitted having known Johnny (Jiggs) Sullivan for a number of years, and seemed to have a fairly extensive acquaintance with similar characters—but he had no ascertainable criminal record of his own prior to his entry into this case.

Sullivan, he said, brought a party of friends to his place in the early hours of the morning of the robbery. The men left on foot, as Dimenza had stated, carrying with them two zipper bags. A short time later, still carrying the bags, they returned, and went upstairs to a room they had hired. After approximately an hour they came downstairs again. Each man had in his hand a huge roll of bills.

"Go upstairs," Kobart said one of the thugs told him, "and you'll find your share."

His "share," he found upon investigation, was $250 in fifty-cent pieces, which he kept. His guests had by this time driven away in the getaway cars. Even after all the excitement about the bank robbery, it never occurred to him, he said, that his nocturnal visitors might have been mixed up in the affair. Neither had it occurred to him, as a law-enforcement officer, to tell anybody about the $250 rental he had received for two hours' use of a room.

The G-men took him into custody.

Florist Percy Raymond Rehm was himself on the flower side, a small pallid effeminate. He was, he said, a vigilante, and by reason of such service was commissioned a special deputy sheriff. He was also, he explained, an " amateur " collector of firearms. As a final touch of irony, he stated that it was in his shop that there rang the robbery alarm which was designed to bring the town's vigilantes running to the defense of the St. Charles National Bank.

Hansen, whom Rehm said he had known for twenty-five years, had been quick to find out about the alarm. Then, with the promise of a share in the loot, he persuaded Rehm to try to find out more about the other protective devices in the bank, the habits of the employees, and the hour for which the time locks on the vaults were set.

Naturally, a local tradesman who was also a vigilante had little trouble in securing a fair share of this information by becoming a frequent visitor to the bank, and using his eyes and ears. One device that he used to justify his presence was to call on the cashier for the apparent purpose of selling him some plants. By such means, Vigilante and Special Deputy Sheriff Rehm " cased the joint " so thoroughly that Hansen and his men, once they were inside the doors, knew the place as they knew their own homes.

Meet the man with six " wives "—whose high-sounding aliases could not conceal him from the G-men! Another true tale of the F. B. I.—coming in an early issue.

But how did they get inside?

That was the question to which Merchant Policeman John Edward Gordon, found on the main street in full uniform and also in his cups, held the answer. He, as merchants' policeman, had a key which opened the door of the St. Charles National Bank, and under threat of death, so he said, he had given the key to Big Jerry.

Well, the G-men had them all now, except the punk, Johnny Sullivan. Hansen, Dimenza, and Bongiorno got twenty-two years and $4,000 fines. Friedman, who pleaded guilty, got off with ten years. Kobart, Gordon, and Rehm, the tipsters, none of whom had previous criminal records, received sentences of from four to six months for their deviation from the path of virtue.

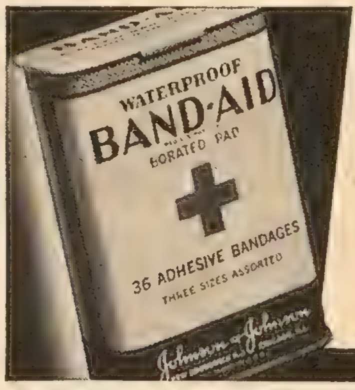
Jiggs Sullivan supplied the tag line. Hoover and his G-men caught up with him at 4.15 A. M., August 2, 1936, in a tavern at Cedar Lake, Kent, Indiana. Jiggs, a five-feet-fiver, who in his larger moments loved to assume the classic name of John L. Sullivan, had received upward of $2,000 for his part in the St. Charles job. He had left just $60.86. A seventeen-year prison term—which he subsequently got—stretched before him.

" I know one thing," muttered a very much cowed John L. Sullivan, " if I ever get out of the pen, I'll leave Old Whiskers alone."

Old Whiskers, as you probably know, is underworld for Uncle Sam!

THE END

WATCH OUT, MOTHER! If that knife slips, the goblins may not get you but germs might! After the hurt is properly treated, Band-Aid will help protect it . . . help keep dirt out. For Band-Aid is a neat, ready-made adhesive bandage. Stick it on . . . and it stays on—even on hard-to-bandage surfaces. Get *genuine Band-Aid.* Made only by Johnson & Johnson. Look for the red cross on the package.



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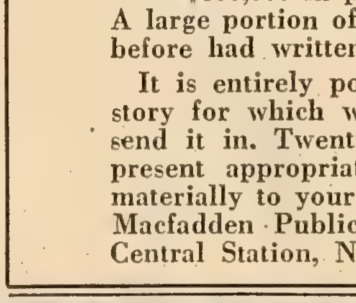


Cold make breathing difficult? Nose feel "clamped in a clothespin?" Put a Luden's in your mouth. As it dissolves it releases cool menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps relieve clogged nasal passages, unclamp "clothespin nose!"

HOW FOREIGN NATIONS POISON OUR MINDS

Further revelations from Herbert Hoover's library of propaganda during the last war. They're at it again!

BY WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

During the World War, belligerents flooded the United States with both brazen and subtle propaganda. They are doing it again. In past articles Mr. Irwin has given examples of the propaganda loosed from 1914 until we entered the war—examples gathered from the 160,000 books, 6,000,000 documents, and 10,000,000 other items in the Hoover Library of War, Revolution, and Peace at Stanford University. Now he describes the 1939 brand with which we are being bombarded today.

WHEN you are preparing to steal a country or to secure its "friendship," begin by tinkering with its internal affairs. "Divide and rule." That is Adolf Hitler's system. His plays are written in Mein Kampf for all the world to see.

Send your agents to organize disorganization—to set class against class. Create or encourage a faction among the natives favorable to your ends. When this process has gone far enough, precipitate trouble. Then your minority faction, the only one which knows exactly where it is going, may seize the power—exactly as Hitler's German Nazis did in 1933, or the Russian Bolsheviki in 1917. Use as a major weapon in fighting toward these objectives raw, persistent propaganda. Here, make falsity your creed. Remember that a lie well stuck to becomes history. Iteration, iteration, reiteration—and presently millions will accept it as gospel.

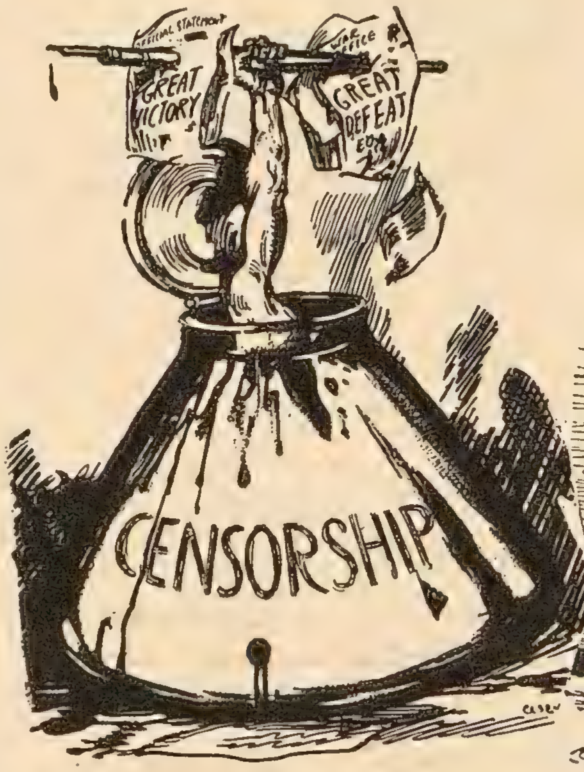
By this formula Hitler has tried to create in foreign lands a faction which will tend to paralyze action in case of war.

Make no mistake about it, the United States is on his list. The Nazis know that in the present war the sympathies of the United States lean strongly toward France and Britain. They know that in the pinch we may behave again as we did in 1917. And so for five years they have been working among us on a well considered scheme and at a constantly increasing pace.

The Kaiser's propagandists of 1914 used the German-Austrian element among us as a nucleus. The Nazi propagandist of 1939 has added to the Germans new elements like the nationalistic faction among the Italians, the White Russians, and part of the Ukrainians.

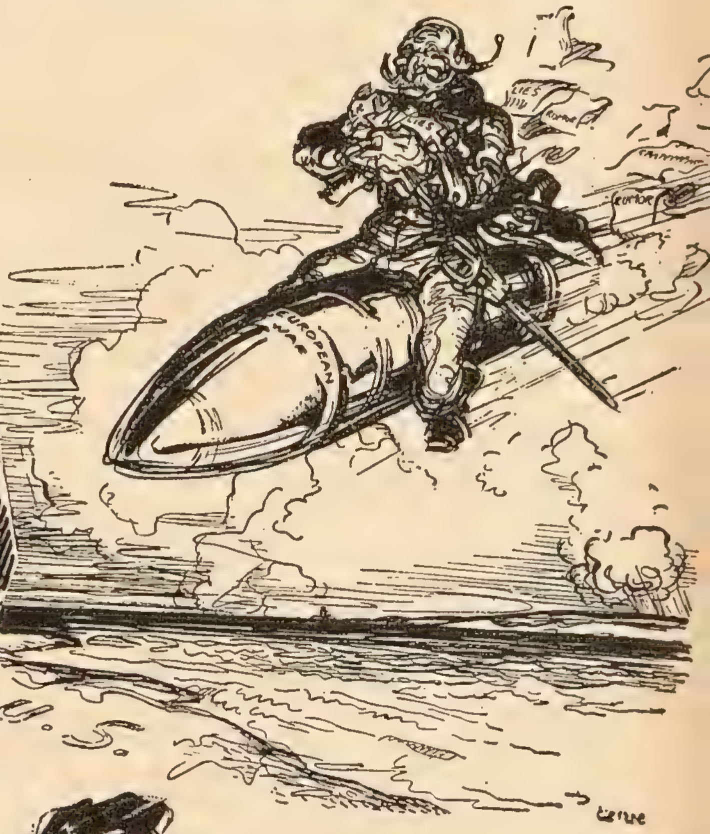
And he has made full use of the tried and true hate rouser which he employed in his own revolution—the Jewish-Communist plot.

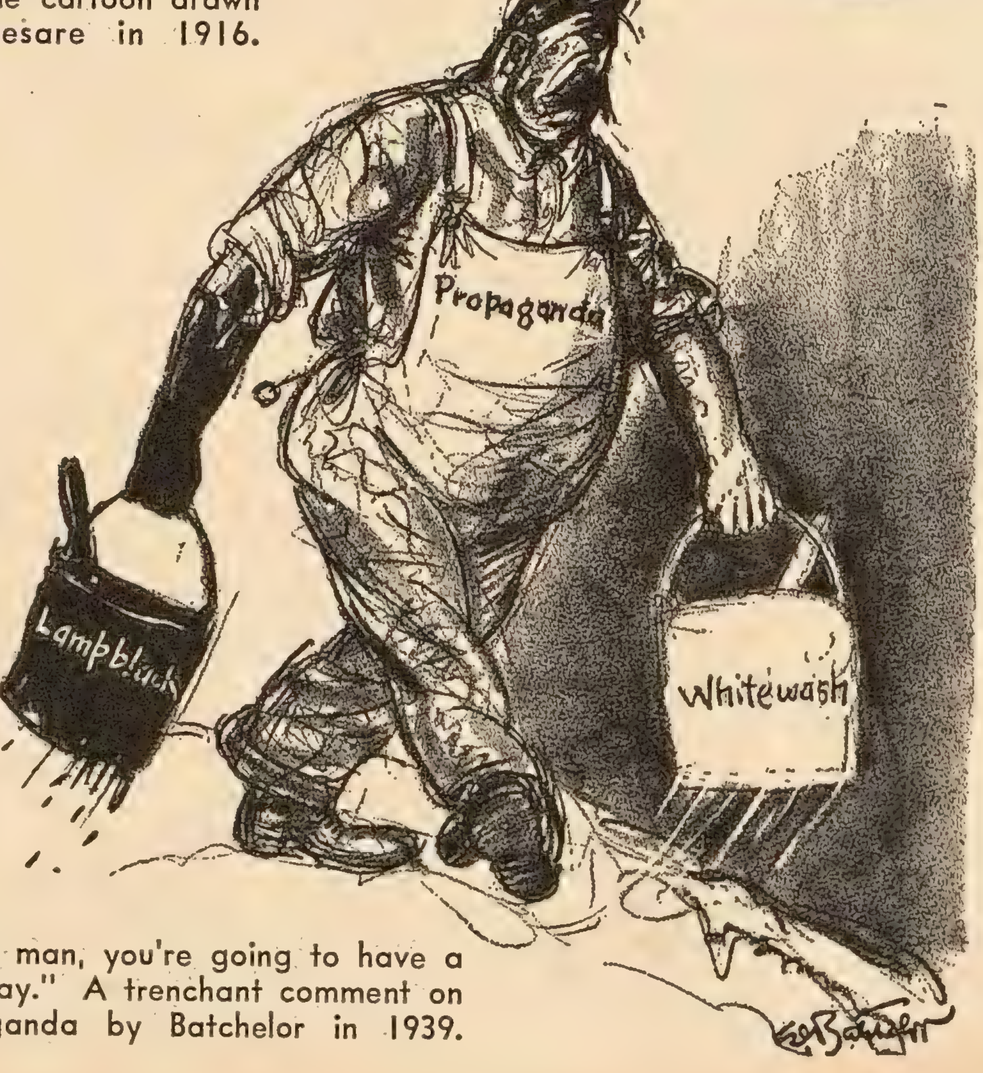
The background was already half prepared. In tinkering with our domestic affairs for foreign ends, Russia had anticipated Germany. As early as 1920, the Third International at Moscow organized a party here, and flooded us with propaganda calculated to inspire a violent revolution. They made so much noise that conservatives took fright and began to organize defensive societies. Some of these, more noisy than even the Reds, convinced large elements in our population that Communism was an immediate menace. Many aliens marched in the ranks of the Reds, including Polish and Russian Jews. The United States had never known organized anti-Semitism. But the rise and fall of the Ku Klux Klan had proved that the excitable, romantic, and narrow-minded would respond to



"What is truth?" A wartime cartoon drawn by Cesare in 1916.

Münchausen: another of Cesare's brilliant World War pictures.





© Daily News, New York.

"Little man, you're going to have a busy day." A trenchant comment on propaganda by Batchelor in 1939.

FIGHTING WITH LIES:
The Nightmare of Anti-Semitism

a propaganda based on religion or race. And so, after a time, the Nazis settled down to the same policy by which they warmed up Germany, with the exception that so far as possible they used sympathetic native Canadians and Americans as their active and apparent agents.

The set-up consists of Herr Goebbels' Department of Enlightenment and Propaganda, three subsidiary organizations supported by the German government to create and spread anti-Semitic literature, and about 800 societies, small and large, in the United States. Many of these are one-man shows working from small towns. Others, like William Dudley Pelley's Silver Shirts, boast a large membership and much prosperity.

Nazi propaganda in Germany keeps a constant stream of English-language pamphlets flowing into the United States. The system of distribution is well organized. In every important center works a kind of circulation manager, usually a German or German-American. His main concern is getting together mailing lists of persons who might be influenced. Here German organizations like the well advertised Bund serve him as feeders. When the literature arrives, he wraps and mails it. Mailing lists are, indeed, a main concern of the management in Berlin. Germans in the United States on temporary business or students attending our universities, are expected by their government to assemble lists of persons who have shown sympathy for the Nazi scheme or aversion for Jews. Indeed, exchange scholars must, before leaving Germany, take a course in propaganda.

Some of these 800 native societies owe their organization and their leadership to men who have fallen in love with the Nazi scheme; some to fanatical and frightened haters of Jews and Communists who believe that, democracy being finished, we must choose between the German plan and the Russian; some to virtual racketeers who profit by the sale of pamphlets to the terrified rich. Many of the leaders constantly visit Germany. But these merely personal contacts have no importance in comparison with the fact that the American literature, as expressed in pamphlets and periodicals, derives straight from the inventions and exaggerations of the German Nazis.

Chief invention of all is the Protocols of Zion, allegedly a platform for world Jewry adopted and sworn to by the first Jewish Congress at Basel, Switzerland, in 1897. This long document describes a blood-curdling plot to destroy Western civilization by trickery and fraud and to establish Jewish rule over the wreckage. Actually, the Protocols goes back to a book written by a Frenchman, Maurice Joly, which set forth the revolting methods by which a certain tyrant—meaning Napoleon III—intended to gobble up the world. It was a propagandist of the Czarist government who put it forth as an extract from the minutes of the aforesaid Zionist Congress of 1897.

One who has swallowed the Protocols will not gag at minor fictions, some of which, with their refutation, follow.

"The Jews own the controlling interest in the British press. That is why it is so pro-Jewish." No Jew owns any important British paper.

"They control American journalism. All the New York daily newspapers and ninety per cent of the others are owned by Jews." Jews own just two of the seven important newspapers in New York—the Times and the Post. In the country as a whole Jews own daily newspapers, in units or small strings, having a daily circulation of 1,400,000. Gentiles own dailies with 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 circulation. The two greatest American chains are the Scripps-Howard and the Hearst. The men represented by these names are all of American colonial stock.

Today thinking Americans are asking, How can we tell truth from propaganda? Next week Mr. Irwin gives an answer.

"They own all the banks. They control international banking." Considering the traditional skill of the race in matters of money, their stake in banking is surprisingly small. None of the dominant American banks or groups of banks is headed or controlled by a Jew. Jews own two or three of our international banking firms. These are by no means the most important.

From these fundamental untruths the Nazi propaganda, direct and indirect, has woven the main substance of its fabric. However, various subfalsehoods deserve attention, such as the tendency to label any doughty opponent as a Jew. Among the recipients of this honor are Ambassador William C. Bullitt (descended on his mother's side from the family of George Washington), Dorothy Thompson (a mixture of old American-English stock and "Nordic" German), Heywood Broun (same origins), J. P. Morgan (recent English descent, the family a pillar of the Episcopal Church), the late Colonel E. M. House (you don't say!), A. M. Landon (American colonial stock), and Frances Perkins (I know some of her Massachusetts family; they are as Yankee as Boston baked beans). To cap the climax, one propagandist has "proved" that the original American Roosevelt was a Jew, which explains why his descendant, Franklin D., is trying to strangle us with the Protocols of Zion. That, if true, makes him one five hundred and twelfth Jewish.

Some of the societies playing the Nazi game over here are concerned mostly with fighting Communism, go lightly on the Jewish argument, and have no touch with simon-pure German propaganda. Others are gunning for the Roosevelt administration, making capital of the Jews and known radicals in the government bureaus and drawing farfetched inferences. On the other hand stand leaders who profess almost openly their intention of uniting all the Fascist forces of the United States, as soon as they can agree on a Führer, and working to establish totalitarian government in the United States.

They are flooding the mails with their literature. Competent authorities have estimated that six million Americans—mostly adults, of course—are under the spell of these ideas. That exceeds the number of Jews of all ages in the United States.

But the driving force behind this propaganda proceeds from Germany and is only a manifestation of European Power politics at work. It is as much a part of the Nazi program for "national defense" as the Hindenburg Line. Probably it runs deeper than we know.

They're all after us again. The British, as is traditional in their diplomacy, are painting in a background. That likable couple the King and Queen did not visit the United States just to eat a hot dog at Hyde Park. They have not interfered with our domestic affairs as yet; probably they never will. The British diplomat produces his effects by subtler methods. The Russians and the Germans, on the other hand, are fighting, as the Germans did in the World War, by the tactics of disruption—setting class against class, race against race. Last time, the fine steel of the British plan broke the crude iron of the German. But this is a more violent age than the halcyon period that ended in 1914, and the brutal method may succeed next time.

Let's not be suckers again!

THE END

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HERE IS THE WORDS Within Words GAME

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. APPL'D FOR

$2,000 IN CASH PRIZES

Your Chance to Win Is Still Excellent

START YOUR ENTRY WITHOUT DELAY!

THE RULES

1. The contest will run for ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated December 16, 1939.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters: the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Funk & Wagnall's New Unabridged Standard Dictionary is the official reference authority for this contest. Any English word, including proper nouns, appearing in this dictionary under the letters A to Z inclusive may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word, i.e., if T appears in the key word three times it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word. Combining and other variable forms not specifically appearing as complete words in the above-mentioned section will not be considered. Tables of whatever nature in the appendix are not authority for this contest.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the diagonal lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of ten is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, Each $5. Neatness will count. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Friday, December 29, 1939, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

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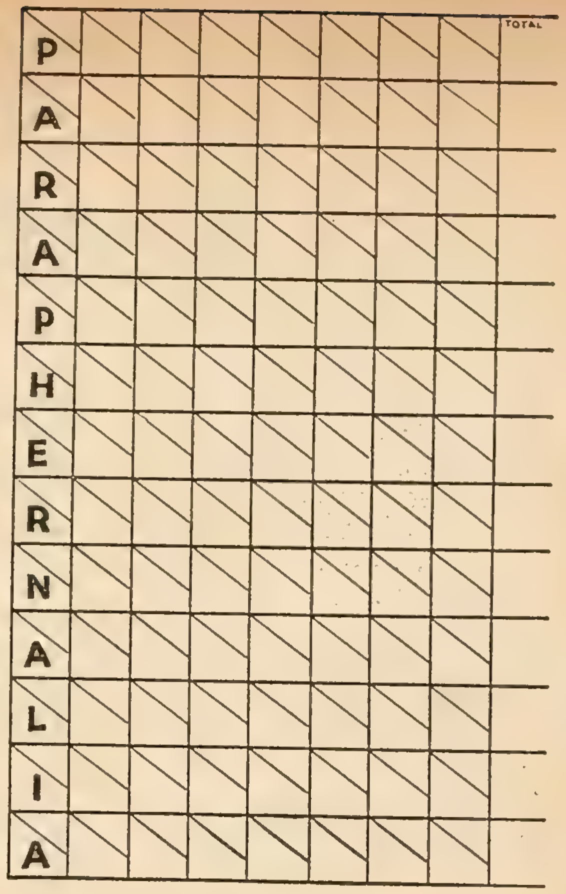


DIAGRAM No. 3, Total.......

◆

NOT only can you find words within words in this interesting game but you have an excellent opportunity to find prize money in the same source! There is still time to start a winning entry. Read the Rules for complete instructions on how to play to win. In summary, words of not more than eight letters are formed from the letters appearing in the key word at the left. A letter may be used in each horizontal word only as many times as it appears in the key word. Each time a letter is used it increases in scoring value by one point. Obviously, the more times a letter is used in accordance with the Rules, the higher your final score will be. By all means try your word-building skill if you have not already entered. Even if you miss the prize list, the fun you'll have had will amply repay you for the time, and there's always the possibility that you may capture the main prize! Worth a try, isn't it? Hold Diagram No. 3 when you have completed it.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you missed the first two contest diagrams you can obtain reprints upon written request to the contest address in Rule 5, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Upon each late-entry reprint will be reproduced a completely worked-out diagram illustrating how to fill in the horizontal words and compute the score.

PHIL BERRY 39

"Oh, Eddie, you wouldn't know him. He's so big. And he's got six teeth. And—"

NEWSPAPERMAN

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Marie, Eddie's wife, died of influenza in the fall of 1918, when little Eddie was a few months past a year old. Eddie Senior tried to forget his sorrow in dissipation.

That was before he knew Mildred Frisby, a lovely young reporter on his newspaper. Mildred made him think of Marie, and as the weeks passed he found himself falling in love with her.

At first Mildred refused to marry him. She admitted she loved him, but told him she suffered from a weakness in her back which kept her in constant pain. She would only make him unhappy. He persisted, however, and at last she gave in.

After the baby came—another boy—Eddie got a chance to go to Mexico and work on the Tampico Tribune. Mildred agreed to go with him. But before they left, Captain Patterson of the Chicago Tribune approved an idea of Eddie's for a school of journalism for Tribune men, and asked Eddie to go ahead and start it.

PART EIGHT—MEXICO AND HOLLYWOOD

THE year 1920 had exhausted its supply of summer days and was living on its August rations when the school of journalism was established. It was a much bigger school than I had expected it to be, thanks to Walter Dill Scott, president of Northwestern University, to whom I had appealed for help.

"I like the idea," he had said; "but why start a school for Tribune men exclusively? Why not build it for everybody eager to learn journalism? Let's call it the Joseph Medill School, in honor of the man who built up the Tribune, the grandfather of its co-owners and editors, Joseph Medill Patterson and Robert R. McCormick. Let's get all the newspapers to cooperate with us, to offer us their plants as laboratories, to lend us their star men as professors and lecturers."

The editors and publishers of all the papers welcomed the school, and agreed to help. The Tribune volunteered to finance the institution for a time. And Mr. Patterson decided I should be one of the professors.

"No, thanks, Captain," I said. "I'm going to Mexico."

Mr. Patterson remained calm.

"So. You prefer the wilds of Mexico to the pale placidity of the pedagogic precincts. I don't blame you." He thrust out a hand. "Well, good luck to you. And if you're run out of the country, come and see me."

The Tribune gave me a bonus of $1,000 for the school idea, and the local-room gang gave me a farewell dinner.

Mildred and I had moved to a flat in Crescent Place, and it was there I went immediately after the banquet.

I reeled in, fanning myself with the big check.

Mildred rushed to me, crying, "Where were you? I'm almost crazy, worrying about you." She threw her arms around me and kissed me.

I put the check in her hands and told her all that had happened. She kissed me again. "You deserve it, Eddie. You deserve everything good, even if you do taste like a distillery. Is a jag catching, darling? I'm so proud of you I feel a little drunk."

A few days later I started for Mexico. On October 16 I sailed out of Port Arthur, Texas, on the Lake Flagstaff.

We smelled Tampico long before we saw it.

High lights from the true life story of a star reporter, spiced with Irish wit, told with Irish sentiment and charm

"It's the easiest port in the world to locate," said the cook. "You just follow your nose, once you get into the gulf."

"But what a smell!"

"Oil. The lifeblood of Mexico."

We moved into the harbor and up the Panuco River just at dawn. Strange tall palms and squat little flowering trees stood up against the red-gold sky. The stream was bordered with thatched houses on stilts and lined with ships, freighters, tramps, tankers, cargo carriers from England and Germany and Japan and Norway and New York, banana boats fresh from the interior, fishing smacks and schooners, and the put-put boats of the oil company officials.

"The oil boom," said the skipper, "has made this port the greatest in the world—outside New York of course."

CHARLEY ANDERSON met me in the customs shed, a big man with a shillelagh and a smile.

"Thought you'd never get here," he greeted me. "Man, I sure need you! How'd you leave Chicago? Same old place? Know Milwaukee at all? That's my neck of the woods."

I learned later that he had been Assistant United States Attorney in Milwaukee—and the amateur heavyweight of Wisconsin.

We drove to the office in an old coach drawn by an equine skeleton.

"You'll love Tampico. It's a town of about a hundred thousand now, with maybe fifty thousand Americans and British, a few Spaniards and Germans, and the rest Mexicans. We have a circulation of around three thousand, which is just right, and all the advertising we can carry. Your job is to supply twenty columns of news each week. We get out on Saturday morning. That is, we try to. Sometimes it's Saturday night. Anyway, you can rest up all day Sunday. We print mostly business news, news of the oil fields, personals, no politics of any kind, no editorials—unless you happen to write some—and no news that involves the Mexican government or Mexican citizens."

While he talked I looked at Tampico. It was a city of glaring contrasts. Here was a native market, full of excitement, babel, and color. Here was a quiet beautiful plaza. Here was a smelly dark narrow alley. Here was a collection of shiny new five- and six-story stucco office buildings. Here a colony of pink and blue and gray dobe huts, tamale stands, and native stores—a neighborhood swarming with flies. Here were rows of trim frame homes.

"You suppose I could rent a decent house," I asked Anderson, "with a patio in it?"

Charley shook his head.

"You can't get a house for love or money down here," he said. "But we'll get you rooms somewhere."

"What about a hotel suite?" I asked. If I were going to get all the money promised me, I thought, I'd be able to afford a suite.

"Not a chance. There are only two good hotels. And I wouldn't keep a dog in one of them. The other is so crowded the manager has to put cots in the corridor—and rent out the pool and billiard tables."

We passed a number of theaters, a gambling den, a few American banks. We passed dozens of cantinas.

"Better drink beer," Anderson commented. "The water's lousy."

At the plant he introduced me to the rest of the staff: Ester, a plump and laughing Mexican woman, her son Salvador and her daughter Alta Gracia. Ester collected the money for the paper and kept the books. She also kept house for Anderson. Her daughter helped her. Salvador was our linotype operator.

There were no telephones in Tampico. It was impossible to sit in a cantina and call up news sources. A fellow had to walk all day long, except during the siesta hours. But the real hard-luck story was that most of the important news sources were on the top floors of the tall buildings. And there wasn't one elevator in the town.

The hotels helped to cut down my stair climbing. They gave me their registers so I could write items like these:

"Bogus Copus is registered at the Imperial from Panuco."

"Willy Nilly of the Aguila Company in Amatlan Tuesdayed in Tampico."

Sometimes I could get two or three columns of personals and save a lot of muscle soreness.

THE Sunday bullfights helped. I gave them plenty of space. I wrote a number of editorials, letting them run as long as they might.

It was nearly Christmas before I managed to rent a home for Mildred and the baby. It consisted of two rooms, one of them with plaster on the walls. The bathroom was outside—through the door and around the corner. But it had a shower, the only shower in that section of Tampico! The rent was one hundred dollars a month.

One hundred dollars a month would have rented a palatial suite of rooms in any apartment building in Chicago; but this wasn't Chicago. And the rent wasn't bad at all for Tampico. Not during the boom.

The rooms were furnished. There was a fairly good bed in the plastered room, a homemade chest of drawers, and a rocking chair that rocked. The other room, whose walls were made of laths chinked with something that looked like icing on a cake, contained a few old chairs, an unpainted wooden table, a cupboard, a sink, and a curious sort of cot. Some one had spiked a tough stretch of canvas to the tops of a couple of wooden horses. One pulled the horses apart, and there was the cot.

"Imagine sleeping on a thing like that!" I said.

"You better keep this," Charley Anderson advised. "You'll have guests. As soon as it gets noised about that the Dohertys have a shower, you'll have plenty of guests."

I kept the cot, and wired Mildred that all was ready for her.

She came by train, arriving at three o'clock on a January morning in 1921. Lee Shippey, then connected with the American Chamber of Commerce in Tampico, now a columnist on the Los Angeles Times and the author of many best sellers, went with me to the depot.

The train was hours late and a cold rain fell.

When the train finally arrived, I boarded it before it had stopped and rushed through the sleeping cars until I heard a baby cry.

"Mildred!" I shouted.

"Eddie! Here I am!"

She was peering out through the heavy green drapes of a lower.

"But where's the baby?" I asked. Not right away, but soon enough.

"Oh, Eddie, you wouldn't know him. He's so big. And he talks. Only nine months old and he talks! And he's got six teeth. And—"

"But where is he?"

"With mama, across the aisle. She couldn't bear to see Jack Jim go. So she came along. You don't mind, do you?"

"No. Tickled to have her. Only—Darling, do you mind sleeping between a couple of horses?"

"Dearest, are you drunk?"

I explained about the cot. She laughed. But would she laugh when she saw it? And when she saw those rooms?

Lee and I tried to prepare her for the shock.

"Tampico isn't always like this, Mrs. Doherty. Rainy, I mean. And your new home isn't really too bad. Anyway it has a shower! Of course it's unfinished and all that; but it's swell for a boom town."

"It was the best I could do, darling. It's only two rooms, sweet, but it's a home."

"I'm so glad to be with you again," Mildred whispered, "that I don't care where or how we live."

She laughed happily when she had examined the little flat. "I love it. It makes me feel like a pioneer."

SHE loved everything in Tampico, found beauty or adventure or romance in everything. She loved the little chino baby roped to a pillar in front of a Mexican grocery. "He's the only flower in our patio," she said, "and the happiest thing in the world." She loved the sight of Mexican women getting water at the communal pump or sousing their clothes in the water at the edge of the stream and paddling them white. She loved the sight of banana boats coming lazily down the stream, poled by half-naked men. She loved the soft black nights and the great stars that hung just an inch too far beyond her farthest reach.

She loved the sun and reveled in it, even during the siesta hour.

"It soaks into my shoulder and my

back," she told me once. "It eases the pain until I scarcely feel it."

"Then we'll stay here the rest of our lives," I said.

But the baby contracted scarlet fever. And there was no charm in Mexico for any of us.

The disease left a queer swelling on his neck.

"Pus," the doctor said. "I must lance that. Bring him to the American hospital at once."

I took the child in my arms and walked with him to the hospital. There were no such accommodations as one expects to see in an American hospital. There was no equipment for any sort of surgical operation. I had to hold the baby tightly while the doctor used the knife, while he drained the wound, and while he bandaged it.

"Eddie," Mildred said, as we went home, "we've got to get out. The baby'll die here if we don't."

"Yes. But your shoulder—"

"Oh, take me home. I've been a whine cat about that shoulder, but I'll never whine again. What's a little pain to Jack Jim's life?"

I TOLD Charley Anderson we were going home.

"Think it over," he said. "If you decide to stay, my offer is still good. A quarter interest in the Tribune. Upward of thirty thousand dollars a year."

"To hell with the money," I said. Charley grinned.

"Guess you're right. If I had a kid like that I'd take him home too. But you'll find it hard to leave right away. You know the town's quarantined for bubonic plague?"

I didn't know. I hadn't even suspected it. What a grand reporter I'd turned out to be!

"But, if there's a quarantine, how will we get out?"

"I don't know. The trains won't take you. Neither will the tankers. But we'll find a way."

Mildred was even more frightened than I was. "Pray, Eddie," she begged.

I shook my head. "You pray," I said. "I have no God."

I felt shamed, saying that, stripped, lost — forever — without strength. Mildred went into the other room, took the baby's hand in hers, and bent her head.

"God help us all," she said.

The following day a group of Massachusetts manufacturers, on a junket through Mexico, came into Tampico. They were leaving in a few hours for the States, and agreed to take us with them. Charley Anderson wrote me a check for five hundred "for expenses on the return trip." I cashed it and hurried home.

"If you can pack in an hour," I told Mildred, "we can start for Chicago today."

She danced with delight, stopped suddenly. "But what about the bed and the dishes and the silver I shipped from Chicago?"

"I'll fix," I volunteered. "I'll leave orders with the express company to reship everything. Keep packing."

In less than an hour we were on the train.

We left the Massachusetts junketers at Brownsville, Texas, and entrained for New Orleans. There we rented a suite in the St. Charles Hotel, and went to Antoine's for dinner.

To us, who had lived for months out of tin cans and bottles, that meal was a foretaste of eternal bliss.

"God certainly heard our prayers," Mildred said.

We sat up in bed most of that night, talking, planning for Chicago.

"Six months ago," I said, "we had five thousand dollars in the bank, a nice little flat, and a swell job. Now, when we get back to the Loop, we'll have about sixty dollars, no home, no furniture, no job."

"What of it? Are you looking for security, Eddie Doherty?"

"For you and the two boys, sure."

"Forget it. I hate security. It's so smug. And the wish to be secure—that's what makes people afraid of life, afraid of everything. That's what makes misers and thieves. Let's never try to be secure."

"O. K. Let's just try to get me a good job."

The next morning Bob Lee, city editor of the Chicago Tribune, sent me a telegram asking if I'd return to my old job for seventy-five a week.

"So the great Eddie Doherty doesn't even have to ask for a job," Mildred laughed. "It took you six months, cost you $4,940, a lot of walking in the sun, and a lot of climbing stairs, but you've done it, Eddie. You've made the Tribune give you a ten-dollar raise."

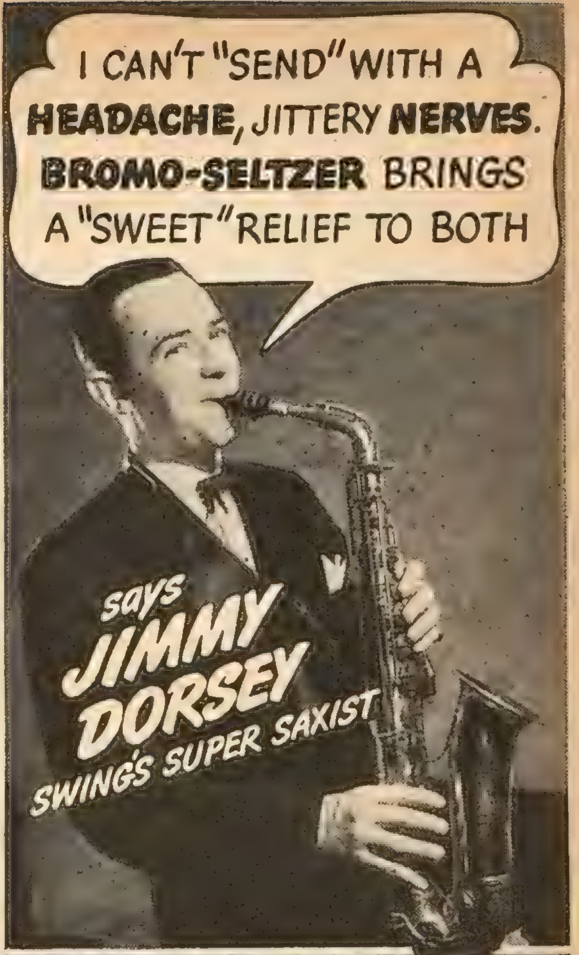
"It cost me more than that," I couldn't help saying. It took three months of you out of my life. You know something? I'm never going to leave you again. Not for a day."

"That's what you think. You'll always be leaving me, always coming back. Maybe that's a good thing. When you go away I'm desolate. And then when I see you again—oh, my dear! That's worth all the misery I feel without you."

WE returned to Chicago early in May, rented a flat in Addison Street, bought new furniture, and I went to work on the rewrite desk. It wasn't many months later that a flash came over the wire from Los Angeles:

"Arthur Burch, Evanston, Ill., and Mrs. Ralph Obenchain, former Northwestern University co-ed and divorced wife of Chicago lawyer, held here in murder of J. Belton Kennedy. Can you furnish anything your end?"

Bob Lee pulled up a chair, sat down beside me, handed me the message, and adjusted his eyeglasses. "This may be the biggest story in the world for us. Get busy on Burch. See if you can locate any friends or relatives in Evanston. Maestro, this story has class written all over it. It's probably a love story. And it may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There were several Burches in the Evanston phone book. One was a minister. I called him first.

“Yes,” he said. “I have a son named Arthur, but he is in Los Angeles. Who are you?”

“This is the Chicago Tribune. Does your son know a Mrs. Obenchain?”

“But why does the Tribune get me out of bed at this unholy hour to ask silly questions about my son?”

“Brace yourself for a shock, doctor. If your son knows Mrs. Obenchain, I have bad news for you.”

“Yes, yes. Of course he knows her. What is it? What's happened, man?”

He didn't say anything for a long time after I had told him. Then he said, “Thanks. Thanks for telling me. Is there anything I can do?”

“Tell me something about the boy. Maybe I can help. Was he married?”

“Yes.”

“Did he have a gun?”

“Please don't ask me anything more. Not tonight.”

He hung up.

Sometime after the paper hit the street Bob Lee came back to the chair at my desk.

“Good story, maestro, but we're just starting. We can't get any co-operation from Los Angeles. I called up and the Times city editor said he wasn't playing the story. But the Los Angeles Examiner is playing it big. I asked him to wire me every word in the Examiner. He sent me half a column of rewrite. The AP isn't much help either, though it had one good line about Burch—‘the man who, it is charged, crossed a continent to kill a man to please a lady.’ So you'll have to pack and take the next train to Los Angeles.”

LIFE moved swiftly and sweetly in the early days of the Obenchain story; and the story did everything but write itself for me. For me and for Wallace Smith of the Chicago American.

Wally had beat me to the Coast by a day or two. I found him, an hour after my arrival, in the office of Paul Schenck, attorney for Arthur Burch, and we embraced like a couple of Latins.

District Attorney Thomas Lee Woolwine, Asa Keyes, his chief assistant, Gene Biscailuz, the under-sheriff, the cops, and all the local newspapermen welcomed us heartily, and worked without stint to see not only that we had all the news but also that we enjoyed our stay.

We were invited everywhere. Every day was a chain of laughs, new friends, new experiences and thrills.

“Irisher,” Wally observed, as we wrote our stories in the Postal Telegraph office, “this is the most wonderful town on earth. Bar one.”

“You get a mark of one hundred for that,” I said.

“But it'll be swell to get back to the Loop. I'm sort of homesick for the old town and the old gang.”

“Me too,” I admitted earnestly.

“Real newspapermen. But, come to think of it, do you realize there are some great reporters in Los Angeles?”

“Rochlen, Nathan, Woollard, Wiles, Richardson, and Art Turney. At least six.”

“Who's Turney?”

“He's the guy who said Burch was charged with crossing the continent to kill a guy to oblige a dame,” I reminded him.

“Oh, yeah. He rates. Irisher, you know those six are as good as any six reporters in Chicago? They're almost as good as we are. You and me. They're even better than that, Irisher. They're damn near as good as we think we are.”

Richardson—Jimmy Richardson—is now city editor of the Los Angeles Examiner. We were talking recently about those old days.

“Boy,” he said, “you and Wally had the system. You were little tin gods to us, and I guess you knew it. Anyway you flattered us into doing all the work for you, digging up all the news. All you had to do was write it. Each of us gave you exclusive stuff, so you couldn't very well help scooping all of us every day. The next time I go out of town I'm going to try that system.”

SHORTLY after Wally and I returned to Chicago, Roscoe “Fatty” Arbuckle, most popular comic on the screen, rode up to San Francisco, hired rooms in the St. Francis Hotel and threw a party. A girl named Virginia Rappe died, and the comedian was thrown into jail.

Mr. Patterson called me into his office in the Tribune Tower.

“How would you like to live in California, Eddie?”

“I wouldn't mind it at all.”

He motioned me to a chair.

“Eddie, Charley Sloan has given me a good idea. He thinks there's so much crime news in California we ought to start our own news bureau there. I think so too.

“I want you to go back there. Take your family and your furniture; and your auto, if you have one. Stay out there. Be a native son. It's a life job. Learn all you can about Hollywood and its people. You'll find another Sodom and Gomorrah. Some day a story is going to break there that will electrify the world, clean up Hollywood, and give us actors and actresses who aren't drunks and hopheads.

“You're not going out there as any reformer. You're going as a newspaperman. But you'll get a chance to blow off the lid. And reforms will follow. Incidentally, you'll cover the Fatty Arbuckle story, and anything of interest to us—anything that breaks in the West.”

When I told Bob Lee he said it wasn't news to him. He added that my salary had been raised to eighty-five dollars a week, “to start.”

When I told Mildred, she said: “Oh! Oh, the things you do to me! Marry Eddie Doherty and see Mexico. Marry Eddie Doherty and pick lemons in winter in California. Will these things never stop?”

“Oh,” I said, “I forgot to tell you. I got another ten-dollar raise, without asking for it.”

“Money, money, money!” Mildred cried, laughing. “It just pours in on us. I forgot to tell you. We got our first oil royalty check today. Three hundred dollars.”

We had invested two thousand dollars in royalty companies in Tampico. These companies bought small interests in drilling wells. Eventually they acquired interests in several hundred wells. Many of these came in gushers. Others were dust holes. We lost little on losers, won much on the winners. The royalties continued for years—until the boys got rough and began dynamiting each other's property and all the wells went salt water.

Mildred and the baby joined me in San Francisco, during the police-court hearing in which Arbuckle was tried for murder. After his victory—the murder charge was dropped but he was held for trial on a charge of manslaughter—Mildred and I found a bungalow, and I began to learn all I could about the screen stars.

At the same time I was covering the trials of Mrs. Obenchain, or Arthur Burch, or Fatty Arbuckle. Each had three or four trials.

Arbuckle and I were standing in the corridor outside the courtroom one February morning, when a messenger boy came toward us. The jury had just gone out. We were discussing the chances of an acquittal.

The telegram was for me. It was signed J. M. Patterson, and it said, as nearly as I remember, “Now is the time to hurry back to Hollywood and tell us all you have been able to find out about the life in the movie colony.”

“Something's happened in L. A.,” I said.

“Sure,” Fatty said. “Don't you read the papers? Bill Taylor's been murdered, and the cops have thrown Mabel Normand in jail. Or so I hear.”

“So long, Fatty,” I said. “Lots of luck.”

“Hey, you can't quit me now, with the jury out!”

Fatty and I had become close friends, because I believed—and I still believe—that he was innocent of any connection with the death of Virginia Rappe. I hated to leave him; but I couldn't get to Los Angeles fast enough.

I BEGAN the series of stories about Hollywood immediately, writing the first one on the train. I filed it the next morning, and spent the rest of the day covering all possible angles of the murder of the movie director.

Wallace Smith had returned to Los Angeles to cover the first Obenchain trial. He stayed to cover the murder of William Desmond Taylor. He and I began writing about the home life of Hollywood at the same time, I on orders, Wally on instinct.

The New York Daily News played

my stories sensationally, under the headline Filmland's Dirt. A hundred other papers in the Tribune syndicate did likewise. No Los Angeles paper carried anything Wallace or I wrote. At that time it was sacrilege to print stories detrimental to the moving-picture industry. Sacrilege, and bad business.

Wally and I were outcasts in Hollywood. People who had been most friendly snubbed us. Ray Leek, once one of my idols on the Chicago Record-Herald, now a Hollywood press agent, had invited us as honor guests to a "Wampas" dinner. He called up and cautioned us not to attend. "The boys might cut your throats," he explained, "or choke you with a Hollywood prop pie."

Undersheriff Biscailuz called us into his office.

"You fellows are in danger," he said. "Let me furnish you each a bodyguard. Hollywood's crazy mad at the stuff you've been writing."

"Everything we wrote is true," I said. "It had to be true. Otherwise there'd be eight million dollars' worth of libel in every line."

"That isn't the point. The industry has been hurt. Stars have been ruined. Stockholders have lost millions of dollars; and a lot of people are out of jobs and incensed enough to take a shot at you."

"We're from Chicago." Wally laughed. "The roar of the Luger is music in our ears. We're kind of tough, especially Doherty. We can take care of ourselves."

"It'd make a swell story, Gene," I put in, "if they got rough with either or both of us."

"Even if we weren't able to write it," Wally added.

Gene gave us up, shaking his head.

WE walked down the street.

"You know Biscailuz wasn't kidding," Wally said. "Well, if we can't look out for ourselves we're a pair of chumps. But let's not let anybody get anything on us. We'll live like anchorites. We'll take no presents. Not even a snifter of coke."

"Nor a phony story. It would be so easy to frame us with a story they could prove was false. One yarn like that and they'd go to court and take over the Tribune and the American. What prize saps we'd be."

We continued the series. The murder investigation went on. The Obenchain and Burch trials went on and off, on and off. No jury could agree. (Neither, in the end, was convicted.) And there seemed always to be a new Arbuckle trial in San Francisco. It was joy, juggling all those stories, filing five thousand words or more every day. But it took a lot out of me. One morning I collapsed as I got out of bed. I managed to get up. I crawled back under the blankets—two blankets every night in Los Angeles—and pretended to sleep.

"I'm all in," I said when Mildred called me. "I've got to get some rest." I thought I was dying, but I didn't want her to know that.

"Good," she said. "I'll cover the Burch trial for you. And the Taylor investigation too. And shall I write one of your Hollywood stories?"

"No. The series is ended."

I went to sleep, and didn't wake until the following morning. I felt all right. I ate a big breakfast.

"How was it yesterday?" I asked. "Have a good time?"

"I had a wonderful time. It was glorious to be a newspaperwoman again, even if it was only for a day."

"Where did you park the offspring? Under the judge's bench?"

"I put him in Mrs. Obenchain's cell in the county jail. She took care of him. She's crazy about him."

THE local news quieted now and then; and the Tribune would send me—or I'd send myself—to other parts of the West where there was something doing. A murder in Phoenix or Havre, Montana, or maybe a prize fight in Portland, Oregon. Once I covered an Indian war. A Piute boy had been arrested, near Blanding, Utah, charged with sheepstealing. Old Posie, chief of the Utes and the Piutes, came in off the reservation, kicked in the jail door, kidnaped the prisoner, took a few shots at sundry lookers-on, and fled to the hills. He was reported to have a rifle that would shoot three miles. The posse stayed three miles and a hundred yards behind him, and sent for the United States marshal.

I hurried to Utah and joined the posse. I rode a mule over mountains and down steep treacherous paths. If that mule stumbles, I thought, I'll know all about hell in a minute.

I spent nine days on the story, slept in a sod hut, ate food cooked over the embers of wood fires, sent stories by cowboy courier, talked to Ute and Piute and Navaho braves. And I grew a red beard that frightened Jackie when I brought it home.

In the midst of the war I received three telegrams from the Tribune, all in one day. They came by courier. The first directed me to divorce myself from the posse and proceed at once to Hollywood in time to cover the wedding of Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller. The second asked why I hadn't replied to the first. And the third was a bitter reproach for my silence and a plaintive plea for haste. I had a horse saddled immediately.

"Git off him when you git to the Comb," one of the posse advised me. "It's too steep to ride up. Let the critter go first. Give him his head. And hang on to his tail, or you'll never git up thar at all."

I thought he was joking, just as everybody thinks I'm lying when I tell the story. But the Comb was too steep for riding, and I did scale it, hanging on to the horse's tail.

Hollywood reforms, and Eddie and his family make tracks for New York. Read next week of his experiences on the News, the American, the Mirror, and of his thrilling, lavish early days on Liberty.

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

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Electrical Workers Answer Sokolsky

NEW YORK, N. Y.—September 2 Liberty features a story entitled Racketeering at the World's Fair, by George E. Sokolsky. It is crammed with half-truths, untruths, inaccuracies, inference and innuendo. In addition to this, Mr. Sokolsky's omissions show that the story had little purpose other than to vilify Local Union No. 3.

In October, 1933, when I became business manager and responsible officer of Local Union No. 3, an effort was made to unionize the workers in every branch of the electrical industry. We found men and women employed by members of the National Electrical Manufacturers Association required to work 49 hours a week for twenty-five cents an hour. The employers opposed the efforts of these workers to join the union. Walter Gordon Merritt represented the employers. We increased our membership to 16,500 men and women. We have pioneered in the establishment of insurance benefits for the dependents of deceased members, pension funds, sick funds, unemployment funds, and efforts to solve the unemployment problem. More than eleven years ago we established the 40-hour, 5-day week. In 1934 we established a 35-hour week, 7-hour day, and in 1936 we established a 30-hour week, 6-hour day. After trying every conceivable plan to alleviate unemployment, we say that the 6-hour day, 30-hour week for workers in all industries is a solution of the unemployment problem.

On April 5, 1939, Mr. Sokolsky, the writer of the article, wrote to one of our members in reply to a letter outlining one of the accomplishments of Electrical Workers' Union, Local No. 3, as follows:

> My dear Mr. Perkinson:
> I was tremendously interested in your letter of February 11. I think you are solving one of the most important problems that faces this country today and that you are doing it well.
> Faithfully yours,
> GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY.

Strange that he makes no reference to this in his article of September 2!

As to our scales of pay, I wish to point out that if an electrical worker worked the entire year he would earn only $3,000, and needless to say he does not work the entire year. When consideration is given to the schooling necessary, the five-year apprenticeship, additional time devoted to advanced study courses to keep abreast of the changes in the electrical industry, and the danger to life and limb, we feel that our people are entitled to this living wage. But of course, because of our activities, we have gained the enmity of many powerful groups whose tactics have been to subject us to a campaign of slander and vilification.

Mr. Sokolsky says: "Liberty sent me to get at the facts." Yet Mr. Sokolsky did not take the trouble even to consult our union to find out what the facts were from our point of view. On the contrary, he has adopted as his own every bit of rumor and gossip which has appeared in the public press in the last few years—a large part of it initiated by ten large manufacturers who, with the support of the powerful Building Trades Employers Association, refused to negotiate an agreement with us and who were represented by Mr. W. G. Merritt.

An illustration of Mr. Sokolsky's methods may be had from the fact that one of his sources was the court record in a case brought against us by fourteen electrical manufacturing companies, including such firms as General Electric, Westinghouse, and Allis-Chalmers. He does not point out that after the presentation of plaintiffs' testimony the National Association of Manufacturers and three other manufacturers withdrew from the case, but he does rely upon the testimony of one Isaac Penner, who was on the stand twenty-three days and whom Mr. Sokolsky designates as a "colorful, self-made man." Yet, as to this Isaac Penner, listen to what Judge George L. Donnellan had to say about him in the Court of General Sessions on June 15, 1939:

"I have heard him and everybody present has heard him. There is nothing done under cover in this court. We want everything aired in the sunlight so that everybody knows what is going on.

"I want to say this: that I consider this Mr. Penner a dangerous individual and some steps should be taken to stop him from making these general accusations against everybody.

"He is obsessed with the idea that everybody is a thief except himself. He does not hesitate to accuse the President of the United States, the governor of this state, the mayor of his city, the District Attorney, and even the court, of criminality."

Mr. Sokolsky accuses us of having interfered with the progress of the construction work on the World's Fair. He fails to point out that we manifested our interest in this huge enterprise through the union purchasing $20,000 worth of bonds, and that 1,300 of our members, many of whom had to borrow money, purchased a $100 bond. The difficulty with the World's Fair was that, in spite of our insistence that certain work could be done in advance, the construction engineers in charge informed the officials of the World's Fair that construction was far ahead of schedule. There was a last-minute rush. When you try to erect a building which should take three months in twenty-one days, you always have confusion and misunderstandings. Our union is opposed to overtime work, and we do not permit it except in emergency cases. Yet Mr. Sokolsky would make it appear that we welcomed overtime.

Of fifty-eight foreign nations participating at the World's Fair, I know of only two that had differences with Local Union No. 3, and I do know of one instance when foreign workingmen brought to this country went on strike demanding the same wages as were received by American workmen.

Mr. Sokolsky does not hesitate to draw on imaginary figures when he claims that additional costs have been due to our activities. If he realized that only twenty-five per cent of construction cost is due to labor, and that of those costs the electrical workers account for only a small percentage, he would recognize the absurdity of some of his statements.

All over the country stand monuments to the skill, effort, training, and courage of the building workers, as fine a group of citizens as could be found anywhere in this country. The world-famous New York sky line has resulted from their sacrifices. We are the American builders; we are proud of this country; we insist upon fair economic conditions and that our efforts be recognized in fair standards of living. We resent the suggestion of racketeering by huge monopolistic aggregations represented by Walter Gordon Merritt, managed by men who take all the credit for the achievements which actually are due the workers, and who, in their abundance, resent a living wage which people like ourselves — over 16,500 of us—have compelled them to grant.—*Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., Business Manager of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local Union No. 3.*

A CUCKOO CUCKOO CLOCK

PHOENIXVILLE, PA.—Who in the world ever saw a cuckoo clock with only one weight? (September 16 Liberty cover.) The artist, Cushman Parker, evidently never noticed that a cuckoo clock has two weights.

Or did he use for a model a secondhand cuckoo clock that was minus a weight?

Cushman ought to take a day off and visit one of our small "one-horse towns" in Pennsylvania and take a good look at a cuckoo clock. We've had a cuckoo clock in our house for nigh on twenty years.

Maybe our clock is wrong—should we take one of the weights off?—*Jean Ballon.*

ON IODINE, PREFERS M. D.s

SEATTLE, WASH. — Your issue of September 9, 1939, contains the most dangerous article I have ever seen in a reputable magazine. F. E. Chidester (A. M., Ph. D.), in his Science Fights Cancer with Diet, advises the use of iodine. It is true that he tempers his advice with some warning, but that warning is not reproduced in his list of things that help to prevent the onset of cancer. The average reader of your magazine would not read the whole article but would read the list. Any competent doctor would tell you that iodine is definitely detrimental and sometimes fatal to many persons.

If you are going to publish articles about diseases, let's have them authored by doctors of medicine and not by doctors of philosophy.—*R. M. Williams.*

STAGGERING HEADLINE

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Was I surprised when I picked up September 9 Liberty and saw this headline: "Is Garner an Evil, Whisky-Drinking Old Man? Stealing World Series Signs and Signals." It took me a few minutes to find that they were two different articles.—*Erwin Robinson.*

WHY ?

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Will you please explain to the world why writers of business letters, quite able to quote American English without a flaw, sign such perfect and understa [illegible] with [illegible] hich I suppose they call their signatures, though no one in this " great and glorious " is able to decipher them? Again, tell me why!—*R. J. Holmgreen.*

MATERNAL HEALTH CENTER'S APPRECIATION

DULUTH, MINN.—Our Duluth Maternal Health Center wishes to express through me, its president, its appreciation of your fine discussion on birth control in August 5 Liberty.

You reach many people and should be a power in education and clearer knowledge of the aims of the movement—best of all, to remove it from the shadowland into realistic daylight.—*Ida B. Davis.*

HEARTRENDING APPEAL

LITTLE ROCK, ARK. — For goodness' sake, don't stop the American Family stories! They're the best we've ever read in any magazine!—*Carol and Mildred Palmer.*

HARDWICKE STOLE FILM

BOSTON, MASS. — So Sir Cedric Hardwicke "nearly steals the film," according to your write-upper on Stanley and Livingstone (September 9 Liberty).

He stole it hook, line, and sinker. Warner Baxter should have been Stanley.—*U No Hoo.*

TERMITES IN DEMOCRACY

MIAMI, FLA.—Instead of interfering in our European neighbors' affairs, we should turn our attention to our own house, where termites are undermining the very foundation of our glorious democracy. "A man's worst enemies are those of his own house and family," and there is much to be done to protect ourselves from them.

Even the stars indicate internal dissension of America in 1941-42. Since astrologers have guided Herr Hitler pretty straight, we'd better do a little stargazing ourselves and act accordingly. Forewarned is forearmed.—*C. H. Williams.*

GENERAL BORDEN AGREES WITH GENERAL BULLARD

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have read with much interest the article by my friend General Robert Lee Bullard entitled We are Still *Not* Prepared (August 26 Liberty) and heartily endorse everything that the General has said.

Personally, I would like to see another Plattsburg for the training of officers started without further delay. I believe we should start now to build up our regular Army, Navy, Guard, and Reserve exactly as if we were planning to put the Army in the field next year. Delay is very costly. This should in no way have any effect on our remaining neutral in this country, but it would give the warring nations something to think about.—*Howard S. Borden, Brigadier General, Res.*

THE WICKED SONG BIRD

HOPEWELL, VA.—Will you please apologize to Elizabeth Frazer for me for my not having read any or all of the stories she might have written heretofore?

I have just finished reading The Wicked Song Bird (August 26 Liberty), and could not repress the urge to comment on the humanism and, though we might be hesitant to admit it, the Americanism of this story.

Elizabeth Frazer's character creations of Momma Truska and Dr. Ross are wonderful.

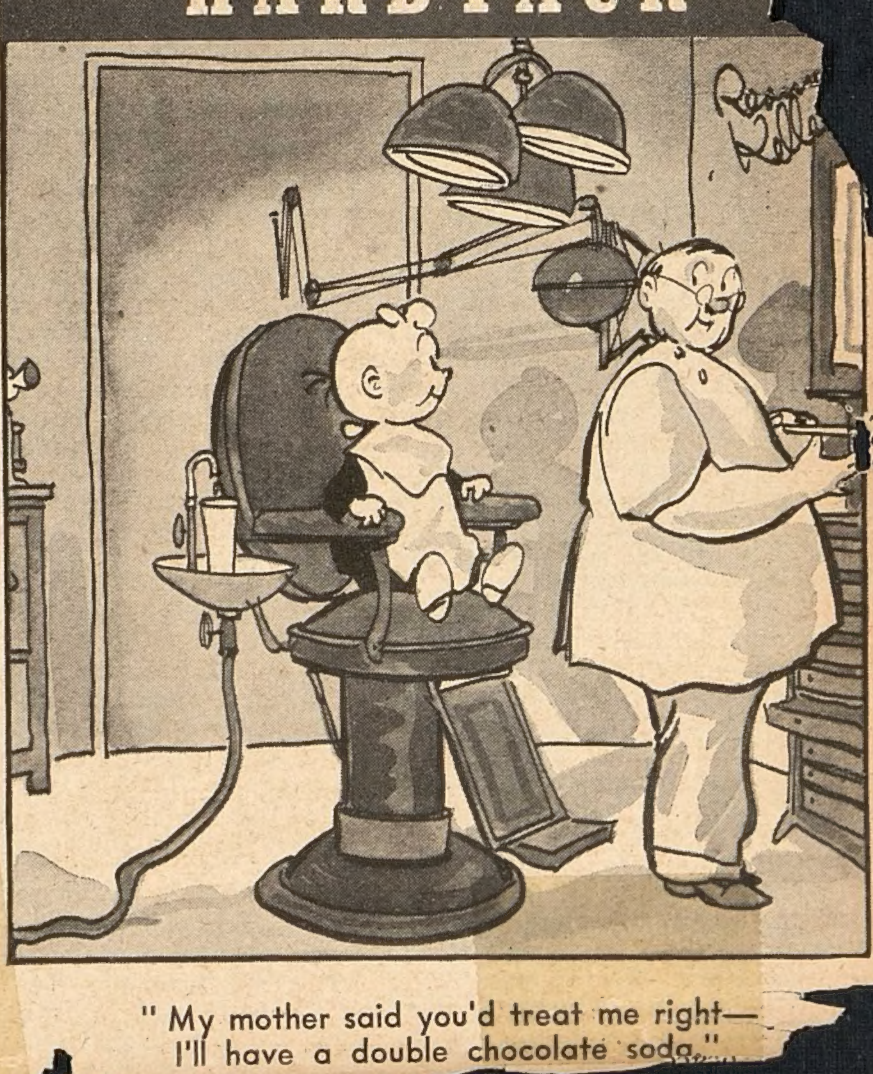
Won't you convey to her a reader's request for another story like this soon?—*Ina Faw.*

CRITICISM THAT UNDERMINES ENTIRE NATION

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Thanks to Walter Wanger for his article The Stars Call Them Leeches (September 9 Liberty).

Unjust and inefficien dramatic (and other arts criticism undermines the ha piness of the entire natio *Just an American.*

"HARDTACK"



" My mother said you'd treat me right— I'll have a double chocolate soda."

Who Told It First?

FULTON OURSLER
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

IT'S ALL water over the dam now, of course, and there is little point in continuing the argument about priority among the journalists in predicting the alliance between Nazism and Bolshevism recently arranged by Stalin and Hitler. However, the mail on this subject continues to come in, and for the record I would like to point out certain indisputable facts. . . . The first claim that was made to this priority came from the Saturday Evening Post, which pointed with pride to its excellent series of articles by General Krivitsky which ran last spring. The columnist Walter Winchell then advanced a prior claim. *He* pointed with pride to a column last November in which he predicted that Stalin and Hitler might embrace. How-ver, as I have pointed out on the radio, iberty anticipated both Winchell and e Saturday Evening Post with two icles by Princess Radziwill, the first lished in July, 1938, and the second September, 1938. One was called Stalin and Hitler Join Hands to the World? and the other, Stalin About Hitler. This seemed fully blish priority in the case until a im was put forth, this time by mopolitan Magazine, which pointed n article published somewhat earlier Liberty's, in which a fleeting but ertheless actual prediction was made the same event.

HOWEVER, THE FACT IS that Liberty anticipated the entire field in this matter. It published a prediction of the alliance between Stalin and Hitler long before the Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan, or Walter Winchell would have given the notion any credence whatsoever. *We originally predicted this alliance as long ago as July , 1932.* In that issue of Liberty, more than seven years ago, we published an interview with Hitler called "When I Take Charge of Germany," in which the following appeared:

"It may not suit Hitler to attack Bolshevism in Russia. He may even look upon an alliance with Bolshevism as his last card, if he is in danger of losing the game. If, he intimated on one occasion, capitalism refuses to recognize that the National Socialists are the last bulwark of private property, if capital impedes their struggle, Germany may be compelled to throw herself into the enticing arms of the siren Soviet Russia. But he is determined not to permit Bolshevism to take root in Germany. . . . If er heads the German government Soviets will not be adverse to mak- peace with him. at Hitler himself will do depends on the capitalists of the world and—France."

That ought to settle it!

NEXT WEEK WE OFFER a series of articles and short stories that we believe will give you in full measure entertainment, information, and inspiration. Among the articles will be Will Germany Have a Revolution? by Vincent Sheean; Inked Out, by the writer of this page; The Strange Past of Charles Boyer, by Howard Sharpe; Why I Am an American, by Rabbi Levitsky; How to Retire on $500, by Clark Richardson; and How Foreign Nations Poison Our Minds, by Will Irwin, which is concluded in this issue. We also offer three very fine short stories entitled, This Is Where I Came In, by Eileen Tighe; Kibitzer's Kiss, by Sidney S. Lenz; and Good-by for Now, by Evelyn Edwards and Fay Mitchell; and the usual generous installments of the current serials.

FROM AN EDITOR'S MAIL: Many nominations are coming in for the 1939 Valor in Citizenship award. If you know of any citizen who did a brave deed to help law enforcement, be sure to send in the facts to me. . . . Many letters are coming in congratulating us on our stand against radio censorship. One calls attention to the fact that at the time Liberty was preparing to run Governor Hoffman's articles on the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case, an invitation was received from the Energine program for the Governor to participate in one of their Sunday-afternoon broadcasts. But permission was refused the Governor to make reference to factual material about this case. This correspondent goes on to say:

"I think there should be a radio censorship. However, it appears to me that too often the broadcasting companies are "old maidish," with the result that a great deal of good material is withheld from the American public. I think the blue pencil should be used on radio script the same as in magazine and newspaper offices and the news presented with the realization that the public is best able to judge whether or not they want to listen."

Another correspondent says:

"I want to congratulate you on the stand you have taken with reference to censorship of individual opinion by broadcasting stations. . . . I sincerely hope that you are successful in restoring freedom of individual opinion and expression as a result of your stand."

A PATRIOTIC CORRESPONDENT sends the following: Ben Franklin was at dinner with the French and British ambassadors. "A toast," said the Englishman, "to England—the sun whose rays go to the far corners of the globe!" They drank the toast. Then the Frenchman raised his glass: "To France, a moon whose light makes the darkness of the world beautiful!" Then Ben Franklin raised his glass and toasted: "To George Washington, the Joshua who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed!"

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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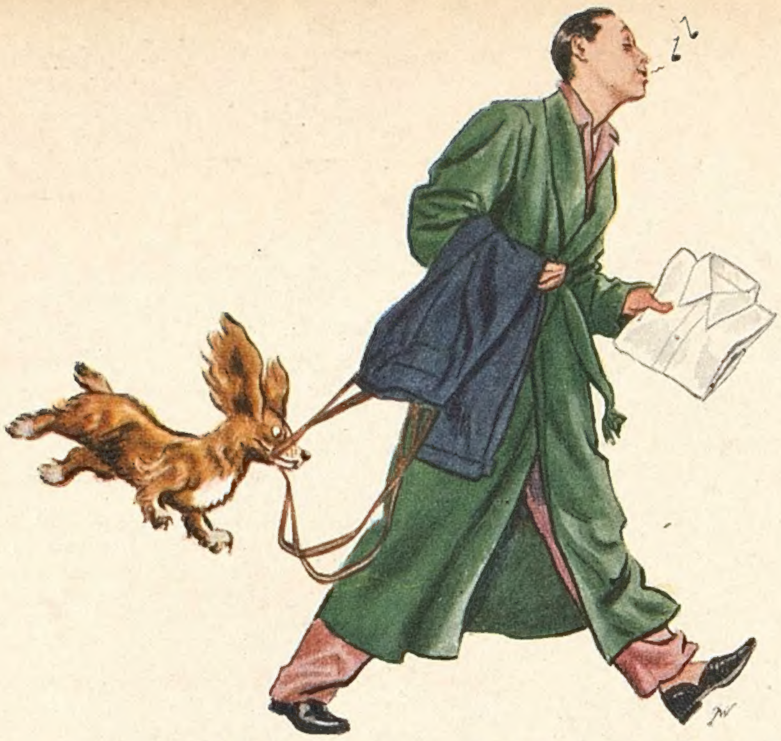
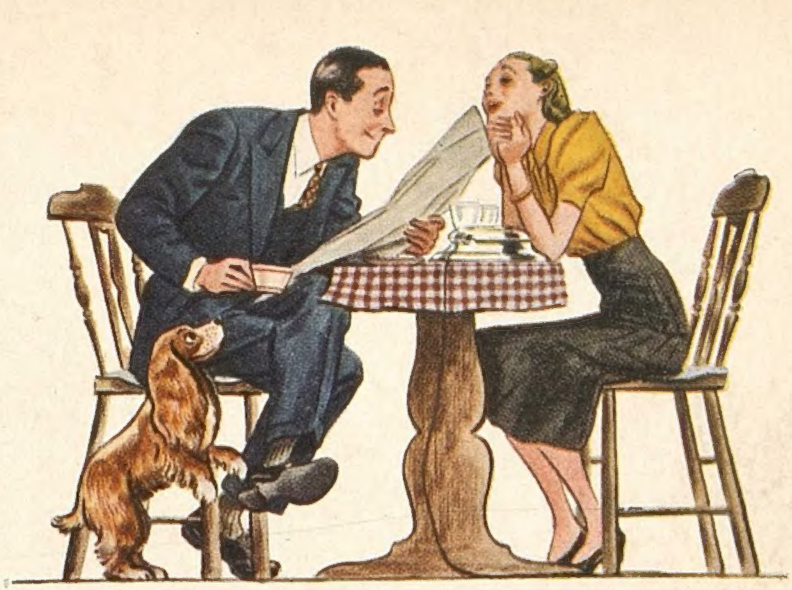
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely

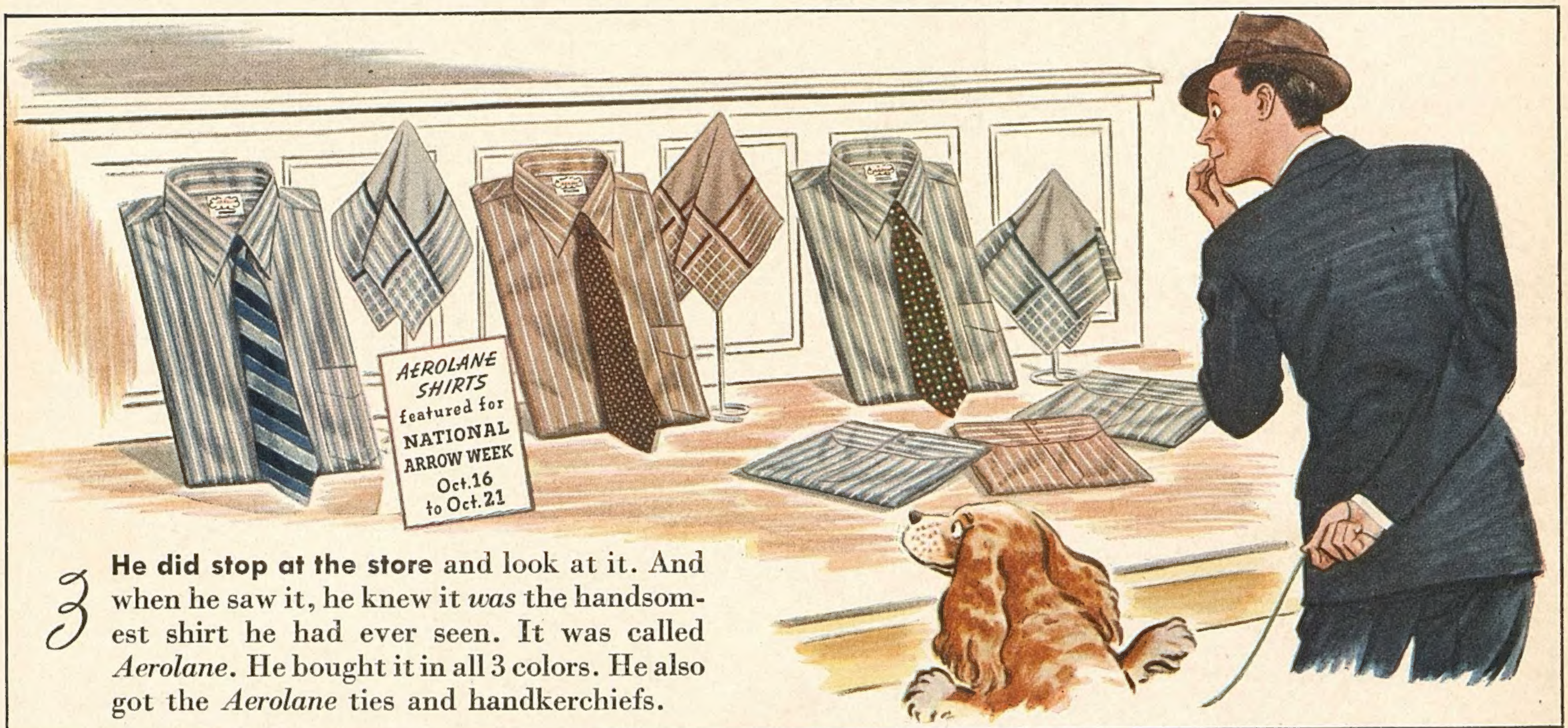
COVER BY



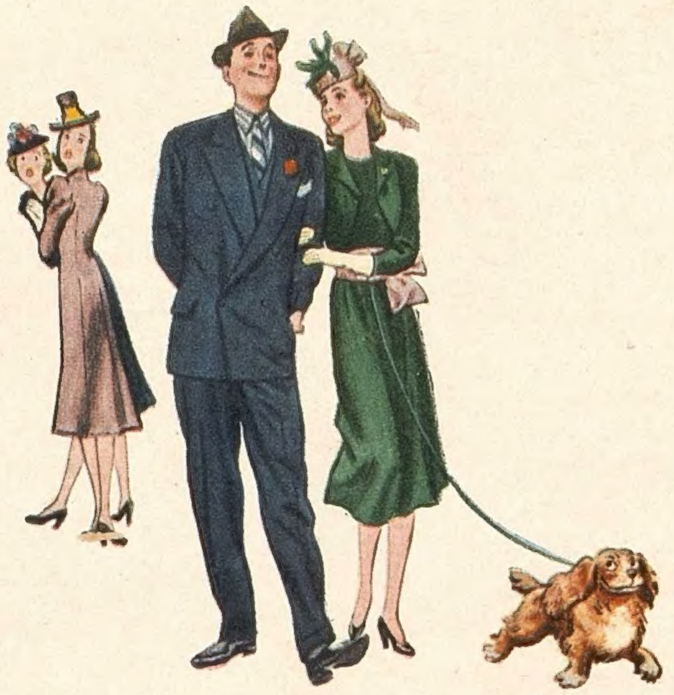
1 **Theodore Garrett was married,** but he still liked to buy his own shirts. He *always* picked good-looking ones. So . . .



2 **When Christobel, his wife,** told him about a handsome new shirt *she'd* seen, Theodore was not impressed. However . . .


AEROLANE SHIRTS featured for NATIONAL ARROW WEEK Oct.16 to Oct.21

3 **He did stop at the store** and look at it. And when he saw it, he knew it *was* the handsomest shirt he had ever seen. It was called *Aerolane*. He bought it in all 3 colors. He also got the *Aerolane* ties and handkerchiefs.



4 **And now Ted,** always considered *well*-dressed, is called the *best*-dressed man in town. Men envy him. Ladies eye him.

ARROW SHIRTS
SANFORIZED

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow

5 **Get yourself one** (or more) Arrow Aerolane Shirts at your local Arrow dealer's tomorrow. They have the wonderful Arrow collar, and they're *Sanforized-Shrunk*—fabric guaranteed not to shrink more than a measly 1% (a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit).

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